AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
MARCH 1979 $2.00*
HERE'S CHEERS AND BOTTOMS UP–DRINKS TO SET THE MOOD
A divorce handbook you'll toast us for
Donald Friend's amazing erotic extravaganza
Marlon Brando's most revealing interview yet
Thomas Keneally's virtuoso new novel preview
Bill Cosby's hilarious guide to growing up
Playmate Perfect: sensational Candy Loving

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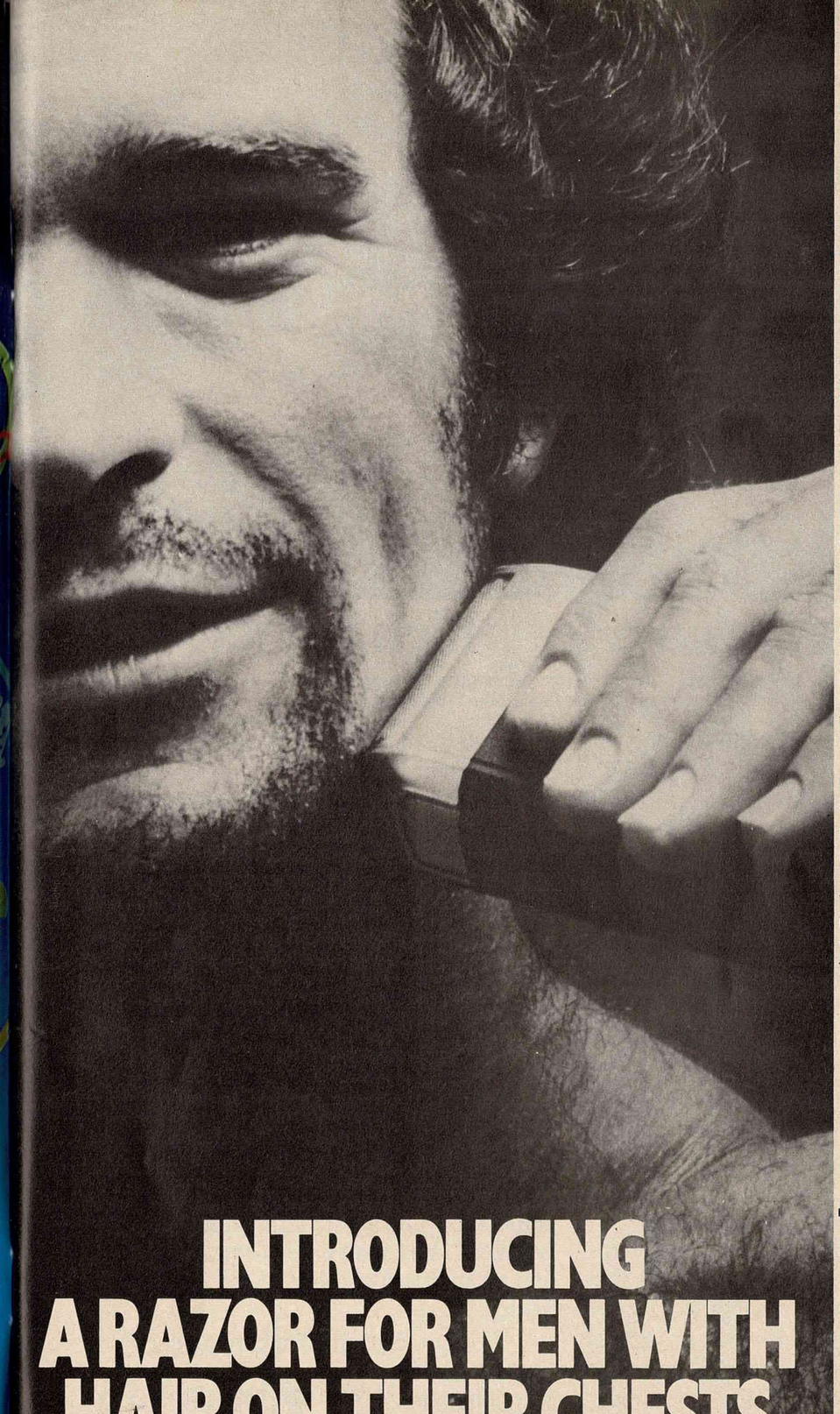

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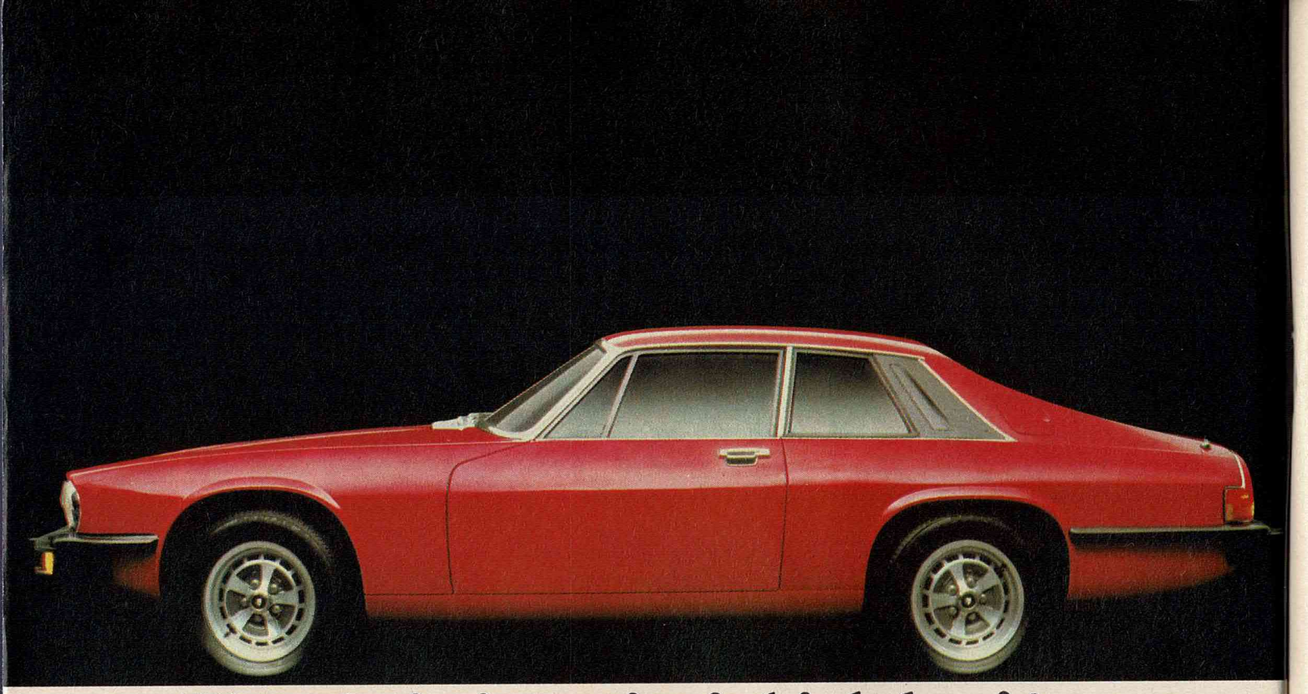

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Perhaps "Autocar" best summed up the XJ-S when it said: "In its combination of performance with docility and refinement, it is unapproached."

Strong words?

Having experienced the XJ-S, we can only accuse "Autocar" of typical British understatement.

If you'd like to find out more about this remarkable car, send for our free 32 page booklet "The Luxury Car Comparison" and an appraisal of the XJ-S by "Modern Motor."

Write to Russell Turnham, Jaguar Cars, Box 346, Bondi Junction, NSW. Jaguar XJ-S

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PLAYBILL

And now, as an encore .... We gave ourselves a hard act to follow with our super launch issue. Thank you for the applause (**Debra Jo, Karen** and Bunny **Rita** were a sensation wherever they went) but we reckon we're better and brighter the second time around. Cast the old peepers over this.

The headline-making interview with **Marlon Brando** is the result of 18 months' work by **Lawrence Grobel** for US PLAYBOY. Brando seldom talks to the press, much less consents to an interview of this length. He delivers a fascinating self-portrait, as well as a few free character readings of his fellow artists. Artists? Well, read what Brando says. There can be no doubt, of course, about **Donald Friend,** the Australian living in Bali. He describes himself as "an artist of world renown" in *Bumbooziana,* his remarkable odyssey into erotica. We are proud to bring the first excerpts from this astonishing manuscript, described by Gryphon Books publisher **Richard Griffin** as "the most beautiful, visually superb, outrageous and hilarious modern book I've ever seen". It gave us a few jitters to have the original artwork, valued at $50,000, in our safekeeping for a couple of days.

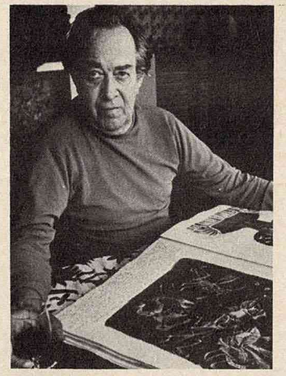
Thomas (*Jimmie Blacksmith* et al) **Keneally** makes his first appearance in PLAYBOY in this issue. We have an extract from his forthcoming novel *Passenger* (Thomas Nelson) which tells of a contemporary sexual triangle from the inside, as it were. Also making his debut is freelancer **Chris Greenwood,** whose career in writing and directing for television gave him the insight to analyse the modus operandi of TV's current affairs survivor **Mike Willesee.**

Staff writer **Russell Deiley** puts Australia's so-called guiltless divorce laws under the microscope and finds out you can still get screwed in a messy separation. So he gives some advice on how to keep your cool – and your half of the house. **Mike Agostini,** the Commonwealth Games champion of the '50s, also has some advice on a happier front – how to get fit by engaging in the oldest game in the world. And **Ray Sinclair** conquers the rapids for his report on white water canoeing – a project he started for PLAYBOY last winter. Brrr!

There's more: Sci-fi guru **Ray Bradbury,** whose work *Farenheit 451* was one of the first big fiction works to appear in US PLAYBOY, sets out the case for a fantastic space adventure in 1986; **Morton Hunt** details 10 historical sexual hangups which will make you feel a lot more relaxed about your own, **Tandy Rowley** photographs six cocktails designed to get *her* in the mood and **Ian Moffitt,** who wrote *The U-Jack Society* on the eve of the Whitlam era, takes another look at his country .... a sort of *Son of U-Jack.* **Steve McHugh** created the outstanding illustrations.

A word about our reviews: **Evan Williams,** a member of the Australian Film Institute jury, is watching movies on our behalf; jazz entrepreneur (and passionate lover) **Kym Bonython** is writing on – what else? – jazz; **Carol Ashdown,** who paid her dues in Nashville with her husband, singer **Doug,** and **Phil Jarratt** share musical chores; and **John Hampshire** co-ordinates books.

And that's all. Hang on, you say, what about the girls? Ah, yes: this month we have a Playmate Perfect – the very, very special US 25th anniversary centrefold, **Candy Loving,** photographed very, very specially by **Dwight Hooker.** And Australia's **Jilly Johnson** teams up with British model **Nina Carter** for a stunning pictorial on their double blonde nightclub, disco and modelling act. Please enjoy it as much as we did.



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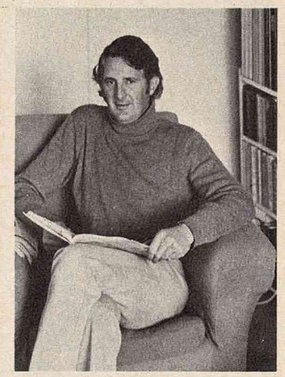

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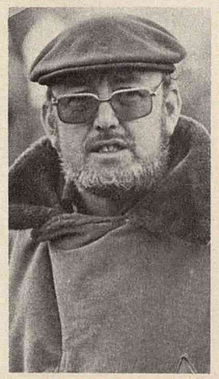

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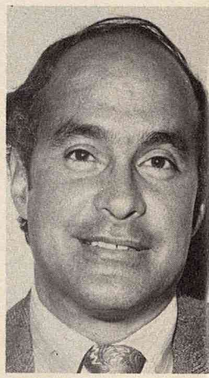
GREENWOOD



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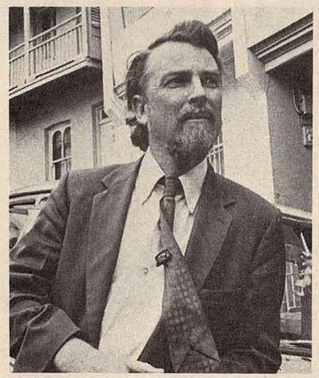

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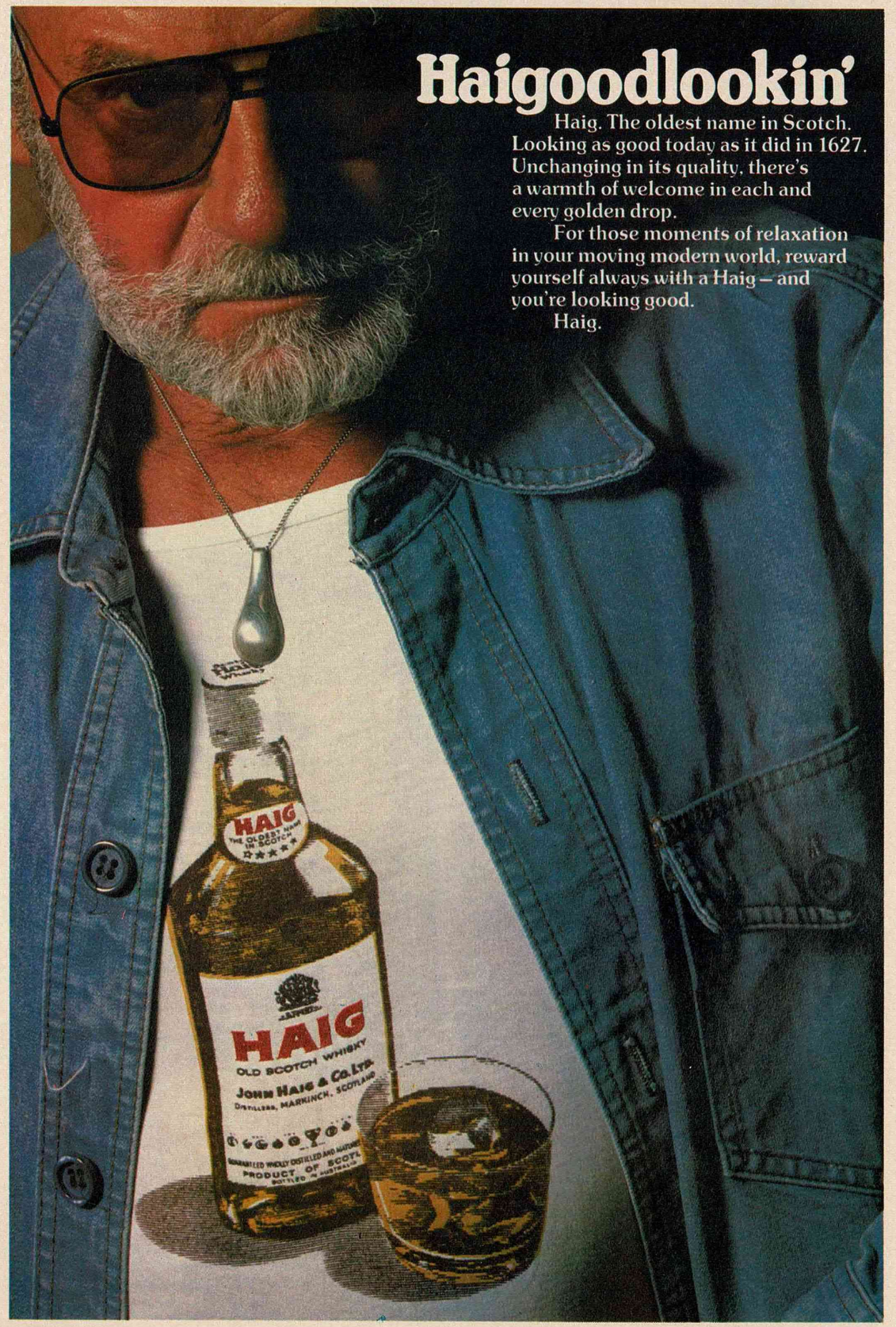
WILLIAMS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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE — MARCH, 1979

Cover: Anna Marika
Photo: Warren Scott

PLAYBILL	3	ON THE SCENE	173
AFTER HOURS	7	MUSIC	179
ADVISER	13	BOOKS	185
FORUM NEWSFRONT	20	TRAVEL	189
SEX POLL	23	FILMS	190
PIPELINE	167	POTPOURRI	196

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARLON BRANDO 31

JASON'S REWARD THOMAS KENEALLY 56
A first-look extract from our leading author's new novel

MIX FOR PLEASURE WHEN YOU MEAN BUSINESS 62
Selected cocktails to improve your batting average

BEYOND 1984 RAY BRADBURY 66
Mankind's forthcoming close encounter with Halley's Comet

BLONDE ON BLONDE PICTORIAL 71

WHO CAN GET SCREWED IN A DIVORCE? RUSSELL DEILEY 78
You can — if you're not careful, that is

THE FUN WAY TO KEEP FIT MIKE AGOSTINI 85
In which we show that sex really is good for you

WHEN I WAS SIX, HUBERT HAD HAIR BILL COSBY 88
The top comic recaptures a childhood memory

PLAYMATE PERFECT PICTORIAL 90

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES 102

WILLESEE: GALLANT CRUSADER . . . CHRIS GREENWOOD 104
. . . or king of TV's kangaroo court?

RAW POWER JOHN HAMPSHIRE 112
The new superbikes, complete with pillion passengers

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT DONALD FRIEND 118
A privileged preview of his new masterpiece, Bumbooziana

RIDE THE WHITE WATER RAY SINCLAIR 129
How to paddle your own canoe — and stay alive

STRIKE TEAMS DAVID B. TINNIN 132
The anti-hijack commandos who shoot first, count bodies later

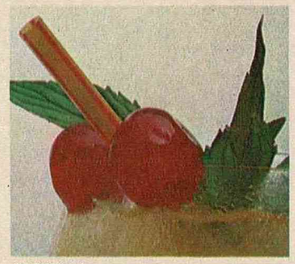
O, DEBORAH PICTORIAL 139

THE LACKEY COUNTRY IAN MOFFITT 144
The author of The U-Jack Society looks back and laments

TEN HISTORICAL SEX HANG-UPS MORTON HUNT 149

20 QUESTIONS: KIM WRAN 154
She was so interesting we couldn't stop her at 20

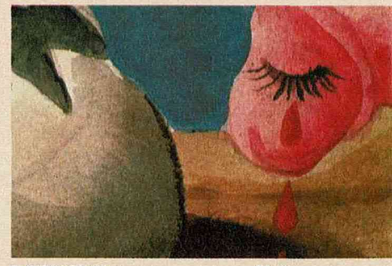
BAYING IN VAIN AT THE MOON RON SAW 157
The continuing struggles of our leading would-be satyr



COCKTAILS P62

BLONDE ON BLONDE P71

SUPERBIKES P112



BUMBOOZIANA P118

SAW P157

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

PETER METRE ?

Those who think metrics are a bore should take pity on a man who has more to worry about than most. In his days in the army he took time out on leave to have his penis calibrated in inches by a tattooist. Our Vietnam veteran, now an airline employee, was quite happy sticking to his rule until he found out that imperial measuring devices are now prohibited imports. Since the Customs people tend to impound such imports and often sell them by tender or at auction, our man has the option of going metric, millimetre by millimetre, or breaking the law every time he flies in. He might get away with it by claiming his appendage as a personal effect, but it is still quite a rod to bear.

GETTING THE SHAFT

In 1942, lightning struck the foot of Roy C. Sullivan of Virginia, and clipped off one of his toenails. In 1969, a shaft of lightning knocked him unconscious and singed his eyebrows. In 1970, Sullivan was hit by lightning a third time, burning both of his shoulders. In 1972, lightning burned his hair off. In 1973, a bolt struck him but burned off only some of his hair. In 1976, lightning again struck Sullivan on the shoulder. In 1977, lightning hit him for the seventh time, setting his hair on fire once more and singeing his clothing. "Some people are allergic to flowers; I'm allergic to lightning," he says. "It's funny stuff." Yes, Roy, simply hilarious.

WORKING CLASS CURSE

Here's some bad news for the working-class hero. University of Sydney researchers think the sperm of lower-class men may trigger cervical cancer. Statistically, lower-class women are more prone to the disease than upper-class women. Why? Since intercourse predisposes women to cervical cancer, the researchers speculated that perhaps sperm was involved. They found that the sperm of lower-class men contained more of the protein protamine than did the higher-class type. So the Sydney group concludes sperm protamine may cause cervical cancer. No word as yet on why proletariat sperm has protamine in such abundance.

CALENDAR GIRL

Perth photographer Fiona Girvan-Brown managed to stir up more than the usual amount of dust in the west with her idea to produce a calendar of male nudes to help celebrate Western Australia's 150th birthday this year. She planned to put 150 naked men on the calendar cover to mark the occasion. She even appealed for 150 volunteers to join her at Swanbourne, Perth's unofficial nude bathing beach, and bare their all for the camera. Fifteen men – only 135 short of success – answered the call, but Fiona refused to be fazed and said she would take the first 150 naked men she could get, which seems an admirable ambition.

Meanwhile, back in the bureaucracy, there were rumblings about women belonging in the home, men being approached in the streets and bad taste and all that pap. Protested Fiona: "If men can photograph nude women, why shouldn't women photograph nude men? I was planning a tasteful calendar, not all full-frontals. I don't think full-frontals are particularly attractive." Anyway, she hoped it would be done with taste and artistry and she had approached only one man in Fremantle. She didn't say how successfully.

Be that as it may, 150 men on the cover would mean either a very large cover or a lot of very small men. Based on the legends we have heard, we didn't think they built them that way in the wonderful west.

LABOR OF LOVE

Our correspondent Ken Krippene, world traveller and world-travel writer, reports on a much-sought-after job with the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya, a job whose title is simply that of professional love seeker. Seems that the Kikuyu, largest of Kenya's several tribes, are ardent believers in black magic and witchcraft, and their magicians–with their love potions and elixirs–play an integral part in the love lives of the Kikuyu people. As to those magical specialists who hold the title of professional love seeker – well, let Krippene tell you about them.

The qualifications for a love seeker are highly unusual. The applicant must denounce all personal property – including his highly valued cattle, sheep and goats – and he must also possess such physical attributes as will enable him to make love to as many women as he possibly can each day of his life. When approached by the professional love seeker, no woman would dare resist his services; in fact, in every village he visits, girls of all ages and description, married or single, cluster around him, begging to be the object of his unbridled magical passions. This attitude is best understood in terms of the love seeker's status as a

"holy man" among the Kikuyu – a status that means that his favors are not only greatly stimulating but are also blessed.

Before a man can become an official love seeker, however, he must – in the presence of a witch doctor – forever renounce all worldly possessions; after doing this, he is taken out into the bush, where he falls to his knees and proceeds to place his head into the opening of a hyena hole. The witch doctor stands behind the quivering applicant and asks if he is ready to "pursue gluttonously the art of love in the same manner as the hyena devours human flesh".

When the young man answers affirmatively, the witch doctor smartly smacks his buttocks several times with a bag containing special (and supposedly magical) herbs and leaves designed to assure perpetual potency. Then a beautiful young girl from the tribe kneels down behind the applicant and deftly tickles his scrotum with a chicken feather until his penis is in full erection; the witch doctor then orders the novitiate to arise and face him and, pointing to his elongated member, solemnly declares (loosely translated):

"Your heart shall be as wide as the sky. You shall have as many girls to love as there are stars in the heavens. With your sword of love always alert, go forth and love most arduously!"

From that moment on, the love seeker roams the countryside, dressed in a short loincloth and plumed headpiece, carrying a long staff, with his body painted with magical symbols. The rest of his life is a literal and figurative bowl of cherries, as he sleeps and sleeps and sleeps his way among the one million-plus women of the Kikuyu tribe.

TREND OF THE MONTH

What to get the jet-setting, oil-drenched sheik who has everything (including trouble telling directions)? An automatic Mecca finder, of course. Invented by an imaginative Dutchman, the compass-like device has the names of 150 cities around the world engraved in Arabic on its face; the travelling sheik simply turns the compass to magnetic north, sets the dial on the name of the city he is then visiting and *voila!* – a little arrow points the way to Mecca. That should bring 'em to their knees.

STAN DELIVERS

One of our favorite artists is a South Australian tongue-twister named Stan Ostojo-Kotkowski. He's been around for years since he emigrated from Poland, first painting with brushes and experimenting with new materials. Then he threw away conventional

painters' equipment and turned to electronics, becoming a world pioneer in the use of lasers and music in the name of art.

Stan's also a handy man with a camera, and he figured he might shoot a Playmate for us. Now, in case you're wondering, the girl in blue is called Tricia, and she was shot on the banks of Lake Eucumbene, NSW. Not quite the girl next door, but it *is* a girl. "I used color infra-red film, took the picture twice, then sandwiched two frames back to front to form her semi-abstract, surrealistic bum," said Stan. Hmm . . .

Stan's next project is a 16m sonic tower in Adelaide's trendy Rundle Mall. Don't ask us how it works, but he assures us the tower will change color as people walk near it, play any type of pre-programmed music with the aid of a computer, and whack laser images towards the heavens if it is told to.

AND THAT'S NO BULL

Old bulls have more success with young cows than do young bulls. But while old bulls mate more often, they produce fewer calves. All of which is a problem for farmers and young bulls but great news for the old timers.

These findings on bull reproduction come, appropriately enough, from the Queensland Department of Primary Industries, which has called on farmers to give young bulls a better go. The department says a study at the Hamilton Institute of Research by M. A. De Blackey, of the Victorian Department of Agriculture, shows that older bulls in a herd have a higher social standing. "As a result, young bulls miss out on mating opportunities." But the old bulls (for the benefit of our geriatric readers, that's five years and older) often have abnormalities. "So," says the department, "a sub-fertile old dominant bull could effectively lower the calving percentage by keeping the younger fertile bulls away from cows on oestrus" (that's heat to you).

While the findings are no doubt bad news for beef producers stuck with a paddock full of old bull, they go to prove one of our pet theories: the older you get, the more fun you have.

LEAKS AT THE CIA

If we can accept the word of ex-CIA officer Victor Marchetti, the Viet Cong had it all over us in the Vietnam war in more ways than one. According to Marchetti, the CIA implanted a series of electronic sensors across Vietnam, designed to detect the slightest hint of human traffic and so inform the goodies of the number of guerillas moving south. Among the sensors, says Marchetti, were urine detectors; and when the Viet Cong discovered these, he continues, "they urinated all over them and we would get estimates that about two billion Viet Cong were coming south".

NOVEL MODEL

Former Perth and Sydney model Ada van Ballegooyen, now a resident of beautiful downtown Santa Barbara, California, is working on her second novel. The first has been accepted for publication by Seaview Books, an offshoot of Playboy Press in the US, and is due for release later this year. Ada, better known in the States as Adriana Rowan, is the former wife of *Laugh-In's* Dan Rowan. At 21, she met the comedian in Sydney in 1963, and they were married in Columbia Studios in Hollywood after the proverbial whirlwind romance. They split after 10 years and were divorced in 1976.

Having said "Goodnight, Dan", Ada turned to writing, and is proving that she is a lot more than just a pretty face. Her first novel, which doesn't have a firm title yet, is set around trendy Malibu. It's fiction, "though naturally I have built my characters around real people". And the plot? Ada isn't saying.

Just to prove that writers earn their money, here's an outline of A Day in the Life of Ada: "I often wake up at 2am and work to four if an idea strikes me. Then I'll get up again at 8am and work through until nightfall. I did that seven days a week getting out the first draft of novel number one. It only ran to 350 pages and they want it to go to 500, so I am developing several characters which appealed to the publishers. I've now completed the outline for my second novel, which I am hoping will progress as well as the

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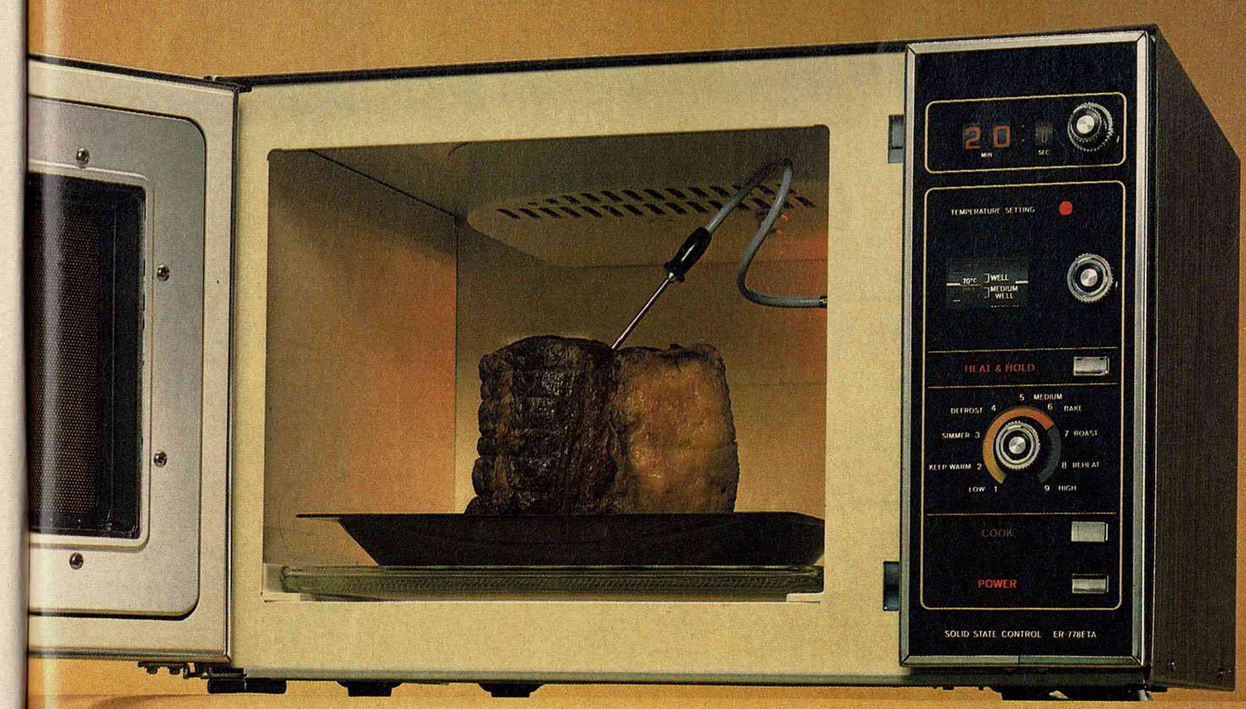

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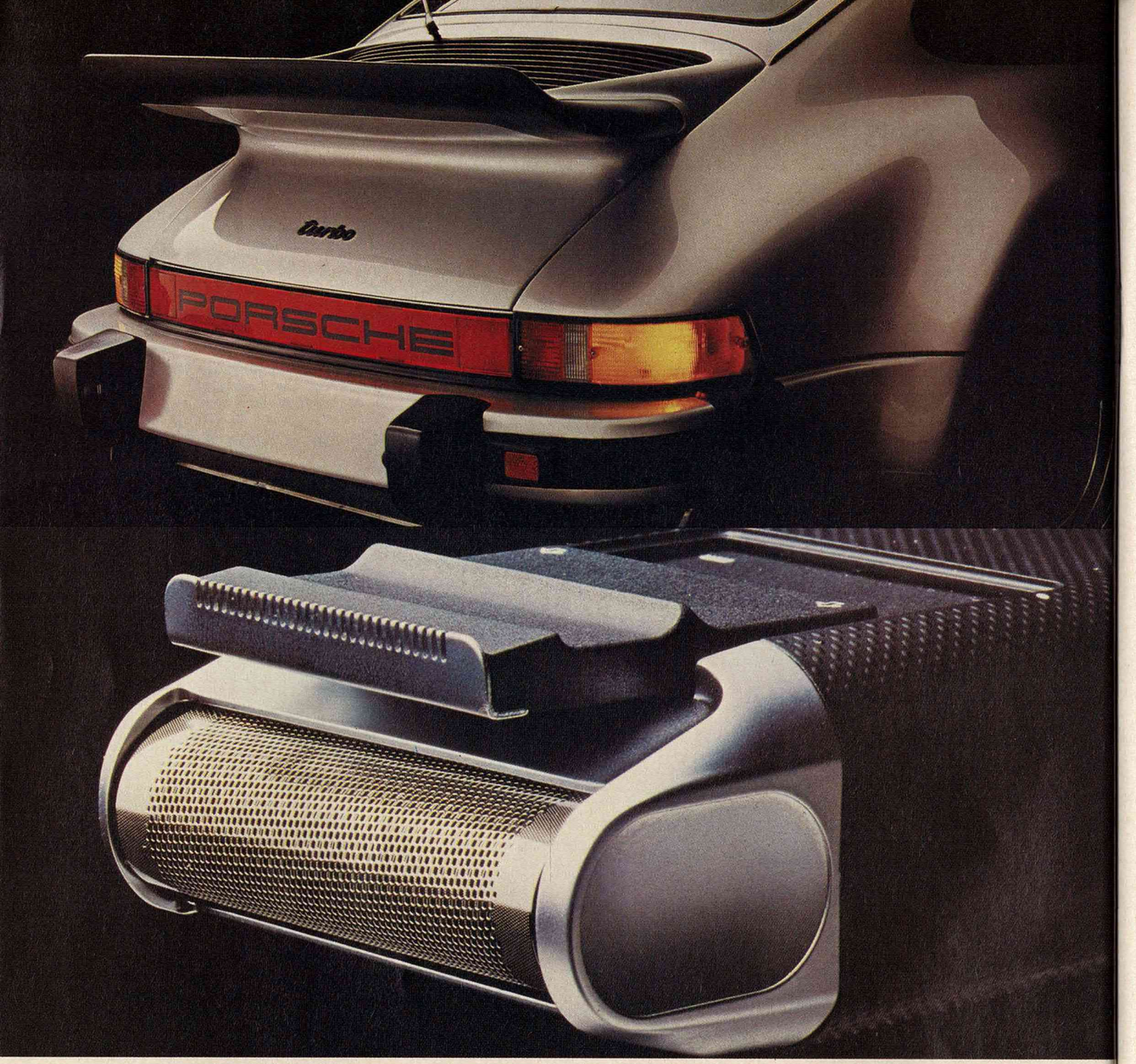

TWO LUXURIOUS PIECES OF GERMAN PRECISION.

If you look closely you'll find the Porsche Turbo and Braun Micron very similar.

The rear airfoil on the Turbo acts as a stabilizer and increases tyre traction for high speed motoring. The Micron's platinum foil has 1900 six angled holes that trap and cut whiskers for very close, very fast shaving.

The Turbo boasts extremely accurate handling, reducing driver strain and tension. Similarly, using the Micron each morning is very relaxing as it massages the skin to reduce facial wrinkles.

The Turbo incorporates the most advanced engineering skills. So does the Micron with it's extendible long hair trimmer, for example. And there's no doubt that both are beautifully styled and most desirous.

Isn't it time you owned a piece of German excellence?

BRAUN Sold and serviced throughout Australia by Breville.

first." Still a fitness freak, Ada works out for 40 minutes a day and this, with a little aid from Elizabeth Arden and bottles and bottles of natural herbs, helps keep the face and figure youthful – and, presumably, the typing fingers supple. Watch this space.

HAVE A BALL

We offer this fascinating snippet of information without comment: In Barcelona, Spain, recently, doctors removed a testicle from a dead man and implanted it successfully in an 18-year-old youth.

PEN MONEY

In astronomical terms, it is shaping up as the year of the cartoonist. And leading the dollar chase is the star of Rupert Murdoch's stable, Larry Pickering, whose talented indian ink pen is one of the brighter spots in the country's only national daily blab, *The Australian.* But the reported $1000 a week Murdoch is paying Pickering is just pin money to Australia's highest paid artist. These days Pickering is packaged neater than a Big Mac, and his signature is worth damned nearly as much as that of the Reserve Bank Governor, H. M. Knight, who puts his name to the country's bank notes. Pickering books, games and exhibitions are barnstorming across the land and, of course, no middle-class intellectual home is complete without the Pickering calendar. Last year's, featuring the genitalia of Australia's fattest cats, sold more than 35,000. This year's edition looks like topping the 50,000 mark and, at $7.50 a throw, that adds up to a whole lot of bread for big Larry. The satirical pen is at its mightiest on an assembly line. Little wonder, then, that Pickering's work was conspicuously absent from Australia's only cartoonist gallery in Sydney's Strand Arcade. The word is that Pickering's manager, Neil Giffin, did offer to lend the three ladies who run the gallery the original calendar art work to add a touch of spice to the hangings, but they couldn't afford the insurance. In the meantime, Pickering's less commercial colleagues – including Petty, Tanner, Cook, Moir and the granddaddy of cartoonists, George Finey – were selling steadily in the new Black and White Artwork gallery.

LIGHTING A FIRE

If you have given up smoking and are now gnawing your knuckles down to the wrist, you will be interested in the opinion of Dr William T. Whitby, of Sydney. In a new book, ***Smoking is Good For You,*** the doctor claims that nicotine relieved his bronchitis. "Over the years, in suitable cases, I have been advising bronchitic and asthmatic

patients to try smoking," he says. "In most cases the results have been strikingly successful. Since it is chronic bronchitis that probably leads to lung cancer, it seems only reasonable that by protecting the lungs in this way smoking will prevent lung cancer."

Dr Whitby claims one benefit of smoking is that it keeps weight down. "It protects countless numbers from coronary heart attacks; it relieves chest troubles. If people smoked more they would be healthier and happier and live longer."

ANATOMY OF A FLASHER

If Uncle Charlie has been running around in an old raincoat terrorising the neighborhood and lowering the property values, take heart. Melbourne researchers have developed a treatment which has increased considerably the chances of curing the obsession with exposing the male genitalia or, as it is known in the trade, flashing. Dr Ivor H. Jones and Dorothy Frei of the psychiatry department at Melbourne's St Vincent's Hospital call their technique "Provoked Anxiety as a Treatment of Exhibitionism" and the successful results of an initial experiment have been featured in the eminent *British Journal of Psychiatry.*

The two researchers chose 15 hardened males who had proved resistant to other forms of treatment. They averaged 27 years of age, had been flashing for an average of seven years and had managed to frighten the hell out of innocent females from eight to 12 times a month. All were heterosexual, most were married and only four claimed that their sexual relationships with their wives were unsatisfactory.

The treatment involved each subject undressing in front of a mixed audience and, while nude, describing episodes in which he had exposed himself previously. This procedure was repeated four times and during the fifth session a videotape machine recorded the whole performance for playback and group discussion at a subsequent session. At each stage the subject described his feelings in detail, giving some insight into the flasher's attitudes and responses and forcing him to examine his convictions and ideas. After treatment, 10 of the 15 were cured and the others showed a marked reduction in the urge to flash.

The treatment is designed to cause the flasher severe shame and anxiety by forcing him to strip in front of strangers instead of removing only a strategic amount of clothing. He does not have any means of ready escape and the fear usually present in the victim is missing.

Incidentally, the average flasher likes about four metres between himself and his victim, according to the researchers. Less than that and the flasher feels threatened; more than that and the impact is reduced.

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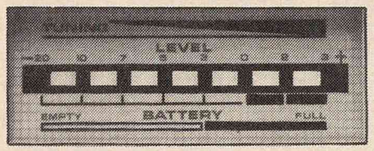

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your life-style, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. These questions were gathered by members of our staff.*

I love a beer over lunch – maybe wine if it's a sit-down affair rather than a grabbed sandwich at the local – and work isn't complete unless I down a couple of schooners (a couple? Well, sometimes eleventy) when the day's over. Trouble is I have invested millions in a pretty hefty beer gut. All my friends say I should drink white wine instead; others say scotch and water; others swear by champers as the slimmers' drink – and all the book and magazine advisers come up with different readings for calorie levels in the various boozes. What is *really* the best drink for someone who loves grog and wants to lose weight?

Only abstinence will make the girth grow smaller. All liquor is high in calories, and unless a super-swiller like you takes regular and vigorous exercise, your body will blossom to assume the shape of a brandy balloon. For someone as desperate as you are for a compromise between taste and waist, the calorie count is not very encouraging, but here we go. Let's start with your favorite beverage, beer. According to the brewers, a selection of popular beers gives the following calorie range for a middy, or 285ml glass: Tooths KB 116, New 115; Reschs Pilsener 114, bulk 112, DA 116; Carlton Draught 116; Tooheys Flag 109, Old 114, Draught 111. In the so-called low-calorie range of beer, a 285ml glass of Carlton United Dietale contains 99.8 calories, Coopers DB 91, Millers Hi-Lo and Tooheys Lite 87.5, Courage Ace 94. Normal strength spirits contain an average of 61.8 calories in a 30ml nip, while a nip of overproof rum will feed 95.3 calories into your system. There are 85 calories in a 144ml (5oz) glass of dry white wine or champagne, 90 calories in a dry red and 100 calories in a sweet table wine. An 86ml (3oz) measure of dry sherry contains 90 calories, while a similar amount of sweet sherry or port contains 115 calories. Cheers.

On the subject of drinking, I enjoy a really dry white wine, but it seems to be increasingly difficult to find a good hock. Why the scarcity? Am I going to be forced to settle for rieslings and white burgundies?

Well may you purse your lips. The place of hock is one of the most enigmatic in the entire mystique of wine. Hock, in fact, is an old English misnomer for dry table white and specifically for the wine from the Rhinegau district of Germany. The name stems from Hochheimer, the wine produced from the area round the Rhineside town of Hochheim. The word was also used in ancient England to describe a special beer drunk at harvest time. And when it first came into English usage in connection with the fruit of the grape, it appears to have been applied to red wine. With such a confused background, it is not surprising that the term hock is virtually meaningless today. At best, it represents a wine style which translates as "fairly dry" but gives no hint of the wine variety, the time of picking or its method of vinification. Like other European wine descriptions such as claret, burgundy, moselle and riesling, hock is both anachronistic and irrelevant in Australian wine terminology. Slowly our wine trendsetters are moving toward a nomenclature which means something – varietal descriptions. In other words, if a wine is made from semillon grapes, call it semillon. If it is a rhine riesling or a shiraz or a cabernet sauvignon, let the name of the grape appear on the label. Those who seek dry, austere white styles should hanker after young Hunter semillons from Tyrrell's and Tulloch rather than the white burgundies of yesteryear. Those who prefer acidic but fruity whites should look to the Coonawarra rhine rieslings for their pleasure. Come the day when all Australian wine-makers fall into line with the pacesetters, we will all know what kind of wine we are buying.

Lately I have been switching on to Buddy Holly. As I was still into Enid Blyton's Noddy records when Holly was stomping, I'd like to know a bit more about his life and death.

As the late Australian journalist, Lillian Roxon, observed in her monumental and definitive Rock Encyclopaedia: *"Charles Hardin Holly was one of the giants of early rock, a figure so important in the history of popular music that it is impossible to hear a song on the charts today that does not owe something to the tall, slim, bespectacled boy from Lubbock, Texas." Roxon wrote that in 1969, but it still applies today. Holly's influence continues to color modern pop music. Even the lovely Linda Ronstadt has cashed in on Holly's hits of the late '50s with songs such as* It's So Easy *and* That'll Be the Day. *Like so many of the early rock musicians, Holly began in 1956 as a country singer, but from 1957 until his death in February, 1959, he recorded scores of rock songs including the classic* Peggy Sue *and other superhits such as* Oh Boy. *Holly was the inspiration for hundreds of groups and there is more than coincidence in the similarity between his natural raw style and the early Beatles and Beach Boys numbers. Had he lived, Holly, around whom a cult has grown, would have been a megastar. Holly died with two other important rock stars, Big Bopper and Richie Valens, in a plane crash in Mason City, Iowa, on February 3, 1959. His death was immortalised in one line of Don McLean's rock standard,* American Pie, *"the day the music died". Incredibly, Holly made only three albums while he lived –* Buddy Holly *(March, 1958),* That'll Be The Day *(April, 1958) and* The Buddy Holly Story *(February, 1957). All the other albums were released posthumously and they still sell in their millions.*

I've noticed advertisements in some publications for a variety of so-called sexually stimulating contraceptives. What I'd like to know is will one of these give my girlfriend greater pleasure and, also, will it deprive me of what I'm already getting?

Modern condoms are a far, far

Browse through the finest wine list in town.

The Arrowfield Wines, you see here, represent the very finest the Hunter Valley has to offer. From light dry wines designed to enhance the special tang and lingering tastes of summer, to crisp, clean reds rich in "nose appeal" and full of character. The wines are quite simply superb. The name is Arrowfield.

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better thing than they were in Casanova's day, when a sheath made of sheep gut and tied off with a ribbon was used to separate the white from the egg. Although manufacturers can make modern condoms in the sheerest rubber, they still reduce the physical sensation and sexual pleasure by coming between the penis and the vagina. As for the horned, spiked and rippled variety, don't count on them doing anything more for your girl than exciting her visually. Most of the so-called tickler variety of condoms are purely for show because, as Masters and Johnson found, the inner two-thirds of the vagina is virtually insensitive to any touch. The condoms with a ring device built into the open end of the sheath can effectively stimulate the clitoris and can heighten the intensity of some women's orgasms.

The surgeon who circumcised me before I was old enough to know better must have been in a hurry to get home. He got only three-quarters of the way round with the knife and the result is a small flap of foreskin on the top of my penis. It gives me no pain – and I seem to get plenty of pleasure. Two questions. Could I get more pleasure if the circumcision were completed? Is it true that uncircumcised males experience more intense climaxes?

Maybe the surgeon did cut you on the bias, but he has done you no disfavor. Very few girls get to ride a surrey with a fringe on top and you can rest assured that the flap is not going to diminish your share of ecstasy. As for that age-old argument against circumcision, there is not a whit of feeling between a snipped or an unsnipped penis. Masters and Johnson have long since buried that hoary old tale. In fact, on purely hygienic and functional grounds, most modern doctors advise circumcision. There is strong evidence to suggest that a hooded male is more likely to pick up infections such as balanitis (inflammation of the glans caused by a build-up of natural secretions beneath the penile skin folds).

My boyfriend (an American) is a coffee freak. He doesn't just make a pot of coffee, he makes a production number out of it. He always puts a pinch of mustard (dry) and an egg shell in with the grounds and claims this enhances the flavor and removes any bitterness. Is he having me on? He does make great coffee.

Maybe he has found the magic potion that turns you on, because his warlock's brew is not doing anything for the coffee. As long as coffee has been drunk people have been adding weird substances such as salt, cinnamon, lemon rind, pepper, mustard and egg shells in the name of bad taste. There are so many ground coffee blends available in Australia that there is no reason why anyone can't, with a little experimentation, produce a personalised blend to suit an individual taste. The only additives which enhance the flavor of freshly-brewed coffee without disguising the true coffee taste are good whisky and brandy.

There are, I believe, quite a number of venereal diseases going around at the moment, maybe more so than in the days when dad was doing his best. And, in this far more permissive society, there's every chance I'm going to go one better. But in doing so, I might well end up losing – like the end of the old fella. I don't wear a condom and the possibility is always there that some Jill might give me the jack. If she does, then who – as the song says – do I turn to?

Dicks don't drop off these days, even though some men in the clutch of the dreaded barbed wire often wish they would. Provided, of course, you are sensible and do not try homespun remedies, most venereal or sexually-related diseases can be cured. Even the hysterically-described superpox, the penicillin-resistant strain of gonorrhea, succumbs to a course of a more powerful antibiotic. Trickiest of all the sexually-related diseases is herpes simplex, a genital strain of the common cold sore. A virus, genital herpes is usually sexually transmitted, and in many cases follows oral sex. The incubation period is about a week and the tell-tale symptoms are irritating spots on and near the sex organs. The spots develop into shallow, painful ulcers. Rest and medical treatment will clear up the initial infection, but herpes simplex has an annoying habit of recurring. The virus lies dormant in the body and recurrences can be triggered by another illness which has sapped the body's resistance, sunburn, emotional stress or intercourse. Women who contract this type of herpes should have a smear every 12 months. This is a screening test to detect early changes in the cervix which, if left untreated, may eventually lead to cancer. Doctors do not say that women with herpes will develop cancer of the cervix, but some studies show they are marginally more susceptible. All venereal diseases are on the rise in Australia for a variety of reasons, including more frequent overseas travel and increased teenage sex and promiscuity. But a dose is not the end of the world. Society is much more tolerant of the euphemistically-termed social diseases, and this tolerance is reflected in an enlightened government attitude. In the past few years governments in both Australia and New Zealand have run continuing promotion campaigns to encourage VD carriers to seek treatment at free clinics. These operate in major cities and, in smaller cities and towns, hospitals will treat VD free of charge. The locations in major centres are: Sydney, 93 Macquarie street, city (male and female clinics); Melbourne, 136 Gertrude street, Fitzroy (male and female); Brisbane, male clinic, Diddoms lane, Petrie Bight; female clinic, William street, city; Hobart, Royal Hobart Hospital (male and female); Launceston, Launceston General Hospital (male and female); Adelaide, male clinic, sixth level, outpatients' department, Royal Adelaide Hospital; female clinic, seventh level, outpatients' department, Royal Adelaide Hospital; Perth, Royal Perth Hospital (male and female); Auckland, Auckland Public Hospital; Hamilton, Waikato Public Hospital; Hastings, Hastings Memorial Hospital; Napier, Napier Public Hospital; Wellington, Wellington Public Hospital; Christchurch, Christchurch Public Hospital; Dunedin, Dunedin Public Hospital; Invercargill, Kew Hospital.

My father and I are avid Marx Brothers fans. And we are in dispute. Since I am his junior and since he claims I inherited my love of the Marx Brothers from him, he insists I should defer to his judgment. The points at issue are the correct names of all five of the brothers and the number of films Groucho made without the madcap antics of his brothers. I say Groucho appeared on his lonesome in four films and Dad stands fast on five. Am I right?

Bow to the greybeard. Dad is spot on. Groucho was the only Marx to appear in Copacabana *(1947),* Mr Music *(1950),* Double Dynamite *(1951),* A Girl in Every Port *(1952) and* Skidoo *(1968). The names of the five are Leonard (Chico), Adolph (Harpo), Julius (Groucho), Milton (Gummo) and Herbert (Zeppo). Chico, Harpo and Groucho were the core of the act which started in vaudeville and graduated to films after Broadway success. Gummo quit the act early on in the brothers' career and Zeppo, who didn't quite fit into the family madness, split after playing romantic relief in the Marx Brothers' first five films.*

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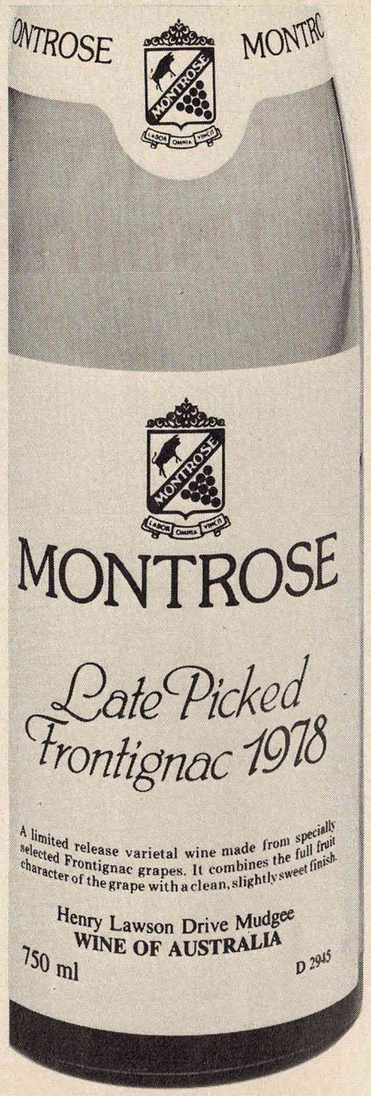
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hard to come by these days, but none of us can agree on when the 120 was first produced and when production was stopped, or on whether the 120 was still in production when the 150 was being made.

You and your mates have immaculate taste in motoring philosophy. The XK range produced some of the great cars of all time. To answer your second question first, no. The XK120 and the XK150 never overlapped. The first version of the XK120, the open two-seater, was announced by the English factory in 1948 and was in production from 1949 to 1954. The fixed-head coupe hit the road in 1951 and the last of the model was produced in 1954. The XK 120C was introduced in 1951 and was phased out in 1953 to be replaced by the XK120 drop-head coupe, the last of which rolled off the assembly line in 1954. The XK150 burst upon English enthusiasts in 1957 and Jaguar produced the fixed-head and drop-head versions until 1961. The open, two-seater XK150 was in production from 1958 to 1961. Sandwiched in between the two was the XK140, which came out in fixed-head and drop-head form, and as an open two-seater, between 1955 and 1957. The XK120C was the first Jaguar to win the Le Mans 24-hour classic and the Jaguar racing team's devastating D-type won Le Mans in five successive years from 1954. If you can find anyone willing to sell an XK120 or XK150 these days you can expect to pay between $20,000 and $30,000 for the pleasure.

My boyfriend often wakes me up in the morning and suggests we have breakfast in bed. I think it is a great idea, but then he goes down on me and I forget about the coffee and toast. I'm not complaining, but I am starting to think there is something symbolic about this breakfast in bed routine. Is there something I should know?

Your suspicions are well-founded. Your bedmate is more interested in muffs than he is in muffins. Breakfast in bed is one of those delightfully quaint phrases for cunnilingus. Just in case you swap bedmates, be prepared to make music to terms such as hair pie, box lunch, clam-diving, fur-burgers and dining at the Y. We have purposely restricted our cunnilingus glossary to food-related terms because, as any connoisseur knows, Frenching is the only true way to diet.

A friend of mine is a wine buff, and occasionally imports magnificent vintages by bidding (by telephone) at auctions at Christies and Sotheby's in London. Recently, because I was very good to him during a weekend in the snow (there was a blizzard all weekend and because we couldn't ski we had to do other things, which I do better than skiing) he gave me a selection of his very best bottles. Now I want to surprise him next time he comes to visit with a special meal using his wines. They are a 1962 La Mission Haut Brion, 1962 Grange Hermitage, 1966 Cantemerle, 1964 Latour, and a 1970 Batard Montrachet. What should I cook to go with them, and in what order should I serve them?

Unless you want your snowman to remain nothing more than a memory, you will cancel your planned dinner for two. As it is, you are heading for the grand turn off. Like a good woman – or, in your case, a good man – good wine should be supped, caressed with the tongue and savored. On the strength of one brief and beautiful encounter, you are hell-bent on a Bacchanalian orgy. Some fanatics, in fact, maintain that great, even good, wines should not be adulterated with food, preferring nothing more than a dry biscuit to cleanse the palate between different wines. They believe there are wines for quaffing with food and wines for treasuring. For better or for worse, your buff has given you wines for grape's sake, not thy digestion's. Maybe your man of the mountains is testing you aesthetically. We thinks you'd be a fool to take up the challenge, but if you must produce a feast of claret, let's try to make a memorable last supper. By your own list you are stuck with one white wine, and you have no alternative to serving fish with the Montrachet. A young white burgundy, it would go well with a mousseline of trout touched off with a sauce Perigourdine. The reds fall into reverse chronological order. A fresh Bordeaux such as the Cantemerle would be better in the cellar – but, if you insist on deflowering it, serve it as a true entree with grilled veal kidneys and a Spanish souffle. The 1964 Bordeaux vintage was nothing to rave about, but in an indifferent year the Latour was drinkable, anyway. Serve it with roast duck finished with a fresh tomato, onion and thyme sauce. Which leaves us with the two robust reds – La Mission Haut Brion from Bordeaux, and the Grange from the foothills of the Mount Lofty ranges in the eastern shadows of Adelaide. They are two classic wine styles, one a distinctive, unusually fruity claret, the other the definitive Australian red from one of its greatest vintages. Why not set them up together, to be appraised over a fresh cheese? And if the candles can last the pace, hone yourselves for bed with a fresh fruit salad and a glass of Sauternes.

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Les Amis du Musée Wellington, Waterloo, Belgium, announces its official collection—

The Great Regiments of Waterloo

Enlarged to show fine detail.

The drama, the excitement, the spectacle of Britain's most glorious triumph, recaptured in fifty fascinating hand-painted pewter figures.

Colours flying, drums beating...up the long slope they came—Napoleon's last thrust for glory. On the crest, the British waited. Silent. Resolute. Then, at thirty paces, came the famous order, 'UP, Guards'. And as the volleys thundered out, hurling back the 'old invincibles' of the Emperor, they sounded the final knell for Bonaparte's dream of Empire.

It was a climactic moment. And the triumph of the Guards has deservedly passed into legend, along with the achievements of many other great regiments that won enduring fame at Waterloo. The Black Watch. The Royal Horse Artillery. The Royal Scots Greys. Gallant regiments of the Allies under Marshal Blucher. *And* the battle-hardened soldiers of France. Heroes all. Deserving of lasting tribute. And it is in their honour that Les Amis du Musée Wellington—situated actually on the battlefield —will now issue an unprecedented new collection of regimental figures, superbly sculptured in pewter and individually hand-painted.

Powerful art in a proud tradition

In so doing, the museum will enrich a centuries-old tradition. For the fierce splendours of the battlefield have always inspired great art. And among the most highly prized of all such works are superb artists' miniatures portraying proud military figures, such as the royal collection at Windsor Castle and the Duke of Marlborough's at Blenheim Palace. And fine examples of individual figures are increasingly valued, and keenly sought-after in the sale-room.

To be certain that these fifty hand-painted pewter figures will stand with the very best, the Museum has commissioned the *premier artists* in this sphere to create the designs. Gerald Embleton, eminent painter and illustrator, expert on military costume, member of the Company of Military Historians. And Malcolm Dawson, outstanding sculptor in the classic tradition of European military art.

Further, each figure has been crafted to portray a regimental soldier *as he appeared on the actual battlefield* —with uniforms, weapons, equipment, precisely as they were then. Moreover, each is also endowed with an extraordinary sense of life—for the facial expression and the vigorous pose powerfully evoke an authentic 'Man of Waterloo'. And, to ensure that all this realism and fine detail will be fully captured in the complete figure, the Museum has appointed The Franklin Mint, renowned worldwide for its craftsmanship, to execute the collection.

Thus, taken as a whole, the collection will vividly recapture the brilliant *pageantry* at Waterloo—portraying perfectly the unforgettable interplay of differently coloured uniforms as regiment clashed with regiment. Men from each of Britain's allies—Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Nassau, Brunswick. Every 62 mm (2⅜") figure authentic, lifelike, powerfully expressive. With the finely detailed sculpturing richly enhanced by the bright array of colours. And with each base bearing an identifying title, in the language of the regiment concerned, as well as the sculptor's signature.

A collection to display—and to enjoy

But while this is certainly a collection to be displayed for its beauty and admired for its importance, it is also a collection to be *handled* and *enjoyed*. Pick up each figure. Feel its weight in your hand. Examine the detail, the colour. Study the accompanying reference material. And discover why, traditionally, such active involvement is a rich source of pleasure and educational reward—for young and old alike.

Take note, too, that Les Amis de Musée Wellington will issue the collection in a *single worldwide edition of just 5,000 sets*, produced solely to order. And, since the Museum has set a limit of one collection per person, the serially-numbered Certificate of Authenticity accompanying each collection will attest to the strict limits for the entire edition.

Indeed, after every collection has been despatched—at the specified rate of one per month—*the moulds will be destroyed*, so that the collection can never be offered again.

An opportunity not to be missed

The issue price for each finely sculptured, hand-painted figure is just $45. This price will be fully-guaranteed to each subscriber for every figure in the collection—a significant guarantee in view of inflation. It is, however, important that you enter your application promptly—indeed, by 25th February, 1979, at the latest. For once the worldwide limit of just 5,000 sets has been subscribed the opportunity to acquire 'The Great Regiments of Waterloo' collection of fine military miniatures will be gone forever.

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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

Last month we outlined for you the Playboy Forum *and its philosophies. This month we introduce its baby brother,* Forum Newsfront, *items of interest within the framework of the philosophy.* Forum *provides the opportunity for an extended dialogue between readers and* PLAYBOY. *Address all correspondence to* Playboy Forum, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

EROTIC MAIL

PERTH — A male prisoner on work release found his letters were not being censored so he wrote his wife, an inmate of a women's prison, what must have been a really hot letter. The correspondence was intercepted by the censor at the women's prison and the wife complained to the West Australian State ombudsman, Oliver Dixon. Mr Dixon, a man not easily shocked, reported: "The letter contained, in appalling detail, references to certain physical activities which would normally be discussed only on a psychiatrist's couch. Despite the sheer beastliness of the letter, I was of the opinion the prison authorities should not censor letters purely on moral grounds." However, after discussions between Mr Dixon and the State Department of Corrections, it was decided that suppression of the letter was fully justified "because it could have been a threat to the good order and discipline of the women's prison." Just what prisoner husband wrote to prisoner wife remains a mystery.

NO, NO NEV

SYDNEY — The Rev Alan Walker, director of world evangelism for the World Methodist Council, criticised the NSW Premier, Neville Wran, over possible government moves to liberalise the laws on casinos, prostitution and Sunday hotel trading. Commenting on what he described as the "one-man dictatorial style" of government in NSW, Mr Walker said: "The right of a Premier to impose his personal humanist views on NSW must be challenged."

A FEW MORE BOOBS

SYDNEY — Waverley Council really created some waves when it decided to take no action against topless bathers on the southern end of Bondi Beach, long-standing symbol of sun-bronzed Australia. The council's no-action move merely gave tacit approval to the existing situation. But the local State MP, Rosemary Foot, said the decision would offend many people and damage Bondi's international reputation as a top tourist spot. One topless bather, questioned about bird-watchers, couldn't understand the fuss. "They wouldn't be normal if they didn't want to have a look, would they?" she said.

PILL UNPOPULAR

MELBOURNE — More than 50,000 Australian women are estimated to have stopped taking the Pill in the past two years and the trend is increasing, although other forms of contraception are becoming more popular. However, Dr Sue Hepburn, of Surrey Hills Family Planning Clinic, claimed 40 percent of Australian girls would become pregnant before they were 20 and one girl in five faced the risk of an abortion before the same age. "Teenagers have intercourse younger and girls are becoming more fertile younger," Dr Hepburn said.

SICK ECONOMY

SYDNEY — Rising hospital costs were the most crucial problem in the nation's health bill of $5235 million for the 1977-78 financial year. According to the annual report of the NSW Health Commission, tabled in the State Parliament, health costs in Australia have risen faster than in other developed countries, including the US, Canada and Sweden.

MARRIAGE DECLINE

CANBERRA — Fewer Australians are getting married, according to the Bureau of Statistics. In 1977, a total of 104,918 marriages were registered, a drop of 5055 on the 1976 figure. The marriage rate for each 1000 of mean population has fallen from 9.3 in 1970 to 7.5 in 1977. However, far more divorced people are remarrying. Latest figures show almost 20 percent of those wed had been married before.

ALCOHOL AND SEX

NEW YORK — Researchers say that compared with the general population, female alcoholics are four times more likely to have been raped and eight times more likely to have had incestuous sexual relations than female non-alcoholics. Two University of Utah scientists who counsel alcoholics said 40 percent of their respondents reported being raped or experiencing incest. Among women generally, the accepted estimates are 10 percent for rape and five percent for incest.

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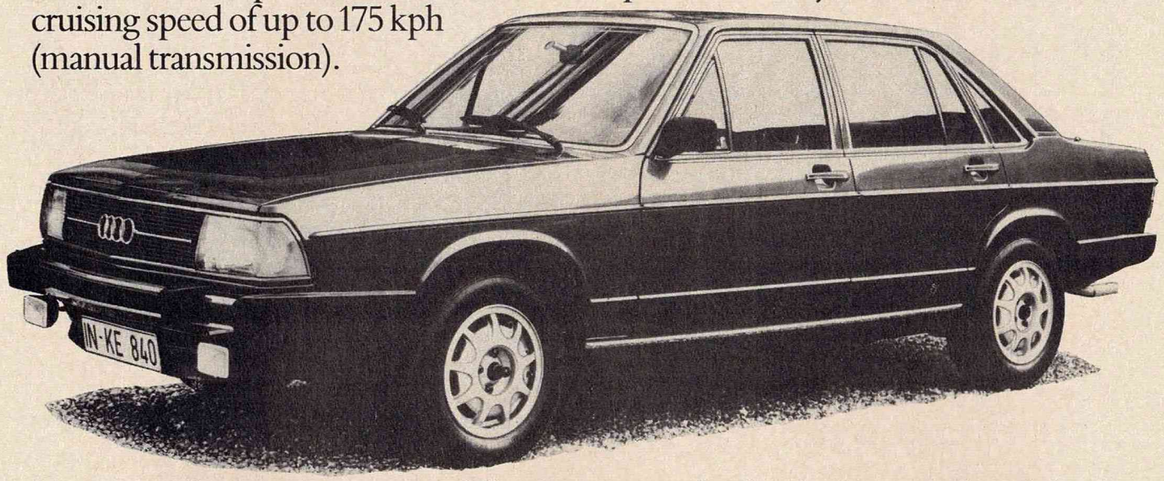

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PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

The Emperor's new clothes. Clothes make the man. A wolf in sheep's clothing. Certainly, clothes are the one mask people wear to prevent others from seeing their real selves. In our dauntless search to discover the sexual truths that lurk behind the most fortified facades, we asked selected groups of men and women two simple questions: "What kind of clothes do you wear when you want to turn on the opposite sex, and what do they wear that turns you on?"

We thought the first was a simple question. We were wrong. Repeatedly our subjects answered: "I'm not a sex object. I never think of the effect my appearance has on other people. I'm just me. What I wear isn't as important as who I am. That would be role playing." We pressed on.

Further probing revealed that most men and women are liars. Under our brilliant cross-examinations, nearly everybody admitted to spending agonised hours before full-length mirrors, trying to decide what to wear to impress the opposite sex.

Once again, we confess that our sample may not be a true cross-section of Australia. Our only requirement was that subjects be fully dressed. Take your mind off that hanger and try these answers on for size.

Q: WHAT GETS YOU INTO GEAR?

Q: MEN, WHAT DO WOMEN WEAR THAT GIVES YOU THE GREATEST TURN-ON?

Thirty-one percent of the men said they got excited by outfits that revealed a woman's breasts: "Anything I can see a nipple outline through – a sweater or a blouse – grabs me. I have a game I play where I try to make a woman's nipples get hard just by looking at them." "If a girl isn't afraid to show her boobs in public, then I know she won't be afraid to do anything I ask her to when I get her in bed." "I dig a blouse with a round loose neck, so when a girl leans forward, I can look down inside and see her breasts. If we're lovers, I'll reach right in and fondle them – if we're in a place that's not too public."

Ten percent of the men got off on women who wore tight pants or skirts that showed off the behind: "Tight jeans with high boots. I'm a guy who loves seeing how the pants mould to her cheeks and the boots accentuate the long, sexy line of her leg."

Eight percent were into sexy evening gowns: "Those glistening, liquid-like clothes – dresses with fabrics like satin that flow around a woman's body make her look like she's super graceful and sensuous – those make me horny as hell. I want to be the knife in the water."

Seven percent were turned on by clothes that drew attention to a lady's legs: "I pray for the revival of the mini-skirt. There's nothing quite like checking out where the legs end and the fun begins." "A chick with long, tanned legs wearing a mini-skirt can make my day."

Seven percent thought women who wore very feminine clothes were sexy: "I've probably seen too many movies, but I get off on any woman who wears a lacy Victorian dress, and maybe even carries a parasol."

Seven percent found women who wore bikinis exciting – either on the beach or under their clothing: "I've always been aroused by a woman who wears bikini panties, thick bracelets and chains around her neck. The bikini makes her look bold and yet vulnerable. It's a look that says, 'I am your slave'." "I spend a lot of time at nude and topless beaches, around Sydney, but for my money there's nothing quite as horny as a lady in a bikini – preferably barely in a bikini. I guess it sounds corny these days, but that little bit of mystery still gets me in."

Five percent of the men were total body-watchers, liking women who wore outfits that hugged the body and accentuated slimness: "I fantasise about being naked in bed, with her long legs and arms wrapped around me."

Four percent liked lingerie: "I guess I'm just a traditionalist. Show me a woman in black silk and my cock gets really hard."

Three percent liked leather: "A woman in leather looks like an animal on heat."

Another three percent liked women who wore trousers that were tight in the crotch: "Show me a woman who wears tight Levis and I'll guarantee you she moves just great when she makes love."

The rest of the sample liked such diverse things as expensive clothing ("Sexy women look like they have enough money to get home by themselves"), the little-girl look, the rich-hippie look, terribly neat, almost fussy clothes, off-the-shoulder outfits, tuxedos, fur coats and overalls. Yes, overalls: "My girlfriend had a pair. From the side, everyone could see her breasts completely exposed and, in some positions, even her pubic hairs. I think about her overalls a lot. She gave them to me as a going-away present."

Q: WOMEN, WHAT DO MEN WEAR THAT GIVES YOU THE GREATEST TURN-ON?

Twenty-one percent of the women said they were really attracted to men who wore shirts that exposed their chests: "The sexiest thing I ever saw was a man wearing blue jeans and a shirt that was completely open blowing behind him as he rode his bicycle. He had a splendidly muscled torso and I could watch the play of his muscles as he gripped the handle bars. God, did I want to be those handle bars."

Twenty percent of the women were stimulated by men who wore tight clothes: "I can look at how a man's jeans fit and tell if he'll be a good screw. Tight means great. Loose and sloppy means he'll be a disaster." "If a fellow has a small behind, I want to see it moving under tight jeans. I think about how it would feel to get my hands on it." "I like to see guys in revealing bathers – those G-string affairs with pubic hair exposed and his outline as plain as day."

Eleven percent of the women were turned on by men who dress in suits: "I go for guys who wear velvet. They look smooth, Continental and are probably good in bed."

Six percent of the women were aroused by the rugged look: "Tough guys turn me on. I like exposed,

tattooed arms, old motor-cycle jackets and unshaven faces." "I like a bloke to look like he's just spent the afternoon on the hill at the SCG with his mates and his Esky – sunburnt, full of grog and more than ready for female company. I know it's a minority taste but I really get off on terry-towelling hats, rubber thongs and boxer shorts."

Four percent dug men who wore turtle-neck sweaters: "I love the lean, hungry look of a guy in a black turtleneck and jeans."

The rest of the women had divergent tastes, covering sweaters, sweat shirts, jump suits, vests, thin antique scarves wound around the neck, pants tucked into high boots ("It makes men look like pirates"), leotards, loincloths, string bikinis, trench coats and even towels ("The sight of a man wearing nothing but a towel makes me want to pull it off and rape him").

Q: MEN, WHAT CLOTHES DO YOU WEAR WHEN YOU WANT TO TURN A WOMAN ON?

Sixteen percent of the men said that open shirts that revealed their chests aroused women the most: "Girls love to look at two things – a hairy chest and the other thing you can't show them in public." "They like to see the muscles and the lines of a man's body, without him having to advertise."

Fourteen percent said that women really got off on tight jeans: "I like my pants to be so tight that women can tell not only my sex but my religion." "Women I've slept with have told me that I have a great bum, so I wear tight pants to show it off. Also, a really tight pair of pants, snug around the crotch, can be a turn-on. Get an erection and the pressure can get you off."

Ten percent of the men were sure that women liked men who dressed in well-cut suits: "I try to project an elegant style that says I'm rich. I wear an expensive suit, subdued silk shirts, conservative ties and English shoes. James Bond himself."

Nine percent of the men fancied the rugged look: "A sweat-stained T-shirt and a pair of tight jeans – even a pair of shorts and a singlet. Anything to let them know you don't give a damn how you look because you don't need to."

Six percent confessed that they affected the cow-cocky look – moleskin trousers, checkered shirt and flat-brimmed felt hat: "It's amazing how interesting a woman finds you if she thinks you've got a few thousand hectares in the bush."

Six percent felt leather was effective: "Black leather lets a girl know that I'm out to take her – by force, if necessary."

Six percent felt sexy only in bathing suits, in spite of the obvious seasonal limitations: "Women really admire a man who admires himself. That's why a G-string is so seductive."

Five percent trusted a sporty but expensive look: "There's something very together about turtleneck sweaters, sports jackets and exquisitely fitting trousers."

Five percent said that women found dark clothes erotic: "Black clothes make a man look slinky, evil and fascinating. Most women are irresistibly attracted to that image of polished cruelty."

The rest of the sample favored such items as boots, shorts, jump suits, flowered shirts and chains, multicolored underwear, a suntan, tuxedos and even the button-down-shirt, crew-neck-sweater trip. Kinky, that. And one man felt that opposites attracted: "I believe in the old adage 'Treat a lady like a whore and a whore like a lady', so, depending on how she looks, I dress the opposite. It always works."

Q: WOMEN, WHAT CLOTHES DO YOU WEAR WHEN YOU WANT TO TURN A MAN ON?

Twenty-nine percent of the women said that an outfit that showed off their breasts was a sure-fire arouser: "A low-cut blouse and a crucifix on a chain between my boobs always catches a man's attention." "Guys can't resist looking at tits. When I talk to them, it's fun to see them try to look at my face when they keep wanting to look down my front."

Eighteen percent were sure that women were sexiest in black clothes: "Black tells a man that I'm dangerous and sexually far out."

Twelve percent said that men got off on women who wore really tight clothes: "I have special jeans that I've worked on for years to keep patched and tight. They look like they've been sprayed on."

Nine percent said they wore what they considered to be feminine clothes: "I like to surprise a man with a whorish look, but in virginal white, as if to say, 'I'm in the profession, but it's my first time'. Under a white pinafore dress, I wear a wasp-waisted white-satin corset that pushes up my breasts."

Three percent of the women chose to accent their legs: "Snug-fitting jeans tucked into boots with wool leg warmers almost to the crotch make my legs look like they go on forever."

The rest of the ladies had slightly different ideas about dress: Some liked leather, while others thought men got turned on by women in men's clothes. A few had found success with the little-girl look, halter tops and the best of disposal store stock: "I love dressing in heavy wool shirts, thick sweaters and hiking boots. It tells a guy that I'm adventurous and can take it." Some women believed in costumes (Arabian slave-girl outfits) and contrasts: "Wearing an ultra-feminine frilly blouse with old jeans. Men have to screw me to find out which style is the real me."

Summary: The chest is best. Tight is right. Both sexes professed a strong attraction to peeking at each other's pectoral muscles and, similarly, both knew that the exposed bosom was the most effective bait. Tight, form-fitting garments were the second favorite style. Apparently, most people like to see what they're getting, before they get into it.

Most people have several outfits in the category they consider sexiest. Often, these fashions say more about the kind of lover they are attracted to than about their own personalities.

At the end of our arduous efforts on behalf of this poll, we found ourselves wondering which is ultimately more effectively attractive – the right clothes or that feeling of confidence you project when you believe you're wearing the right clothes, which says to everyone who looks, "I'm ready". As always, it's different threads for different heads.

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An invitation to readers: OK, now we know what you wear to do it. Next we want you to tell us where you do it. What is your ultimate sexual setting: A lushly-furnished mirror-lined boudoir? A grassy patch under the stars? A darkened bedroom with Ravel's *Bolero* pounding in the background? Tell us your prime erotic environment by writing to *Playboy Sex Poll,* Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001, and we'll publish the results in a forthcoming issue.

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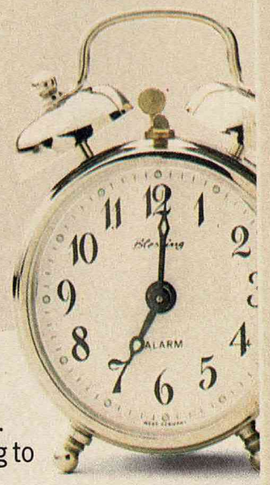

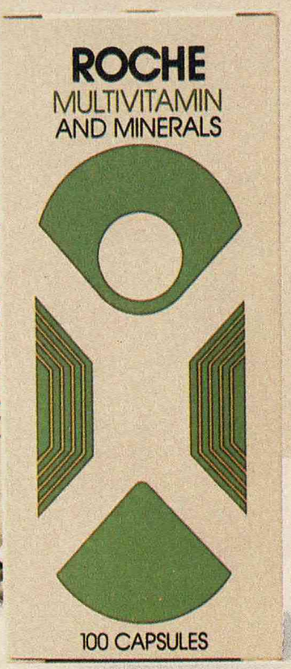

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EXPERIENCE

it's always the little people who get ripped off in gullible's travels

You can leave more than your heart in San Francisco, as a young Australian traveller discovered, to his cost, recently. Here is his tale of woe – understandably anonymous.

IT WAS a cold evening as the cable car neared its terminus in Market street after a fun ride from Fisherman's Wharf. Above the gripman's frenzied bell clanging, I could hear the conductor announce the "tenderloin area" and, along with a throng of tourists, I jumped off, thinking I'd have a look around before walking back to my hotel. The area in question abounds with adult-magazine stores, topless shows and intriguing shops advertising GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS.

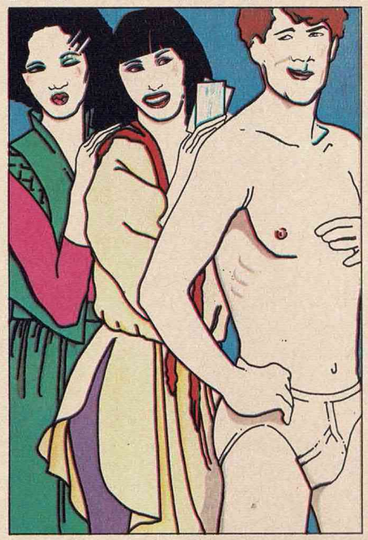
As I strolled past one such venue, a gangly youth (who was pimply and may have been a pimp, too) stopped me and asked whether I would like a girl for a mere $30. Actually, he didn't say that in so many words but, rather, insinuated it discreetly. Although he beckoned me inside to discuss details with "the hostess", I was not really interested and walked on – into the arms of his competitor next door.

This time, for some reason, I was under the impression that the joint was presenting a strip show, so I allowed him to pass me on to the hostess, a tall, attractive black girl who offered me the choice of a girl on the premises for $30 (including private bath) or a girl of my choosing in my own hotel room at $50 for one hour. Having never before been propositioned, I was somewhat flattered and curious.

Unfortunately, I showed my interest by asking for such details as exactly what the girls would be prepared to do. "Anything you wish," was the reply. What is the chance of catching something? "No chance unless you already have it yourself. The girls are checked every week." Is it legal? "Not exactly, but the city turns a blind eye." What do the hotels think? "Oh, they don't mind. We can go into any hotel in the city limits, including where you're staying."

By this time, I suppose a streak of masculine vanity had been touched. Wouldn't it be a daring thing to do, just once? "OK," I said, "show me the girls." I chose Kim and signed a $50 traveller's cheque, thinking I was pretty well set up for the night.

"Any identification? Driver's licence?" With some amusement, I produced a credit card and the hostess duly made a note of the serial number.



While Kim was getting ready, the hostess returned. "How would you like to have two girls?" she asked with a grin. "Two at once – you like the idea? Two girls for two hours."

Pure greed was now tempting me. Visions of the three of us cavorting in naked merriment danced in my head. What the hell. In for a penny, in for a pound; my hand trembled as I signed another traveller's cheque.

So Kim, Anna and I took a taxi to my hotel. The girls were in their late 20s, attractive, well dressed and in no way looked like tarts. We exchanged names and indulged in mild chitchat and I began to like them a little. That was a mistake. When we arrived at the hotel, the girls, to my horror, marched straight up to the registration desk and boldly gave my name and room number. Not an eyebrow was raised.

On the way up to my room, Kim and Anna kept saying we were all going to have a great time together; they'd make it really good for me. So far, my $100 had merely served to get the girls to my room, but I didn't suspect anything as I hastily took a shower and towelled myself dry while Kim and Anna settled down to watch television.

"Let's have a drink," Kim said, "a Courvoisier for me." I phoned room service, only to be told that no drinks were served after 11pm. Soft drinks were also unavailable, so Kim had a markedly unromantic glass of water and phoned their boss, Cathy, to tell her where they were.

By this stage, I thought we ought to be getting down to business, so I lay down and asked for a back massage. The girls complied, halfheartedly, and started to explain to me that they would receive only 12 percent of the money paid so far. Wouldn't I like to give them a tip? I was quite upset to realize that my $100 was a mere deposit, which, in fact, guaranteed no action at all; I was even more upset to discover that by a tip each girl meant another $50.

After some bargaining, we agreed on $25 apiece now, and another $25 if I wished them to stay beyond the prescribed two hours. I signed another traveller's cheque (the first I had ever signed in the nude in the presence of the recipient; little did I know it was not to be the last). By then I had parted with $150 and had received nothing in return for my investment save an inexpert, 30-second back rub.

"All right," I said, "let's get on with it." This produced a few caresses of the thighs and legs before the phone rang. It was Cathy, who wanted to know whether the girls would be home in two hours. Oh, if I paid the other $50 *now,* they said, they would stay all night and we'd all have a ball together the whole night long. Anna gently touched my penis. "We'll look after this both inside and out," she promised. We argued, but I ended up by signing a fourth $50 traveller's cheque.

At last the girls seemed ready. They called Cathy to tell her they were staying the night. Anna unzipped her slacks and slowly took them off to expose a pair of very tiny, very sexy black frilly panties. We sat close together on the bed.

Then Kim said she wanted a glass of ice water and asked if she could go down the hall to find an ice machine. She collected two glasses and a plastic ice container provided by the hotel and headed toward the door. She paused. "I'll need some help carrying this." In a daze, I watched Anna zip up her pants as if in slow motion. Jokingly, I said, "Don't run away," as the two girls walked out and closed the door.

Minutes passed. In my nakedness, I couldn't run out after them, so I stood with my eye glued to the peephole, hoping, desperately hoping, they would return. Finally, numb with disbelief at my own stupidity and anger at other people's dishonesty, and with my masculine pride thoroughly bruised, I put on some clothes and walked down the hall to the ice machine.

There, on the carpet in front of the elevators, were two glasses sitting side by side in a white, plastic ice bucket.

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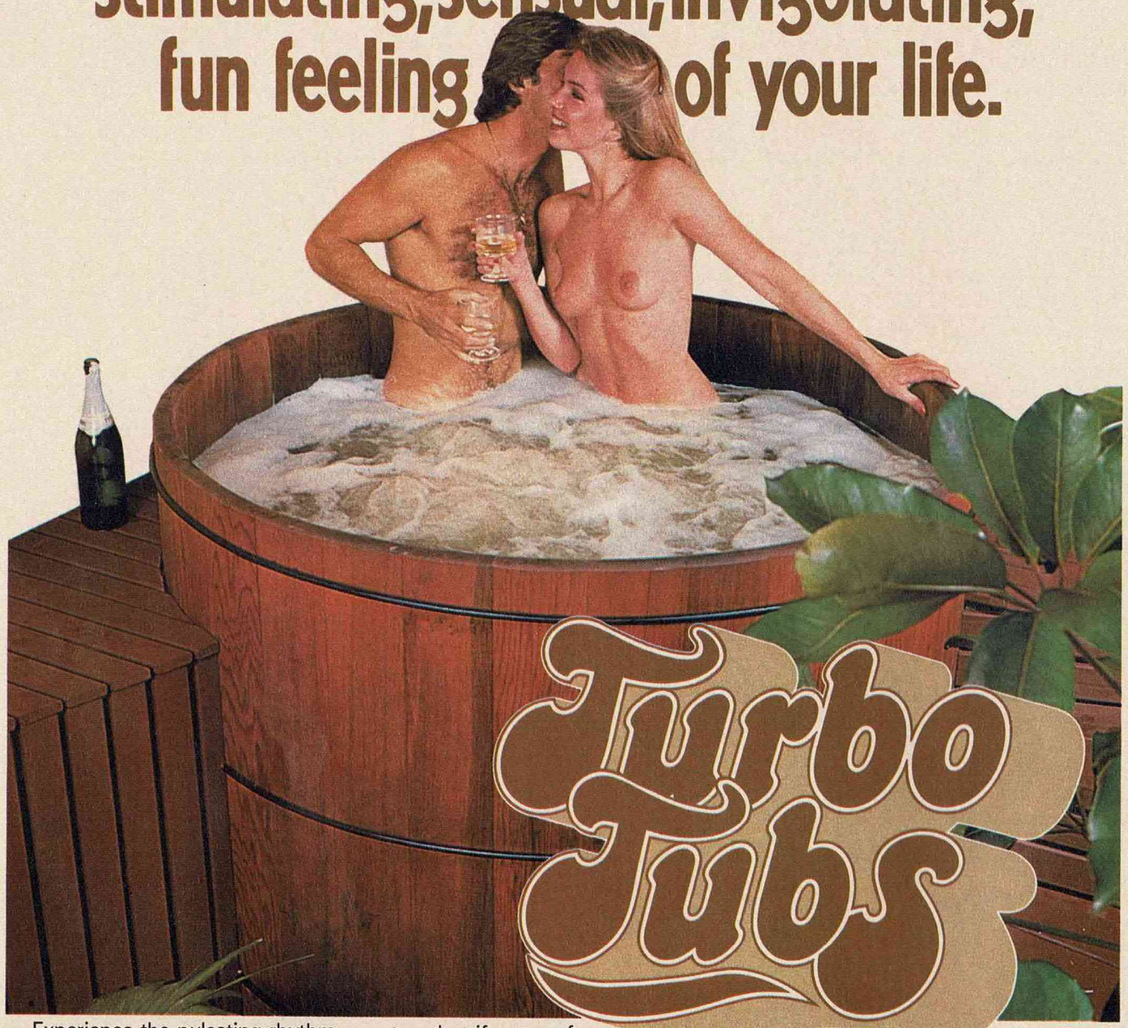

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Playboy Interview

Marlon Brando

the man who once shouted for stella now cries for the future of mankind

HE is considered by many to be the world's greatest living actor, the man who changed the style of the movies, the most influential and widely imitated actor of his generation. He burst on to our consciousness wearing a torn T-shirt, mumbling, growling, scowling, screaming for "Stel-la!" as Stanley Kowalski in Tennessee Williams' A Streetcar Named Desire, *first on Broadway, then on film. It marked the beginning of a career that was to be as wild and uncontrolled as many of the characters he so expertly portrayed.*

An intensely private man, Marlon Brando stirs emotions and elicits reactions that go beyond his status as either actor or political activist. He's been called brilliant, a lout, considerate, arrogant, gentle, selfish, chauvinist, generous, an egomaniac, selfless. He has passed into myth, become history. The highest-paid and most respected actor in America, 54-year-old Brando is one of the select artists who will doubtless be remembered into the next century.

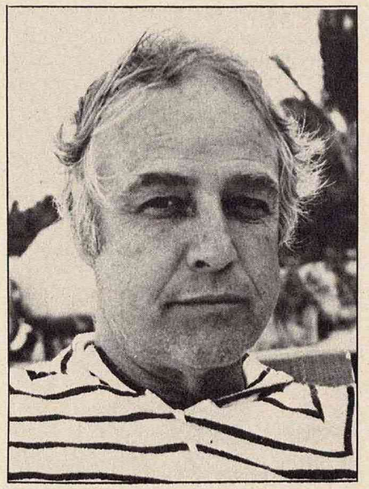
From the beginning, Brando unleashed a raw power that had never been seen before on the screen. He talked through his body, affecting viewers emotionally each time he got beaten up and stood up. What audiences knew of courage they saw enacted by Brando time and time again, from The Men *to* On the Waterfront *to* Viva Zapata! *And what they thought was evil was reinterpreted and given new dimensions as Brando became a wild punk hoodlum, a nazi officer, a kidnapper, a bandit, an Ugly American ambassador, a Mafia chief.*

Like a figure in a classical Greek drama, after rising to the top during the 1950s, his career plummeted to disappointing lows in the '60s. Yet, when people thought he had nothing left to give, he mounted a magnificent and stunning comeback with The Godfather *and* Last Tango in Paris, *a film so brutally and sexually honest that it was hailed as adding a new dimension to the art.*

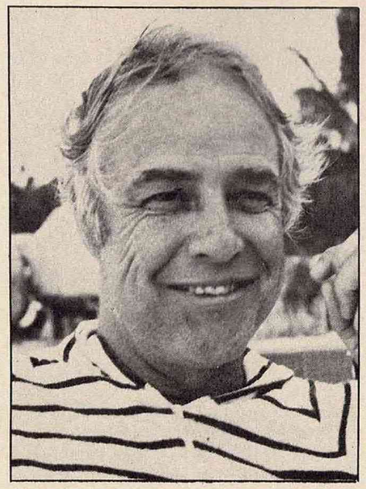
The director who had the most influence on him was Elia Kazan, who directed him in Streetcar, Zapata! *and* Waterfront. *Kazan called Brando "the only genius I ever met in the field of acting". On the strength of just those three pictures, most of Hollywood agreed with Kazan. Kim Hunter, who played his wife, Stella, in* Streetcar, *spoke of his "uncanny sense of truth. Anything you do that may not be true shows up immediately as false with him." Bette Davis said: "He has always transcended the techniques he was taught. His consequent glamor and style have nothing to do with self-involvement, but rather radiation." Sir John Gielgud, who acted with him in* Julius Caesar, *called him a "thrilling artist". Paul Muni spoke of his "magnificent, great gift".*

That great gift was recognised in 1954 when he won the Oscar for Best Actor for his role as Terry Malloy in On the Waterfront, *which he accepted. Nineteen years later, he won his second Oscar, for his role as Don Corleone in* The Godfather. *But, by then, Brando's social consciousness had risen dramatically and he disdained awards, refusing to accept it and asking an American Indian woman to stand before the academy and the world to explain why.*

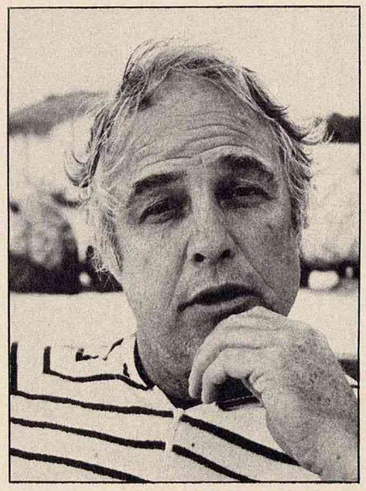
Although Brando has always been protective of his private and his acting life, it has been impossible to conceal the often widely reported problems he presented to some of his co-stars and directors. Often the press pictured him as a spoiled, temperamental, stubborn star, and he was blamed for the financial failures of pictures such as Mutiny on the Bounty, *which went $12 million over budget;* Burn!, *in which he insisted the production move from South America to Africa; and* One-Eyed Jacks, *which he directed for three years before Paramount took*



"What is shocking to me is that we can consistently try to expunge an entire people from this planet and not have it known to the world—the silent execution that has taken place . . ."



"So, we all act. The only difference between an actor professionally and an actor in life is the professional knows a little bit more about it—some of them, anyway—and he gets paid for it."



Photography by Lawrence Grobel

"Where are the great artists of today? Name one. When you look at Rembrandt, Baudelaire, or listen to the Discourses by Epictetus, you know the quality of men is not the same."

it away from him. By the time of The Godfather, *Brando seemed to have mellowed. He got along well with director Francis Ford Coppola and with the actors, who revered him. It was a fitting role, for Brando was truly the Godfather of many of the actors in that film and its sequel. In the first film, Al Pacino took over after the Don's death; in the second, Robert DeNiro played the young Don Corleone. But no one was going to dethrone Marlon Brando as the true don of American actors.*

His relationships – mostly with foreign women – have been mysterious and often stormy. He has been legally married and divorced twice: in 1957, to Welsh actress Anna Kashfi, who had claimed to be of Eastern Indian origin, and, in 1960, to Mexican actress Movita. He had a child with each woman and, for a dozen years, he publicly battled through the courts with his first wife for custody of their son. In Tahiti for Mutiny on the Bounty *in 1960, he met his co-star, Tarita, with whom he now has a son, 15, and a daughter, seven.*

While in Tahiti, he discovered Tetiaroa, an atoll of 13 islands 16 kilometres north. When it came up for sale, he bought if and goes there as often as he can, usually about four months each year. To find out more about this complex and intriguing man, who has refused until now to sit for any lengthy interview, PLAYBOY *sent* **Lawrence Grobel** *(who also interviewed Barbra Streisand and Dolly Parton for* PLAYBOY*) to Tahiti at Brando's invitation. Grobel reports:*

"When I got this assignment I was told that Brando was ready to talk and I should prepare for the interview immediately. Having waited nearly a year to see Barbra Streisand, I should have known better. Nevertheless, the fact that he had even agreed to do the interview was rare enough for me to drop whatever I had been doing and get ready to converse with our most influential and reclusive actor.

"We arranged to meet at his mountain top home in Beverly Hills, but that was postponed twice before I spoke with him again. This time he asked if I'd like to do the interview in Tahiti. Naturally, I agreed.

"I arrived in Tetiaroa 17 months after getting the assignment. For the next 10 days we ate our meals together, went for walks along the beach, went night sailing, played chess and managed to tape five sessions, lasting anywhere from two to six hours each. It seems only appropriate to begin with a question about Tetiaroa."

PLAYBOY: This island you own is certainly a perfect place to do an interview – no phones, no unexpected visitors, no interruptions.

BRANDO: It's very elemental here. You have the sky, the sea, the trees, the crabs, the fish, the sun . . . the basics. Once I was the only person here, absolutely alone on this island. I really like being alone. I never run out of things to think about when I'm here.

PLAYBOY: For most of your career you've avoided doing any long interviews. Why is it so tough for you to grant an interview?

BRANDO: I've regretted most interviews, because they don't write what you say or they'll get you out of context or they'll juxtapose it in such a way that it's not reflective of what you've said. I've read so many interviews of people who are not qualified to give answers to questions asked. Questions are often asked of people who are famous and well-known, and they're unqualified to answer such questions – questions on economics, archaeological discoveries in Tuscany, the new and virulent gonorrhea form . . . I used to answer those questions and then I'd ask myself, what the fuck am I doing? It's absolutely preposterous that I should be asked these questions and, equally preposterous, I found myself answering. *(Laughs).* I don't know a fucking thing about economics, mathematics or anything else. And then you can say something in a certain spirit, with a smile, but when it appears in print there's no smile.

"I just didn't want to hold still for any of the crap questions – but I wanted to be courteous at the same time."

PLAYBOY: We can always indicate that with brackets. But when you do make a rare public appearance, as you did on the Dick Cavett TV show a few years ago, you don't do much smiling. With Cavett, you stubbornly insisted on spending 90 minutes on one topic, Indians, which seemed to make him very nervous.

BRANDO: Yeah. I had another discouraging experience with the BBC. I went on a show and all the host did was ask me questions about *Superman* – how much money I got and stuff like that. He said: "Were you able to get into your costume for *Superman?*" And I would say: "Well, in 1973 Wounded Knee took place." I just didn't want to hold still for any of the crap questions – but I wanted to be courteous at the same time. They edited the thing so I said nothing. I looked like an idiot.

Then I went downstairs to talk to seven reporters from the London *Times,* from all the papers. I talked for three hours with them about the American Indian. They all ran pictures of me in my Superman costume and that's all they talked about. Then, once in a while, on the back page, "and . . . blah blah blah blah blah the American Indian". I was appalled. I didn't believe the quality of journalism on the BBC was such that they would have to go for the buck that way. It was revolting.

PLAYBOY: But not very surprising. Getting you to talk about Indians isn't much of a journalistic scoop, is it? Not to denigrate what you have to say about that subject, but the fact is, anyone who interviews you would like to get you to talk about something else – acting, for example.

BRANDO: Yeah, but what a paltry ambition. I'm not going to lay myself at the feet of the public and invite them into my soul. My soul is a private place. And I have some resentment of the fact that I live in a system where you have to do that. I find myself making concessions, because normally I wouldn't talk about any of this – it's just blabber. It's not absorbing or meaningful or significant. It doesn't have anything to do much with our lives. It's dog-food conversation. I think the issue of the Indian is interesting enough so that we don't have to talk about other things.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, you can be sure that there are many people who are at least as interested in what you might have to say – to pick a random example – about the fact that Marilyn Monroe once expressed a desire to play Lady Macbeth to your Macbeth as about what you will undoubtedly be saying about past and present social injustices. Did you know Marilyn considered you her favorite actor?

BRANDO: I don't know how to answer the question. *(Mockingly)* "Oh, well, that's nice. My goodness, I didn't know Marilyn cared for me in that respect . . . . hey, well, she's a remarkable actress . . . . I certainly would have enjoyed . . ." I can't respond to that. It bores the shit out of me.

PLAYBOY: Can you respond to what happened to her?

BRANDO: No, I don't want to talk about that. It's just prattle, gossip, shitty . . . it's disembowelling a ghost . . . Marlon Brando's view of Marilyn Monroe's death. That's horrifying. What she said about me and what I'm to say about her can lead to the consequence of nothing.

PLAYBOY: So you think the fascination

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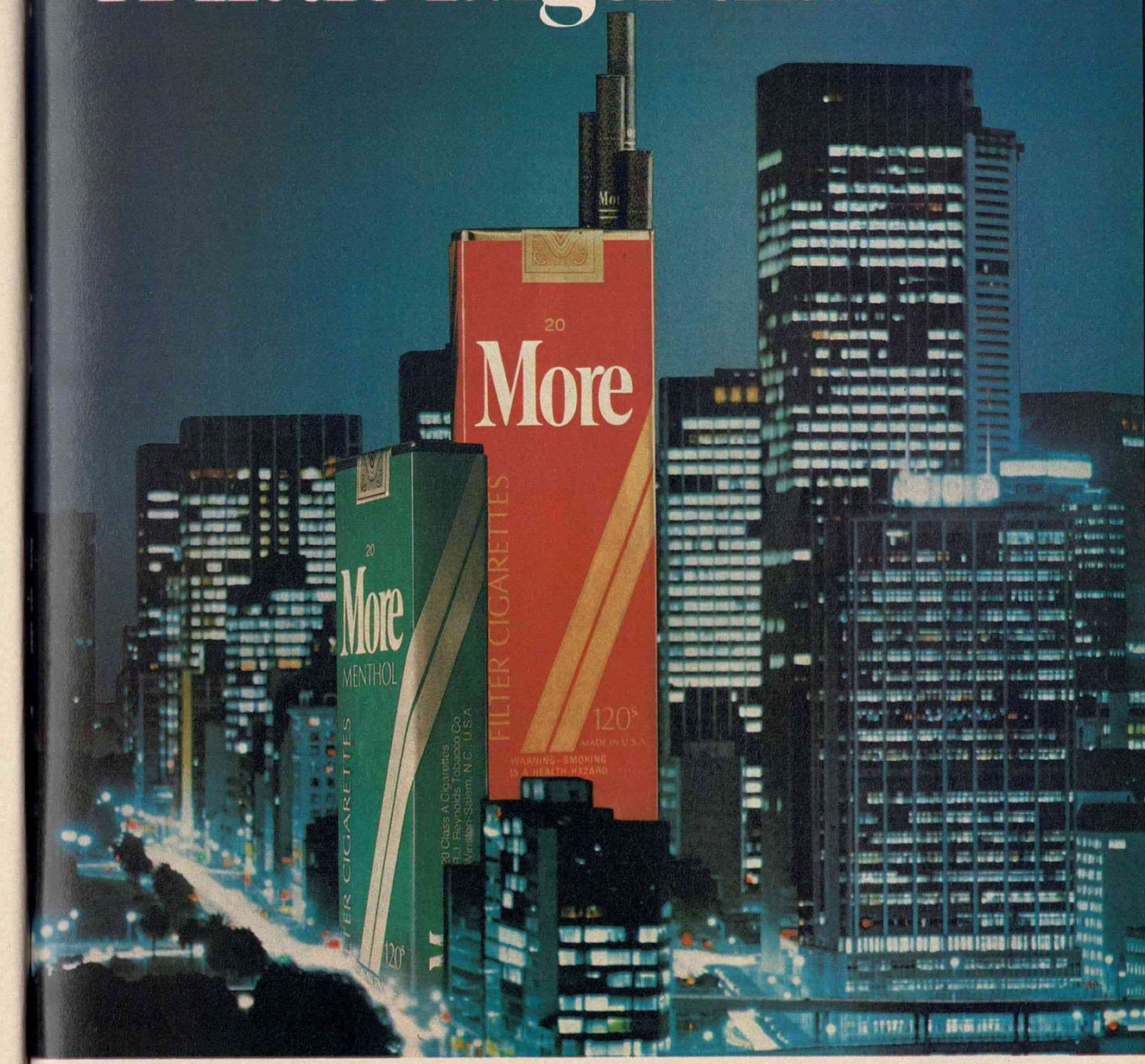

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the public has in someone like yourself is fleeting?

BRANDO: There's a tendency for people to mythologise everybody, evil or good. While history is happening it's being mythologised. There are people who believe that Nixon is innocent, that he's a man of refinement, nobility, firmness of purpose, and he should be reinstated as president; he did no wrong. And there are people who can do no right.

People believe what they will believe to a large degree. People who never met you will like you. And then people will hate you, for reasons that have nothing to do with any real experience with you. People don't want to lose their enemies. We have favorite enemies, people we love to hate and we hate to love. If they do something good, we don't like it. I found myself doing that with Ronald Reagan. He is anathema to me. If he does something that's reasonable, I find my mind trying to find some way to interpret it so that it's not reasonable, so that somewhere it's jingoist extremism.

Most people want those fantasies of those who are worthy of our hate – we get rid of a lot of anger that way; and those who are worthy of our idolatry. Whether it's Farrah Fawcett or somebody else, it doesn't make any difference. They're easily replaceable units. Johnny Ray enjoyed that kind of hysterical popularity, celebration, and then suddenly he wasn't there any more. The Beatles are now nobody in particular. Once they set screaming crowds running after them, they ran in fear of their lives, they had special tunnels for them. They can walk almost any place now. Because the fantasy is gone. Elvis Presley, bloated, over-the-hill, adolescent entertainer suddenly drawing people into Las Vegas, had nothing to do with excellence, just myth. It's convenient for people to believe that something is wonderful, therefore they're something wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Bringing this back to you and your own energies, you once said that for most of your career you were trying to figure out what you believed you'd really like to do.

BRANDO: "You once said." There ought to be a handbook for interviewers and one of the don'ts should be: Don't say "You once said", because 98.4 percent of the time what you were quoted to have said once isn't true. The fact is, I *did* say that. For a long time I had no idea really what it was I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't feel that acting was worthwhile or fulfilling enough?

BRANDO: There's a big bugaboo about acting; it doesn't make sense to me. *Everybody* is an actor. You spend your whole day acting. Everybody has suffered through moments where you're thinking one thing and feeling one thing and not showing it. That's acting. Shaw said that *thinking* was the greatest of all human endeavors, but I would say that *feeling* is. Allowing yourself to feel things, to feel love or wrath, hatred, rage .... it's very difficult for people to have an extended confrontation with themselves. You're hiding what you're thinking, what you're feeling, you don't want to upset somebody, or you *do* want to upset somebody; you don't want to show that you hate them; your pride would be injured if they knew you'd been affected by what they said about you.

So, we all act. The only difference between an actor professionally and an actor in life is the professional knows a little bit more about it – some of them, anyway – and he gets paid for it. But actually, people in real life get paid for acting, too. You have a secretary who has a lot of sex appeal and a great deal of charm and she knows it. She's going to get paid for that, whether she delivers sexual favors or not. A very personable, attractive young man, who reflects what the boss says, is smart enough to know what the boss feels and likes and wants and he knows how to curry favor .... he's acting.

"A prostitute can give you all kinds of wonderful excitement. . . and make you think nirvana has arrived on the two o'clock plane."

PLAYBOY: But there does seem to be a difference between the professional actor, who does what he does consciously, and the subconscious behavior of the non-professional.

BRANDO: Well, the idiot tome on acting was written by Dale Carnegie, called *How To Win Friends and Influence People.* It's a book on hustling. Acting is just hustling. Some people are hustling money, some power. Those in government during the Vietnam war were trying to hustle the president all the time so their opinion would be taken over that of others, and their recommended course of action implemented. That play was running constantly. I can't distinguish between one acting profession and another. They're all acting professions.

PLAYBOY: What about the concept of acting as an art form?

BRANDO: In your heart of hearts you know perfectly well that movie stars aren't artists.

PLAYBOY: But there are times when you can capture moments in a film or a play that are memorable, that have meaning ....

BRANDO: A prostitute can capture a moment! A prostitute can give you all kinds of wonderful excitement and inspiration and make you think that nirvana has arrived on the two o'clock plane, and it ain't necessarily so.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider *any* people in your profession artists?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: None at all?

BRANDO: Not one.

PLAYBOY: So you have never considered yourself an artist?

BRANDO: No, never, never. No. Kenneth Clark narrated a television program called *Civilisation.* It was a remarkable series. It was erudite, communicative, polished, interesting to listen to. There was a man who knew who the artists of the world were. He didn't talk about any paltry people that you and I might mention. He doesn't know those people. He talked about *great* art. He certainly didn't refer to the art of film.

PLAYBOY: But film is reflective of our art and culture. Clark's *Civilisation* covered a broad spectrum of history. Maybe in 50 or 100 years the next Kenneth Clark would include the art of the film.

BRANDO: Why don't you do an interview with Kenneth Clark and tell him that I want to know *(laughs)* if he considers Marlon Brando an artist?

PLAYBOY: Assume, if he were asked, he would say yes.

BRANDO: If Kenneth Clark said that I was an artist, I would immediately get him to a neurosurgeon.

PLAYBOY: Now you're ignoring the authority you've cited. If actors can't be artists, could films be works of art? Would you consider *Citizen Kane* a work of art?

BRANDO: I don't think any movie is a work of art. I simply do not.

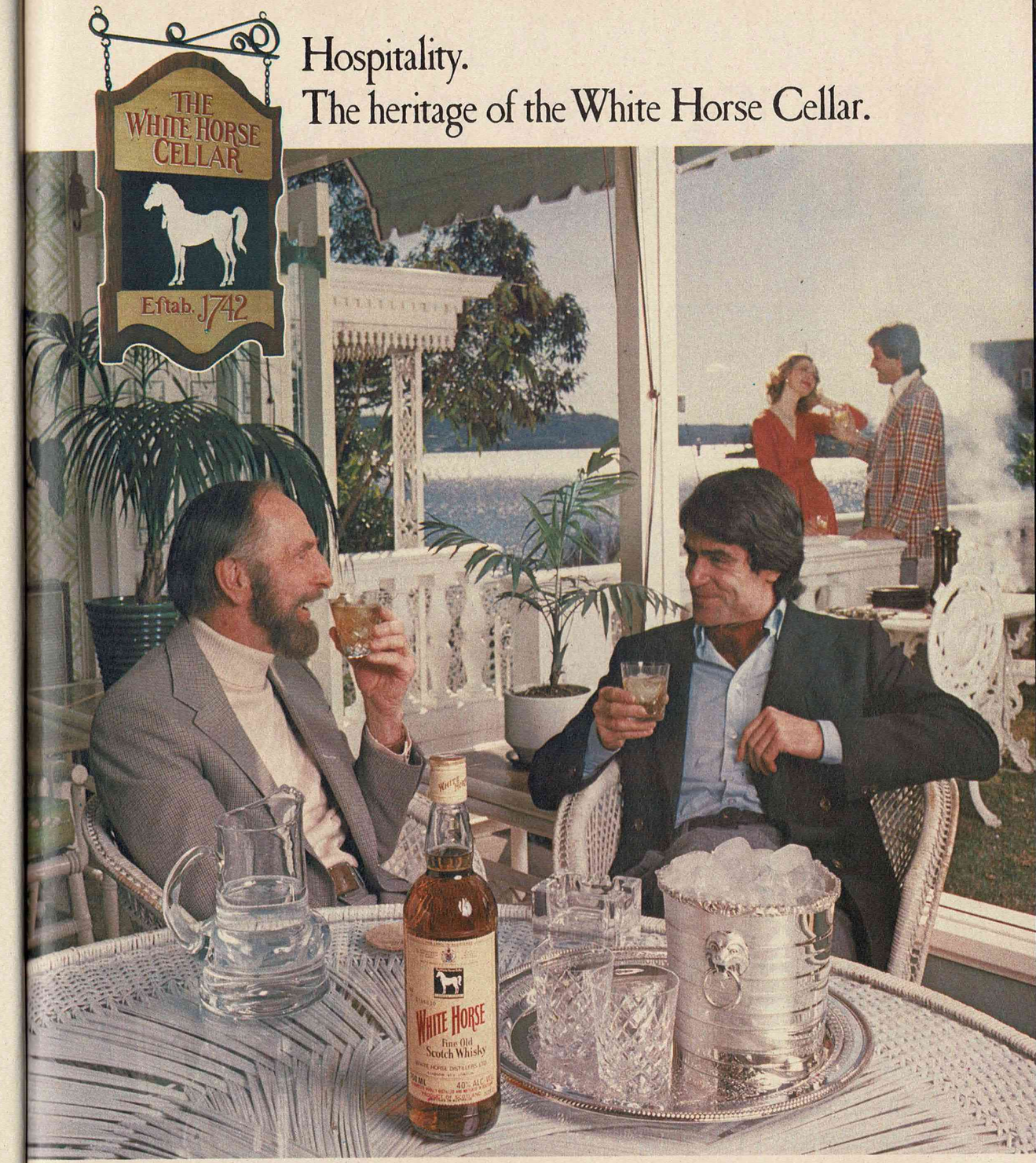
PLAYBOY: Would you go as far as saying that a collaborative effort can't be a work of art?

BRANDO: Well, the cathedrals in Rouen or Chartres were collective works, brought about over perhaps 100 years, where each generation did something. But there was an original plan. Michelangelo's St Peter was created by him, but thousands of people were involved in it. Bernini or Michelangelo would conceive a piece of sculpture and then have their students, artisans, knock the big chunks out.

PLAYBOY: Who is really the artist in such cases?

BRANDO: The person who conceives it, and also executes it.

PLAYBOY: In *A Streetcar Named Desire*



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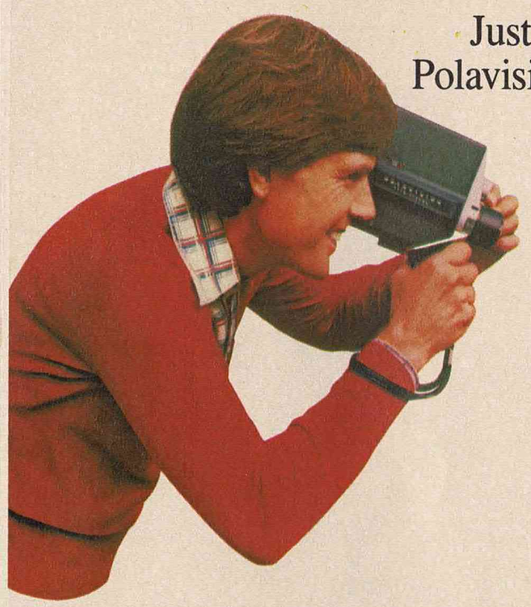

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or *Hamlet,* Williams and Shakespeare are artists, right?

BRANDO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: So couldn't there be artists who interpret those works?

BRANDO: Sure. Heifetz certainly is an artist, for God's sake. He is a particular kind of artist. He's not a creative artist, he's an interpretive artist.

PLAYBOY: Can singers be artists?

BRANDO: *(Long pause)* No.

PLAYBOY: Lyricists? Cole Porter, or Harold Arlen?

BRANDO: Shakespeare's a lyricist; he wrote many songs. Yeah, I suppose any creative writing. But you get so far down on the scale. You're not going to call the Rolling Stones artists. I heard somebody compare them — or the Beatles — with Bach. It was claimed they had created something as memorable and as important as Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Schubert. I *hate* rock and roll. It's ugly. I liked it when the blacks had it in 1927.

PLAYBOY: When it was called jazz?

BRANDO: No, it was called rock and roll.

PLAYBOY: I thought Alan Freed coined the term in the '50s.

BRANDO: That's not a new phrase. Rock and roll is as old as the beard of Moses.

PLAYBOY: What about someone like Bob Dylan, who both writes and performs his own work?

BRANDO: There are people who aspire to be artists, but I don't think they're worthy of the calling. I don't know of any movie actors, or any actors ... there are *no* people .... we can call them "artists", give them the generic term if they're comfortable with that, but in terms of great art, magnificent art, art that changes history, art that's overwhelming — where are they? Where are the great artists today? Name one. When you look at Rembrandt, Baudelaire, or listen to the Discourses by Epictetus, you know the quality of men is not the same. There are no giants today. Mao Tse-tung was the last giant.

PLAYBOY: If we limit the discussion to the world of film, there are plenty of actors today who bow to you as a giant. You may be repelled by that, but people such as Al Pacino, Barbra Streisand, Pauline Kael, Elia Kazan have given you that label, the ultimate in accolades.

BRANDO: I don't understand what relevance that has. Chubby Checker was the giant among twisters. I don't know what that illustrates. When you talked before about film being reflective of art and culture, the question went flaming through my mind: What culture? There's no culture in the United States. The last great artist died maybe 100 years ago. In *any* field. "And we petty men peep about between his legs to find ourselves dishonorable graves."

PLAYBOY: Shakespeare?

BRANDO: Shakespeare. So, we've somehow substituted craft for art, and cleverness for craft. It's revolting! It's disgusting that people talk about art and they haven't got the right to use the word. It doesn't belong on anybody's tongue in this century. There are no artists. We are businessmen. We're merchants. There is no art. Picasso was the last one I would call an artist.

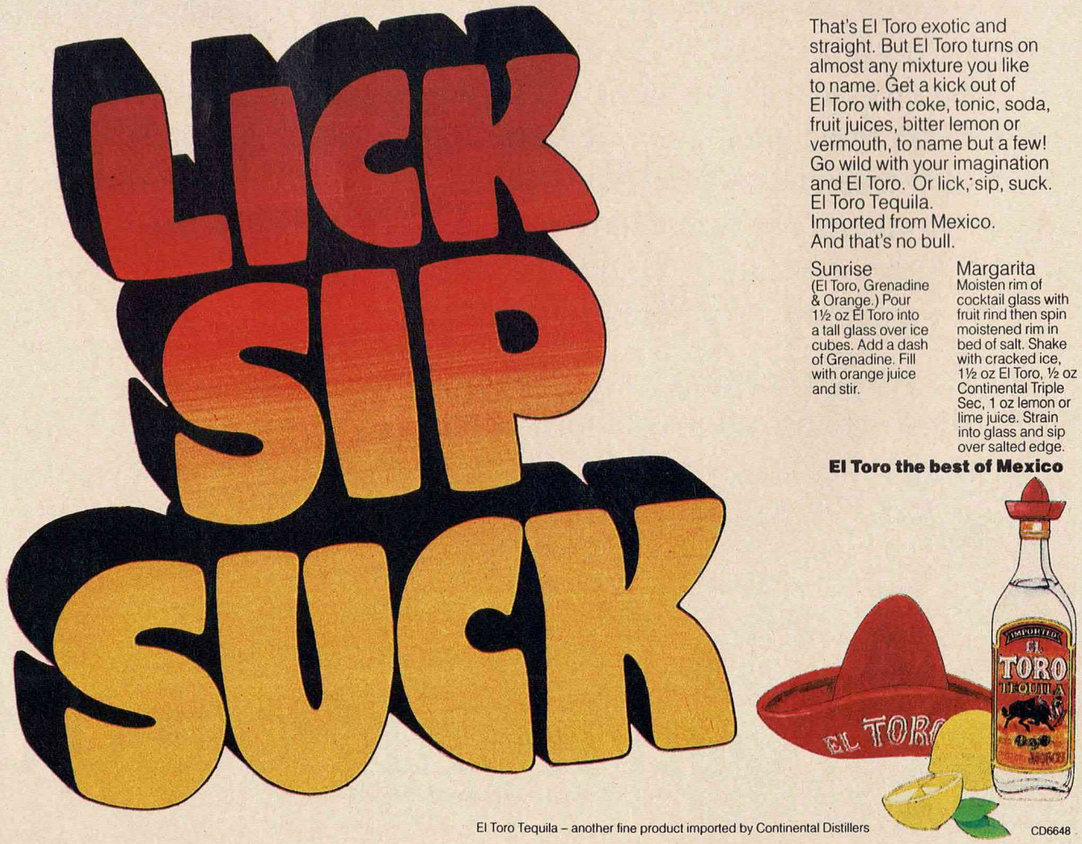
PLAYBOY: Picasso, you know, was as commercial-minded as anyone. If he signed a cheque for less than $75 it would be worth more if you sold the signature rather than cash the cheque.

BRANDO: I think that's a wonderful joke. It's enormously clever. That he could draw the outlines of an outhouse and give it to somebody and it's worth $20,000. Because it's making a commentary on the obscenity of our standards. He knew it was absolute trash, horseshit, but it's just like a Gucci label. Yeah, it's just a label, a Picasso label.

PLAYBOY: Well, the Brando label is also highly valued. Are you astounded by the money you get for a film?

BRANDO: I don't know how we got into that.

PLAYBOY: A lot of artists, like Picasso,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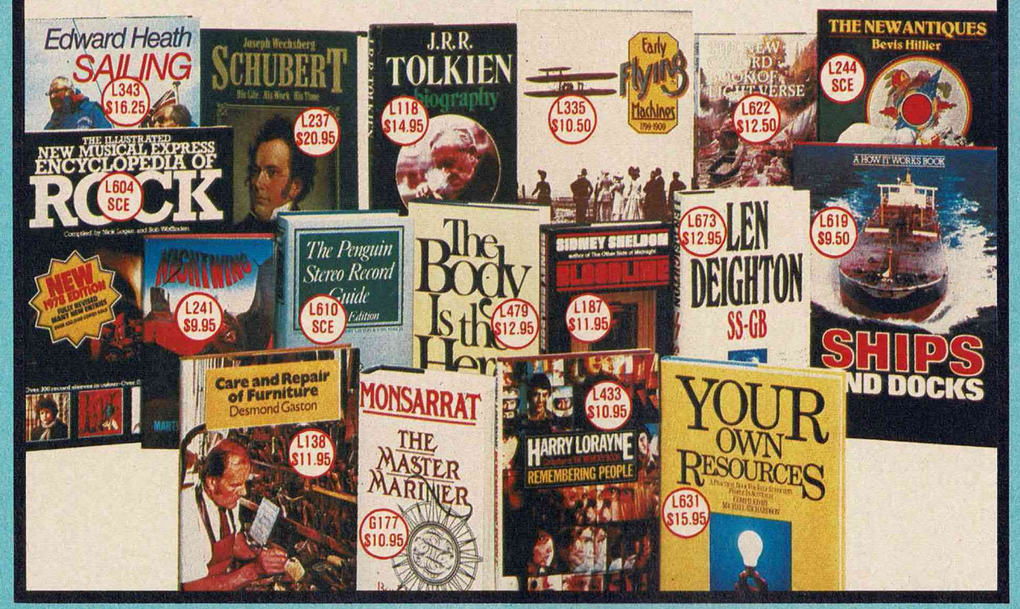

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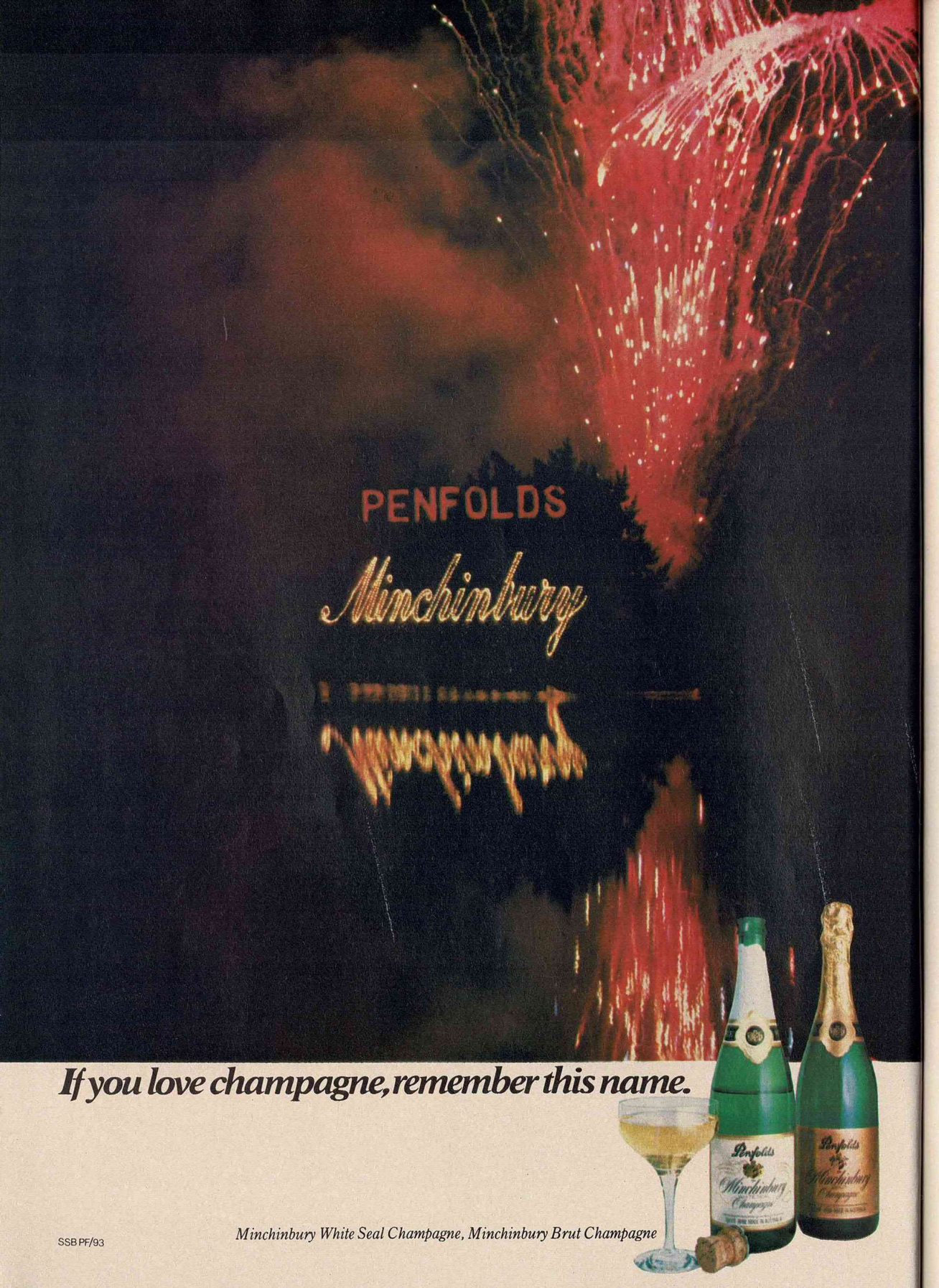


who received large sums of money also considered themselves worthy.

BRANDO: Are you making an association of worthiness with money? These are hustling questions. It's a disposition to get Brando to talk about these issues. You can always feel when something in the conversation is fertile and it's got a dollar sign on it.

PLAYBOY: What we're getting at is that the LA County Museum, for one, considers you enough of an artist to have recently sponsored a Marlon Brando Film Festival.

BRANDO: Oh gee, I missed that. Shucks.

PLAYBOY: There aren't very many film festivals of contemporary actors in museums. Isn't that at least . . . well, kind of nice?

BRANDO: Kind of nice, I guess that covers it. Better than a poke in the eye with a stick.

PLAYBOY: Do you often have to upset yourself when acting?

BRANDO: How come you have to know about acting all the time? What else ya got?

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you vetoed Burt Reynolds for James Caan's part in *The Godfather?*

BRANDO: Francis would *never* hire Burt Reynolds.

PLAYBOY: But do you have that kind of control over who acts with you?

BRANDO: Well, you do have to have rapport.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the Italian-American Civil Rights Organisation say that you defamed their community with your role as Don Corleone in *The Godfather?*

BRANDO: I don't know. If they said that about me then they must have felt it was true.

PLAYBOY: Have you had that said about you when you've played different nationalities in your films?

BRANDO: No. I played an Irishman who was a freak psychopath in *The Nightcomers* and I didn't get any letters from any Irish-American organisations. It would have been difficult to make *The Godfather* with an eighth-Chinese, quarter-Russian, quarter-Irish, and an eighth-Hispanic. Very difficult to take those people to Sicily and call him O'Houlihan. It seems idiotic, if that's a fact, because most of the people who played small parts in the movie were in the Mafia, and so were their families. So it must have been a different Mafia these Italian people were talking about.

PLAYBOY: Did you receive $100,000 from Paramount to talk to the press after making *The Godfather?*

BRANDO: I can't remember.

PLAYBOY: Another lapse of memory associated with you is your inability or your refusal to memorise lines. Do you have a bad memory, or is it that you feel remembering lines affects the spontaneity of your performance?

BRANDO: If you know what you're going to say, if you watch somebody's face when they're talking, they don't know what kind of expression is going to be on their face. You can see people search for words, for ideas, reaching for a concept, a feeling, whatever. If the words are there in the actor's mind . . . . *Oh, you got me! (Laughing) You got me right in the bush.* I'm talking about acting, aren't I? Actually, it saves you an awful lot of time, because not learning lines . . . it's wonderful to do that.

PLAYBOY: Wonderful not to learn lines?

BRANDO: Yeah, you save all that time not learning the lines. You can't tell the difference. And it improves the spontaneity, because you really don't know. You have an idea of it and you're saying it and you can't remember what the hell it is you want to say. I think it's an aid. Except, of course, Shakespeare. I can quote you two hours of

"Some things you can ad lib, some things you have to commit to memory, like Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams . . ."

plays and speeches of Shakespeare. Some things you can ad lib, some things you have to commit to memory, like Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams – where the language has value. You can't ad lib Tennessee Williams.

PLAYBOY: So it is true that you no longer memorise lines when you act. But you did during the early stages of your career, when you were doing Tennessee Williams and Shakespeare. Was it difficult then?

BRANDO: That's quite a different thing, because you cannot ..... well, you're getting me. *(Laughs)*

PLAYBOY: But not nearly enough. You can be very interesting when you talk about your profession, but you have this almost psychological reluctance not to, to withhold experiential information which comes naturally to you. You mention an obscure film like *Bedtime Story,* but you shy away from even a hint of what you thought of your role as Kowalski in *Streetcar.* Anyone who reads this will wonder why questions weren't put to you about your more powerful roles, when, in fact, the questions are there, but the answers aren't.

BRANDO: Some politicians will play full ball. That means they'd do anything to get their point across. Some people draw the line at various places.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you so easily interchange the words politician and actor. You obviously won't play full ball in an interview, but can't you go at least a few innings? You might throw out crumbs, bits about *Waterfront,* a bunt on *Last Tango,* a foul ball on *Reflections In A Golden Eye,* but the end result is that you're teasing your audience. Why can't you just speak a few sentences about some of the characters you've portrayed and why you chose those parts over others? Your unwillingness will make this section of the interview sketchy.

BRANDO: Just take it all out, say you're not interested in talking about all that.

PLAYBOY: But I am interested. Why not look at it the other way?

BRANDO: Because ....

PLAYBOY: ... it's you. I understand. Nonetheless, I think it's a cheat not to talk about the roles you've played and about your own background.

BRANDO: That's an odd word to use.

PLAYBOY: Because we're playing, circling. When you said before "You got me!" I thought you were quoting a line. It's like the minute you click on the word "acting" you stop talking about it. Why?

BRANDO: Because I know that your antenna's up.

PLAYBOY: All right, let me ask you about *Superman,* which is on release now. Why did you take the role of Jor-El, Superman's father?

BRANDO: I don't want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything at all you can say about it? It's a free plug.

BRANDO: I don't want to talk about *Superman.* That's not relevant.

PLAYBOY: For a man who likes to talk, it's a pity that you brake yourself.

BRANDO: I'm fascinated about anything. I'll talk for seven hours about splinters. What kind of splinters, how you get them out, what's the best technique, why you can get an infection. I'm interested in any fucking thing.

PLAYBOY: But will you talk for seven hours about your career?

BRANDO: Of course not. Not for two seconds about it.

PLAYBOY: But you have, on occasion, talked to reporters on the subject of acting.

BRANDO: I was in error. I made a lot of errors and I don't want to repeat the errors. If we repeat our errors then it makes this seem forlorn. There's nothing sadder or more depressing than to see yourself in a series of similar errors.

PLAYBOY: Do you like acting?

BRANDO: Listen, where can you get paid enough money to buy an island and sit on your arse and talk to you the way

I'm doing? You can't *do* anything that's going to pay you money to do that.

PLAYBOY: You do take acting seriously, then?

BRANDO: Yeah. If you aren't good at what you do you don't eat, you don't have the wherewithal to have liberties. I am sitting here on this island, enjoying my family, and I'm here primarily because I was able to make a living so I could afford it. I hate the idea of going nine to five. That would scare me.

PLAYBOY: Is that what bothered you about acting in the theatre?

BRANDO: It's hard. You have to show up every day. People who go to the theatre will perceive the same thing a different way. You have to be able to give something back in order to get something from it. I can give you a perfect example. A movie that I was in, called *On The Waterfront;* there was a scene in a taxicab, where I turn to my brother who's come to turn me over to the gangsters and I lament to him that he never looked after me, he never gave me a chance, that I could have been a contender, I coulda been somebody, instead of a bum . . . "You should of looked out after me, Charley". It was very moving. And people often spoke about that – "Oh, my God, what a wonderful scene, Marlon, blah blah blah blah blah." It wasn't wonderful at all. The situation was wonderful. Everybody feels like they could have been a contender, they could have been somebody, everybody feels as though they're partly bum, some part of them. They are not fulfilled and they could have done better, they could have been better. Everybody feels a sense of loss about something. So *that* was what touched people. It wasn't the scene itself. There are other scenes where you'll find actors being expert, but since the audience couldn't clearly identify with it, it just passed unnoticed. Wonderful scenes never get mentioned, only those scenes that affect people.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example?

BRANDO: Judy Garland singing *Over the Rainbow.* "Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly, birds fly over the rainbow, why, then, oh why can't I?" Insipid. But you have people just choking up when they hear her singing it. Everybody's got an over-the-rainbow story, everybody wants to get out from under and wants . . . *(laughing)* . . . wants bluebirds flying around. And that's why it's so touching.

PLAYBOY: Had another person sung that song it might not have had the same effect. Similarly, if someone else played that particular *Waterfront* scene with Rod Steiger – a scene considered by some critics as among the great moments in the history of film – it could have passed by unnoticed.

BRANDO: Yeah, but there are some scenes, some parts, that are actor-proof. If you don't get in the way of a part, it plays by itself. And there are other parts you work like a Turk in to be effective.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that *Waterfront* scene was actor-proof when you were doing it?

BRANDO: No, at the time I didn't know.

PLAYBOY: Was it a well-rehearsed scene or did Kazan just put the two of you there to act spontaneously?

BRANDO: We improvised a lot. Kazan is the best actor's director you could ever want because he was an actor himself, but a special kind of actor. He understands things that other directors do not. He also inspired me. Most actors are expected to come with their parts in their pockets and their emotions spring-loaded. When the director says "Okay, hit it", they go into a time-slip. But Kazan brought a lot of things to the actor and he invited you to argue with him. He's one of the few directors creative and understanding enough to know where the actor's trying to go. He'd let you play a scene almost any way you'd want.

As it was written, you had this guy pulling a gun on his brother. I said: "That's not believable. I don't believe one brother would shoot the other." There. The script never prepared you for it; it just wasn't believable. It was incredible. So I did it as if he couldn't believe it, and that was incorporated into the scene.

PLAYBOY: Many actors cite your performance in *Reflections In A Golden Eye* as an example of superb improvisational acting. Did any of that have to do with the direction of John Huston?

BRANDO: No. He leaves you alone.

PLAYBOY: What about Bernardo Bertolucci's direction of *Last Tango in Paris?* Did you feel it was a "violation", as you once said?

BRANDO: Did I say that once? To whom? *(Laughing)* . . . "as you once said".

PLAYBOY: What you said was that no actor should be asked to give that much.

BRANDO: Who told you that?

PLAYBOY: I read it.

BRANDO: I don't know *what* that film's about. So much of it was improvised. He wanted to do this, to do that. I'd seen his other movie, *The Conformist,* and I thought he was a man of special talent. And he thought of all kinds of improvisations. He let me do anything. He told me the general area of what he wanted and I tried to produce the words or the action.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what it's all about now?

BRANDO: Yeah, I think it's all about Bernardo Bertolucci's psychoanalysis. And of his not being able to achieve . . . I don't know, I'm being facetious. I think he was confused about it: *he* didn't know what it was about, either. He's very sensitive, but he's a little taken with success. He likes being in the front, on the cover. He enjoys that. He loves giving interviews, loves making audacious statements. He's one of the few really talented people.

PLAYBOY: Pauline Kael made some pretty audacious statements when she reviewed *Last Tango,* saying it had altered the face of an art form. Did this sort of critical reaction to the film surprise you?

BRANDO: I was talking about this before. An audience will not take something from a film or a book or poetry if they do not give something to it. People talk about great writers, great painters, great thinkers, great creators, but you cannot fully understand what a great writer is writing about unless you have some corresponding depth, breadth of assimilation. To some people, Bob Dylan is a literary genius, as great as Dylan Thomas was. And Pauline Kael, unconsciously, gave much more to the film than was there. You learn an awful lot about reviewers by their reviews – a good reviewer, that is. A bad reviewer you can't learn anything, they're just dummies. But Pauline Kael writes with passion, it's an important experience to her. No matter what they like or dislike, talented reviewers reveal themselves, like any artist.

PLAYBOY: Jesus, for a moment there we thought you said *artist.* Are there any directors you'd like to work with, like Bergman, Fellini, Truffaut?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: Critics often lean either towards you or Olivier as the greatest living actor. Since Olivier's done the classics, do you think that gives him the edge?

BRANDO: That's speculation. Speculation's a waste of time. I don't care what people think.

PLAYBOY: Do you care, though, when people say you don't always give 100 percent when you act?

BRANDO: Stella Adler, who was my teacher, a most remarkable woman, once told me a story about her father,

"He tried to do some shit with me. I said: 'Don't you ever speak to me in that tone of voice.' God, he really made me mad."

Jacob P. Adler, a great Yiddish actor who brought the European tradition of theatre with him. He had said that if you come to the theatre and you feel 100 percent inspiration, show 70. If you come to the theatre another night and you feel maybe 50 percent, show 30. If you come to the theatre feeling 30 percent, turn around and go home. Always show less than you have.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever just walked through a part?

BRANDO: Certainly. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Often?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: What about *The Countess From Hong Kong,* directed by Charlie Chaplin?

BRANDO: No, I tried on that, but I was a puppet, a marionette. I wasn't there to be anything else because Chaplin was a man of sizeable talent and I was not going to argue with him about what's funny and not funny. I must say we didn't start off very well. I came to London for the reading of the script and Chaplin read for us. I had jet lag and I went right to sleep during his reading. That was terrible. *(Laughs)* Sometimes sleep is more important than anything else. I was miscast in that. He shouldn't have tried to direct it. He was a mean man, Chaplin. Sadistic. I saw him torture his son.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

BRANDO: Humiliating him, insulting him, making him feel ridiculous, incompetent. He (Sydney Chaplin) played a small part in the movie and the things Chaplin would say to him . . . I said: "Why do you take that?" His hands were sweating. He said: "Well, the old man is old and nervous – it's all right." That's no excuse. Chaplin reminded me of what Churchill said about the Germans: either at your feet or at your throat.

PLAYBOY: Was he that way with you?

BRANDO: He tried to do some shit with me. I said: "Don't you *ever* speak to me in that tone of voice." God, he really made me mad. I was late one day, and he started to make a big to-do about it. I told him he could take his film and stick it up his arse, frame by frame. This was after I realised it was a complete fiasco. He wasn't a man who could direct anybody. He probably could when he was young. With Chaplin's talent, you had to give him the benefit of the doubt. But you have to always separate the man from his talent. A remarkable talent, but a monster of a man. I don't even like to think about it.

PLAYBOY: What about when you direct yourself, as you did in *One-Eyed Jacks?* That was a first and last experience for you; did it cure you of your desire to direct?

BRANDO: I didn't desire to direct that picture. Stanley Kubrick quit just before we were supposed to shoot and I owed $300,000 already on the picture, having paid Karl Malden from the time he started his contract, and we weren't through writing the picture. Just before we were to start, Stanley said: "Marlon, I just don't know what the picture's about." I said: "I'll tell you what it's about. It's about $300,000 that I've already paid Karl Malden." He said: "Well, if that's what it's about, I'm in the wrong picture." So that was the end of it. I ran around, asked Sidney Lumet, Gadge (Kazan), and I don't know, four or five people; nobody wanted to direct it. *(Laughs)* There wasn't anything for me to do except to direct it or go to the poorhouse. So I did.

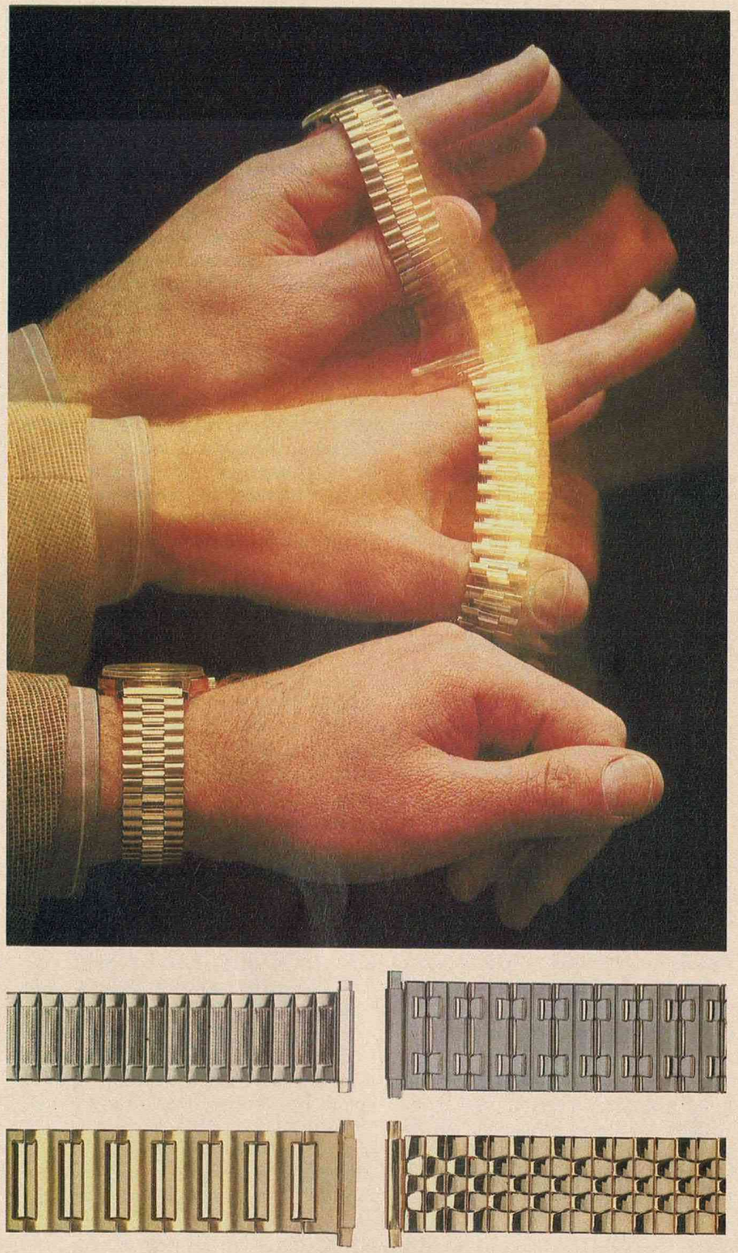
PLAYBOY: Was it a completely new experience for you?

BRANDO: No, you direct yourself in most films anyway.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the studio take the film away from you, finally?

BRANDO: I kept fiddling around and fiddling around with it, stalling, so they went and cut the film. Movies are made in the cutting room.

PLAYBOY: Looking back at your body of



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work, are there any of your films which you aren't at all happy with, which you would like to erase if you could?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: Would you change many of them if you had a chance now?

BRANDO: No, I wouldn't want to do that. Good God, one of the most awful places in the world to be is the cutting room. You sit all day long in a dark place filled with cigarette smoke.

PLAYBOY: Do you always see the final results of what you do?

BRANDO: Sometimes you see it in the dubbing room. I've been in the screening room sometimes. Some films I haven't seen. You're bound to run into them on television someplace. One film I liked a lot .... the only time I ever really enjoyed myself .... it was called *Bedtime Story* with David Niven. God, he made me laugh so hard. We got the giggles like two girls at a boarding school. He finally had to ask me to go to my trailer. I couldn't stop laughing. *(Laughing)* We both thought it was such a funny script, a funny story.

PLAYBOY: Would you have liked to have done more comedy?

BRANDO: No, I can't do comedy.

PLAYBOY: Are there any recent films which have made you laugh?

BRANDO: I haven't gone to that many movies. I liked *High Anxiety.* Mel Brooks makes me laugh. They had a Laurel and Hardy festival on television – boy, I laughed at that. It went on all night long; I was up half the night laughing.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the more important films made in the past decade?

BRANDO: What do you mean important?

PLAYBOY: In whatever sense you think films might be important – significant, meaningful, of social value.

BRANDO: I don't know that films are important.

PLAYBOY: What about a film like *The Battle of Algiers?*

BRANDO: It was a good film, but whether it was important or not, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: All right then, besides *High Anxiety,* what are some good films you've seen?

BRANDO: Let's see, *Star Wars* was fun. Jane Fonda was in a movie with Vanessa Redgrave ...

PLAYBOY: *Julia.*

BRANDO: Yeah, *Julia.* That was good.

PLAYBOY: What about foreign films?

BRANDO: There's a Japanese film called *Ikuru* that was very touching. Most of the Japanese films .... *Woman of the Dunes, Gate of Hell, Ugetsu.*

PLAYBOY: Ugetsu'd if you're rich and famous.

BRANDO: Jesus Christ! God! *(Laughing)* I *love* those jokes! I don't know why I always laugh at that dumb shtick. *(Laughing more)* I have a heart attack on that stuff. It's so *silly.* You don't find many silly comics any more. There are very few people who are truly silly and have a sense of the ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Like W.C. Fields?

BRANDO: I liked W.C. Fields.

PLAYBOY: Who else?

BRANDO: Richard Pryor, Don Rickles.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen Lily Tomlin?

BRANDO: Yeah. Good God, is she angry. Whew. She gives me the impression of somebody incandescent with rage which comes out in this crinkled-eyed, smiling face. Acid. She's funny, but all of her humor comes from anguish, rage and anguish, pain. Don Rickles, too. Most humor does.

PLAYBOY: Even Bob Hope's?

BRANDO: Bob Hope will go to the opening of a phone booth in a service station providing they have a camera there and three people. He'll go to the opening of a market and receive an award. It's pathetic. It's a bottomless pit. A barrel that has no floor. He must be a man who has an ever-crumbling estimation of himself. He's constantly filling himself up. He's like a junkie – an applause junkie, like Sammy Davis Jr. Sammy desperately longs to be loved, approved of. He's very talented. What happens to those people when they can't get up and do their shtick, God only knows. Bob Hope, Christ, instead of growing old gracefully or doing something with his money, be helpful, all he does is he has an anniversary with the President looking on. It's sad. He gets on an airplane every two minutes, always going someplace. It didn't bother him at all to work the Vietnam war. Oh, he took that in his stride. He did his World War Two and Korean War act. "Our boys" and all that. He's a pathetic guy.

PLAYBOY: What about Woody Allen?

BRANDO: I don't know Woody Allen but I like him very much. I saw *Annie Hall* – enjoyed it enormously. He's an important man. Wally Cox was important. Wally Cox was a lifelong friend of mine. I don't know why I put them together. They're similar to me. Woody Allen can't make any sense out of this world, and he really tells wonderful jokes about it. Don't you think it was remarkable that his time came to get his door prize at the Academy Awards and he stayed home and played his clarinet? That was as witty and funny a thing as you could do.

PLAYBOY: Wit certainly wasn't your intention when you had an Indian woman turn down your Academy door prize for *The Godfather,* or was it?

BRANDO: No. I think it was important for an American Indian to address the people who sit by and do nothing while

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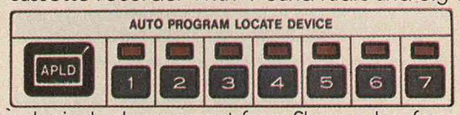

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the Indians are expunged from the earth. It was the first time in history that an American Indian ever spoke to 60 million people. It was a tremendous opportunity and I certainly didn't want to usurp that time. It wasn't appropriate that I should. It belonged much better in the mouth of an Indian. I thought an Indian woman would generate less hostility. But those people considered it an interference with their sanctified ritual of self-congratulations.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel all awards are ridiculous?

BRANDO: Of course they are. They're ridiculous. They should have an award for the fastest left-handed standby painter who's painted the sets with his left hand and who has dropped appreciably less paint on the floor while doing it. And then the Carpenters' Union should have an award for somebody who can take a hammer and nail two two-by-fours together.

PLAYBOY: When you were given the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's Humanitarian Award in 1976, you turned that down, too.

BRANDO: Yeah, I did. I don't believe in awards of any kind. I don't believe in the Nobel Peace Prize.

PLAYBOY: You did, however, accept the Academy Award in 1954.

BRANDO: I've done a lot of silly things in my day. That was one of them. At the time I was confused about it and I made a judgment in error. An error in judgment.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. There's a certain quote having to do with women that has been following you around for some time now. It has to do with you saying: "With women, I've got a long bamboo pole with a leather loop on the end of it. I slip the loop around their necks so that they can't get away or come too close. Like catching snakes." Do you know that quote?

BRANDO: I don't know that quote. That's: "When did you stop beating your wife?" It's odious. It's unfair.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's stay with women but move away from your personal affairs. What is it men hate about women?

BRANDO: I think, essentially, men fear women. It comes from a sense of dependence on women. Because men are brought up by women they're dependent on them. In all societies they have organisations that exclude women. Warrior societies are famous the world over for that. It comes from fear of women. History is full of references to women and how bad they are, how dangerous. There are deprecating references to women all through the Bible. The mere fact that a woman was made out of a man's rib, as a sort of afterthought. Men's egos are frightened by women. We all have made mistakes in that respect. We've all been guilty, most men, of viewing women through prejudice. I always thought of myself not as a prejudiced person, but I find, as I look over it, that I was.

PLAYBOY: What about gay rights? Do you support that?

BRANDO: The lack of rights that apply to children are the ones that appal me. That's head and shoulders above any other rights group. Here in Tahiti, and in many places, children are treated with respect, like small adults without much of a frame of reference. But for some reason we feel superior to children, and we also feel a sense of ownership. Mothers feel about their children the way husbands feel about women. It's *my* kid. Women who are in the women's movement, some of them say they are not their husband's possession, but then they will unconsciously refer to their child as a possession. It's exactly the same kind of language they use about their children as they would hate their husbands to use about them.

"One woman offered me a child who was dying, right on the camera. Children were staggering, falling down..."

PLAYBOY: A part of you that's not widely known is your long involvement with UNICEF. How long has it been?

BRANDO: About 20 years.

PLAYBOY: What kind of work do you do for them?

BRANDO: We've put on shows in Paris, London, Japan, the US, travelled around the world, done promos. This is the Year of the Child. Mainly, my task has been trying to communicate what UNICEF has done, how much the world needs UNICEF, and what a valuable investment children are, and what an enormous deficit they can be if they're not raised properly. Bring a half-sick child into the world and it costs you a great deal more because the child will never become independent. The child will constantly be needing attention. You can't bring him up educationally deprived, physically and morally deprived. By the 1980s there will be some 200 million children without enough to eat, with no jobs and no education. It will hit South-East Asia first. The highest birth rate is in Mexico. But Bangladesh now has a runaway population growth.

PLAYBOY: Have you done any commercials for them?

BRANDO: We do TV spots, film spots, radio. Last year I did six spots for UNICEF.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once involved in a film made in India that had some connection with UNICEF?

BRANDO: I was in the state of Behar during the emergency feeding program. I was with a guy named Satyajit Ray, an Indian director. We were walking along, seeing the nadir of human experience. These children kept coming around and, oh God, the horror .... and he was just walking along like he was walking through fields of wheat, pushing the children aside. It's a human obscenity. He said to me: "You don't pay attention to it. You ignore it or you'll go mad. There's nothing you can do." I wanted to film it and show it to people. I made an entire film, about 45 minutes. It showed children in the last stages of life, of starvation; little crooked, whimpering things, covered with sores, scabrous from head to foot, lining up to get their food which was brought by UNICEF.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever show the film to anyone?

BRANDO: I showed it to a number of people in my home, including Jack Valenti (President of the Motion Picture Association), who was a good friend of President Johnson. I showed it to somebody at NBC. They said that their news department would cover that and I felt that they didn't want any outside contribution. It showed children dying right on the camera. One woman offered me a child who was dying, right on the camera. Children were staggering, falling down in front of us.

PLAYBOY: You've been involved with human rights issues most of your life, beginning with the Jewish struggle for independence, then the blacks' fight for equal rights, and for nearly two decades now you've tried to raise the world's consciousness concerning the plight of the American Indian. It is obviously not a passing fancy with you. How did you first become conscious of the Indians?

BRANDO: I read a book by Darcy McNichols, a Flathead Indian who had a degree in anthropology from the London School of Anthropology or something, and another book by John Collier, who was then head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Then I went to see Darcy McNichols in Tucson, Arizona. I discussed with him Indian affairs and history. He recommended that I see a group called the National Indian Youth Council. So I attended many of their meetings and through

that I became absorbed in American Indian affairs.

PLAYBOY: And through your absorption, what is it that is most shocking to you?

BRANDO: What is shocking to me is that we can consistently try to expunge an entire people from this planet and not have it known to the world – the silent execution that has taken place over a period of 200 years. And that this government – which we all say is wonderful and fall to our knees and worship – has systematically deprived the Indian of life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and, at the same time, has screamed around the world, like a whistling skunk with rabies, that we believe in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How in the world can we do that at the same time that we're strangling the life out of the only native culture that existed in this land? The American government has shot them, murdered them, starved them, tried to break their spirit, stolen from them, kidnapped their children and reduced them to rubble. That is what shocks and angers me.

I am *ashamed* to be an American and to see fellow human beings who, if human rights mean anything at all, have every right to the land they live on, and more land than they have. There were 10 million Indians, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* at the time of Columbus. There are now about a million. They owned all of the US; they have precious little to call their own now. They were independent; they have nothing now. Any time a white man wanted a piece of land from an Indian, he was able to get it. So they took all the river valleys, they took all the fertile land, they took almost all the forests, they took everything and left the Indian *nothing.* Nothing but memories; and bitter ones at that.

When the government didn't do it militarily, it did it with documents and promises. We lied, we chiselled, we swindled; swindle, swindle, swindle, nothing less than swindle. Swindled the Indian. And we now will say we did not swindle. We *did* swindle. We *did* kill. We *did* maim. We *did* starve. We *did* torture. We did the most heinous things that could be done to a people. We will not admit it, we do not recognise it, it is not contained in our history books, and I want to pull my hair out when I read high school textbooks that deal with the destruction of a people in two paragraphs.

Our relationship with the American Indian is unprecedented in history. There's no country in the world that has made as many solemn documents, agreements, treaties, statements of intention as the US, and broken every one of them, and had every intention of breaking them when they made them. No group of people has ever so consistently and cruelly suppressed another group of people as the Americans have the Indians. There were some 400 treaties written – *not one* was kept. That's a terrific record. Not one treaty! It is outrageous, it's shocking and unfair and a lot more important than whether or not I like to get up in the morning, put my Equity card in my pocket, go to the studio and put on my make-up and do my tap dance, going through a day of let's pretend. There's something obscene about that.

PLAYBOY: What is it the Indians now want from the government?

BRANDO: What the Indians want is very plain: they want their own laws to apply in Indian land; they want an increase in the land base that was stolen from them; they want their treaties recognised. They want sovereignty, hunting and fishing rights, no taxation. They want to pursue their lives as they see fit. They want reinstatement of their economy.

PLAYBOY: When did you come to feel that, second only to the government, Hollywood has done more harm to the American Indian than any other institution?

BRANDO: I can't give you a date when the light bulb went on in my head. I became increasingly aware just recently of the power of film to influence people. I always enjoyed watching John Wayne, but it never occurred to me until I spoke with Indians how corrosive and damaging and destructive his movies were. Most Hollywood movies were.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever discussed this with Wayne?

BRANDO: I only saw John Wayne once. He was at a restaurant. He came over, very pleasant, wished us all a good evening and a happy meal and walked away. First and last time I saw him.

PLAYBOY: Eight years ago, in his *Playboy Interview,* John Wayne said that he didn't feel it was wrong taking America away from the Indians. He thought the Indians were "selfishly trying to keep it for themselves" and that what happened in the past was so far back that he didn't feel we owed them anything. Care to comment?

BRANDO: That doesn't need a reply; it's self-evident. You can't even get mad at it. It's so insane that there's just nothing to say about it. He would be, according to his point of view, someone not disposed to returning any of the colonial possessions in Africa or Asia to their rightful owners. He would be sharing a perspective with Vorster if he were in South Africa. He would be on the side of Ian Smith. He would have shot down Gandhi . . . called him a rabble rouser. The only freedom fighters that he would recognise are those who are fighting communists; if they were fighting to get out from under colonial rule, he'd call them terrorists. The Indians today he'd call agitators, terrorists, who knows? If John Wayne ran for President, he would get a great following.

PLAYBOY: Do you approve of *any* of the films Hollywood has made about the American Indians?

BRANDO: There were parts of *Little Big Man* I thought were useful. It had a lot of good, fair things in it.

PLAYBOY: I imagine you expect to have a lot of good, fair things in *The First American,* the TV project you've agreed to do for ABC. It's your first venture into television – can you talk about it?

BRANDO: We've been given a chunk of money to do as many programs as we can on that. Hopefully we're going to get four programs out of it, If they like them, they will do more. We're certainly going to work as hard as we can to make them interesting, provocative and truthful. These issues are going to be clearly drawn so that people can't duck them any more. The Indian view will be heard, and it will be heard round the world. I'll take it to every country, I'll get arrested, I'll give them a show, I'll entertain them. People will say: "Where's Marlon been arrested this time?" I'm totally committing myself to getting this issue across.

PLAYBOY: Will *The First American* be commercialised, as *Holocaust* was, or will you have some control over the way it's presented?

BRANDO: *Holocaust* was as obscene as anything I've seen on television. I was infuriated by that. It made me gag. I was embarrassed for the people who did it. It was horrifying! Elie Wiesel, a man who survived Auschwitz, came out and broadsided the program. It should be treated as an event in history, not sandwiched between some dog food ads. How can you go from a concentration camp scene to a smiling woman selling dog food? God! It was appalling. Finally, it's better that they put that on than nothing. But I was talking to one executive who . . . . oh, to hell with it.

PLAYBOY: No, don't stop there.

BRANDO: My argument with television is they will not spend the money to get the qualified people. Very few people will go on television, dramatic TV, if they're actors; very few producers once they've got out of TV will go back. Because the quality of production is so poor that they just don't want to be associated with it. Businessmen have

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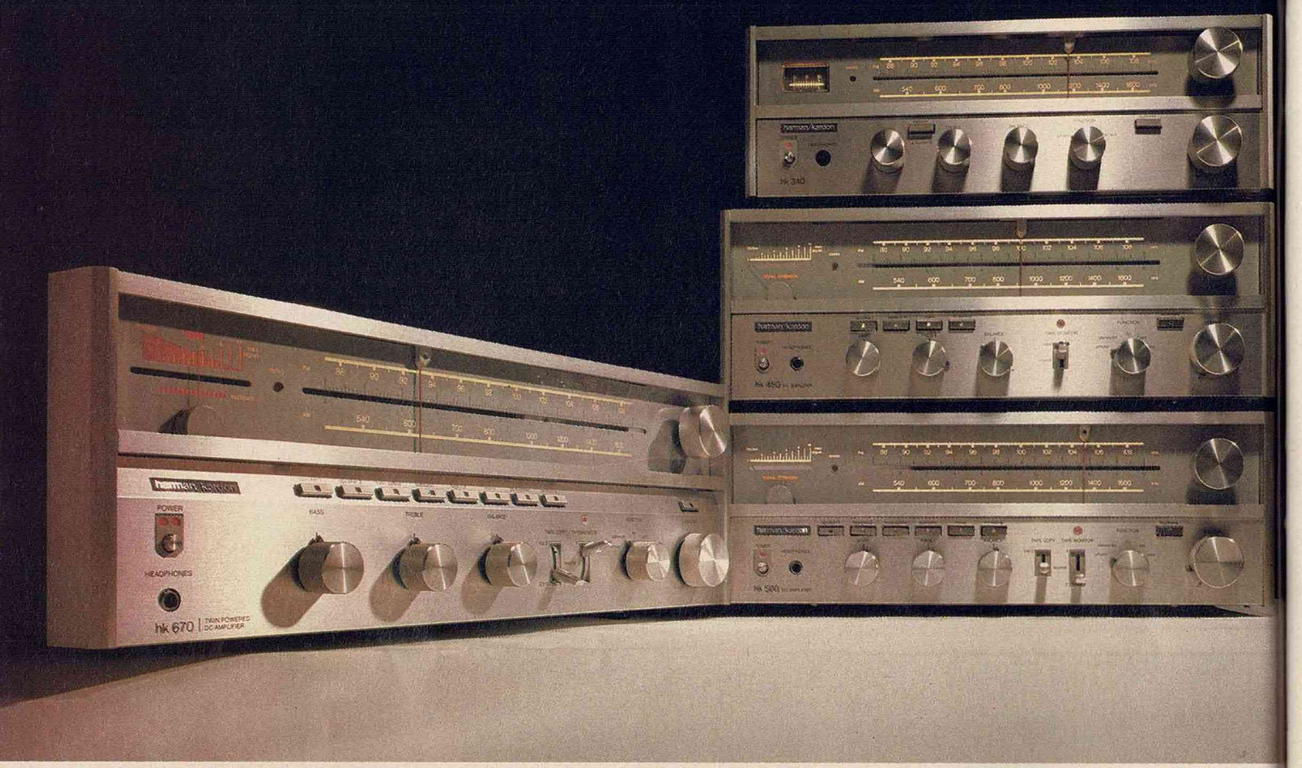

The ear knows how to deal with gross distortion. It simply stops listening. But what happens when the distortion is so subtle that it is barely perceived? Usually this kind of distortion is accepted by the ear as part of the musical information. It's not until you've listened for a while that you start to sense something isn't quite right, that there's something between you and the music. To some, it's like listening through closed curtains; for others, it's an uneasy, fatigued feeling. What happens, in effect, is that your ears and brain try to listen **through** the distortion and end up working too hard to hear all of the music.

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control over so-called "artistic considerations" and they just make formulas. There are morality plays: the good is totally good and the bad is totally bad, and at the end of the half hour you go away smiling and the pimp or the pusher or the mad-dog killer has been put away. The fact is that money is the god-king, the god-head. And our culture reflects it: The impoverished standard of the arts, a fatality of hope . . .

PLAYBOY: Aren't you going to play the part of American nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell in the upcoming second half of *Roots?* What made you want to portray him?

BRANDO: Everybody ought not to turn their backs on the phenomenon of hatred in whatever form it takes. We have to find out what the anatomy of hatred is before we can understand it. We have to make some attempt at putting it into some understandable form. Any kind of group hatred is extremely dangerous and much more volatile than individual hatred. Heinous crimes are committed by groups and it's all done, of course, in the name of right, justice. It's John Wayne. It's the way he thinks. All the crimes committed against Indians are not considered crimes by John Wayne.

PLAYBOY: So your motivation is to understand prejudice, shed light on the darker parts of souls like Rockwell?

BRANDO: Understanding prejudice is much more helpful than to just condemn it out of hand. There is a point, however, where you can understand so much and then you've got to take a gun out and say: "I'm not gonna let you do this to me any more; if you do that, I'm gonna kill you." If somebody came to my house, I'd do damage. I'd kill somebody. I wouldn't hesitate.

PLAYBOY: You say that, but the act of doing it is something else.

BRANDO: I've pointed guns at people. Loaded guns.

PLAYBOY: Did you have your finger on the trigger?

BRANDO: Damn right I did. I've told people to get down, lie on the floor, frisked them, got their identification.

PLAYBOY: Burglars?

BRANDO: You betchya.

PLAYBOY: Did any intruder ever *not* lie down immediately?

BRANDO: No. Three or four times I've pulled a gun on somebody. I had a problem after Charles Manson, deciding to get a gun. But I didn't want somebody coming in my house and committing mayhem.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a great deal of hate mail?

BRANDO: Not a lot. I've got some threatening letters.

PLAYBOY: Do you give them to the FBI, or are you under surveillance by them for other reasons?

BRANDO: Jack Anderson got some stuff from the Secret Service which had me on the list of those who had to be put under surveillance every time the President came to town. Back in the '60s there was a municipal truck parked in front of my house, around 11pm. I said to them: "What's going on?" "Oh, just fixing the lines." I happen to know something about electricity so I asked some questions, and the guy in charge didn't know and gave me dumb answers. I've had the FBI visit me on five occasions.

PLAYBOY: Which probably gave you some good material for that movie you've wanted to do about the Wounded Knee massacre. What's happened to that project?

BRANDO: I have a very specific notion to make a film out of Wounded Knee to show the FBI and the Justice Department how what happens to Indians happens, and the way the minds of the politicians work in respect to the Indian. I think it would make a very good movie.

"Any time it has to do with the kids, I just go berserk. I can't stand any kind of invasion of privacy like that."

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once thrown off a plane because they thought you were a hijacker?

BRANDO: Yeah. One time I was coming back from a three-day vacation to *Burn!*, a film we were shooting in Colombia. It was the only connecting flight for three days. As I got on the plane I said: "Are you sure this is the flight to Havana?" The hostess was tired. She didn't say anything. She just went to the pilot and said: "We've got a wisenheimer on board who wants to know if this is the flight to Havana." And the pilot said: "Get him off the flight." *(Laughs)* I couldn't believe my ears. I said: "I'm awfully sorry." She said: "You get off this flight or I'm going to have the FBI man here in a minute." I had a beard so she didn't know who the fuck I was.

I got off and ran past the counter and the guy said: "Mr Brando, wait, what happened? Mr Brando?" I was running like a sonofabitch, because I knew that he was going to tell the hostess who would tell the captain who would call the tower, the tower would call the desk and they were going to stop me and say: "Oh, it's all a big error." I was streaking down that thing like Jesse Owens in the old days. Then, of course, it appeared in the papers and all that shit. But I got three extra days out of it that I never would have got. Oh, I was never so glad.

PLAYBOY: Was *Burn!* the most frustrating of all your films? What about *Mutiny on the Bounty?*

BRANDO: Oh no, that's just all horseshit. Carol Reed wasn't doing the picture that they wanted, and he was taking too much time. They also didn't have a script. Charlie Lederer, the writer, was on dope, shooting heroin. He would appear all rubber-faced and giddy-fingered. So they fired Reed. And then they were blaming me. I said to Reed: "I've got director approval, they can't fire you, I don't know what the fuck this is about." So Reed and I and (producer Aaron) Rosenberg went to this guy's office and had it out. And Reed quit. The stockholders' meeting was coming up and the next thing I know it appeared in the paper, some magazine article blaming me for the whole fucking thing. They did that to Elizabeth Taylor on *Cleopatra.*

PLAYBOY: Was that the magazine you sued for $4 million?

BRANDO: The *Saturday Evening Post.* I just couldn't believe they would do that. They dumped it all on me – its costs, its delays – and then the publicity mills just kept grinding it out.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever follow through with your suit?

BRANDO: Yeah. I can't remember what happened. I think the *Post* settled, gave me some money.

PLAYBOY: Was that the only time you've ever sued a magazine?

BRANDO: Yeah. I wouldn't do it again. It's not worth the effort. Magazines want you to sue them. They'll write anything that's scurrilous, that sells a few hamburgers. What they get out of publicity is far in excess of what they pay in lawyers' fees. So Evel Knievel got a baseball bat and broke that guy's arms and leg. I don't think that's such a bad idea.

PLAYBOY: Especially since you've broken at least one photographer's jaw yourself, when you punched Ron Galella in the mouth when he was taking pictures while you were having dinner with Dick Cavett in Chinatown. Was that the only time you've lost your temper like that?

BRANDO: Oh, I've punched photographers out. Any time it has to do with the kids, I just go berserk. I can't stand any kind of invasion of privacy like that. I can't go to Italy any more because I'll be in jail. Last time I was there, a bunch of paparrazi were out there. I was saying goodnight to some

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guests. I had my son in my arms and I was outside and they start taking pictures. I put the kid down and ran after this guy. *(Laughs)* I took a terrific fucking swing at this guy. I couldn't see, they had lights on me, hell. I missed him and fell on my arse. Then I ran in and got a bottle of champagne and came running out the front door looking for anybody I could get a hold of. One guy jumped on the hood of a car and then on the sidewalk. I followed him, chased him two fucking blocks. He was more scared than I was mad. I reached out to catch him and he jumped on to this streetcar and took off. I went back, two o'clock in the morning, and there's this tough guy banging on the door. My kids are in there, my wife. So I got a knife and I was just going to have it out with him. Tarita was wrestling and fighting me for the knife. Then I got myself together and realised, what the fuck am I doing? Go out and stab somebody in Italy and it's goodbye, Rachel.

So I called the American Embassy and said: "Let me speak to the ambassador." They said he was asleep. I said: "I don't care what the fuck he's doing, I didn't ask you that, I told you get him on the phone!" I was just pissing mad. Poor guy was intimidated. He got the ambassador out of bed. "Mr Ambassador," I said, "I'm being intimidated here and I'm not going to stand for much more of this."

The next morning two carabinieri are out in front of my house in their fucking uniforms. And a photographer was out there, too. I had to go to work and the guy pointed his camera at me and one of the carabinieri put his hand right over the lens. He had no business doing that at all – it's completely against the law. But they did that, pushed the guy into a car, took him down to headquarters, said: "What have you got here, dope in this camera? Heroin? What is this stuff?" Opened the camera. "Oh, film. Sorry." They never bothered me after that.

PLAYBOY: What about Ron Galella?

BRANDO: With Ron Galella, I really had to sit down and talk about that. I broke the guy's jaw. Sure, he was annoying me, but then if it's so annoying to me I should be in the lumber business. But the guy *wanted* to get hit. He was looking for some kind of incident like that. This guy was following me all day long. Taking pictures while I was on Dick Cavett's show. And afterwards Dick and I went to Chinatown to get something to eat and the fucking guy comes around to take pictures. Finally, I started to get exasperated. I went over to the guy and said: "Would you please just take a few more pictures? You've had enough for today – give us a break." He was drawing crowds around us. So he said: "Well, if you'll give me some decent poses, take off your glasses, maybe I'll think about it." I didn't think. Just the attitude was overbearing. And that was it.

He sued me. Cost me $40,000. No, it cost me $20,000 – the rest was taken off in taxes. The last time I saw him he was wearing a football helmet with a feather coming out the top.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once sue some cattle firm over some cattle, because you wanted feeders and got breeders?

BRANDO: Some guy took me for $100,000. It would have cost me more to get him in a lawsuit than it did to walk away. I learned a good lesson.

PLAYBOY: You're known to keep friends from childhood. Do any of them talk about you?

BRANDO: None of my friends, if they're friends, talk. If they aren't my friends they might say something.

PLAYBOY: What happens to friends who write books about you?

BRANDO: They're not friends to begin with. Friends don't write books. Acquaintances do.

"I'd like to be the bull but have my brain . . . then I'd get a horn right up his arse and parade him around the ring."

PLAYBOY: With all your knowledge of and experiences with Indians, have you ever considered writing a book?

BRANDO: Yeah, I have. I have a lot of notes. I don't know why I don't do it. But I've been doing these films.

PLAYBOY: How do you write?

BRANDO: Talk into a microphone and then have it typed up double spaced. I once thought of being a writer. I've written many things but I haven't shown them to anyone. I've done a lot of screenplay rewriting, but I've never taken any credit for it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the writing of Tennessee Williams?

BRANDO: His plays are beautiful and effective and poetic. He's an enormously sensitive and cruelly honest person. If there are men who have clean souls, he's one of them. He's an important man. A very brave man.

PLAYBOY: You travelled to see him in Connecticut to audition for *Streetcar,* didn't you?

BRANDO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And you ended up fixing his light switches?

BRANDO: It was the john that was broken. Here's some more gossip – he said it was the light switch, but it was the john. *(Laughing)*

PLAYBOY: Here's an offbeat question for you: what are things which repulse you?

BRANDO: The most repulsive thing that you could ever imagine is the inside of a camel's mouth. It's so awful! That, and watching a girl eat small octopus or squid. I mean, I'm not squeamish about anything – I could make an ocarina out of a petrified turd with no problem – but that . . . . I don't like to look at somebody's sticky saliva. These people who laugh – ha, ha, ha – and there's a stringer of saliva from their upper tooth to the bottom lip and it bends every time they go ha, ha – it pulsates. Jesus, with one girl you could take her saliva and walk across the street with it and lay it down on the pavement and still be connected.

PLAYBOY: What else offends you?

BRANDO: Bullfighting. I'd like to be the bull but have my brain. First, I'd get the picador. Then I'd chase the matador. No, I'd walk at him until he's shitting in his pants. Then I'd get a horn right up his arse and parade him around the ring. The Spaniards don't think anything more of picking an animal to pieces than the Tahitians do cutting up a fish.

PLAYBOY: Well, we all know who you are, at least as an actor and activist. But who would you like to have been if you could have chosen any period in history to have lived?

BRANDO: I think I would have liked to have been a cave man, a neolithic person. It would have been nice to see what the common denominator of human existence was before it started to be fiddled with.

PLAYBOY: Well, this painful interview is almost over.

BRANDO: Oh, listen, it hasn't been painful at all. It's been delightful. Although I feel like I got in a rummage sale. I'm dizzy. We've gone from the Temples of Karnak to the halls of William O. Douglas.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us, full circle, back to Tahiti. This island of yours is an unbelievably beautiful setting.

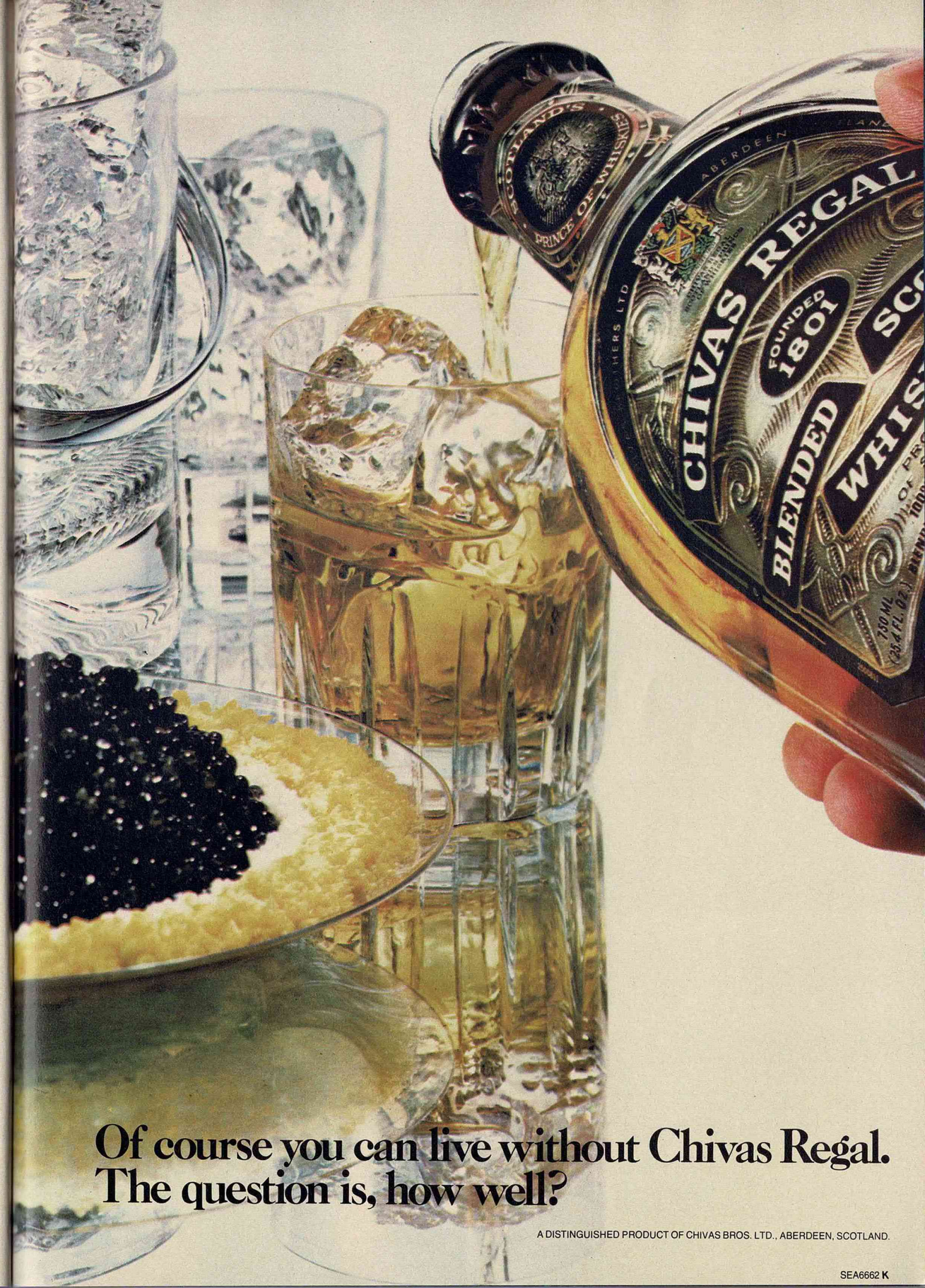
BRANDO: Yeah. I could open this up for tourism and make a million dollars, but why spoil it?

PLAYBOY: Do you find it impossible to leave this place once you're here?

BRANDO: It's very hard. But . . . "miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep".

PLAYBOY: Didn't Marilyn Monroe write that?

BRANDO: I think Marilyn did, yeah. It was either her or Fatty Arbuckle . . . I can't remember.



FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

JASON'S REWARD

an intriguing view of life—and love—through the eyes of an unborn child . . . first look at passenger, a new novel from one of australia's leading authors

fiction **By THOMAS KENEALLY**

"THEY have a grace," Sal muttered, more to herself than to her visiting neighbor. "Those boys. They have a grace." The boys who had pleased her straddled their surfboards 50 metres below us. Their back muscles were legible, even at this distance, through their black wetsuits. Clustered on a firm swell of ocean, waiting – patient as monks and as silent – for the exact wave. Sal, new to the way of things in Australia, was beginning to learn which wave suited them. It seemed to her to be always one that rose to a sharp but not too concave peak. Its underbelly was first blue, and then jade, and ribbed with froth. When it came the riders had only seconds to read its contour and straighten their boards. But if caught, it carried them, standing upright, along the apex of its water, down its jade underface and into the cylinder it made when crashing on itself. "They might look decorative," the neighbor said. They had been sitting there on the sundeck

for an hour and a half now, and the more Sal grew enchanted by the board riders, the more the neighbor's mouth turned sour in her thin, pretty face. "In fact, they're a blight. Most of them on welfare. Our taxes subsidise that . . . You're watching a subsidised art form, in fact. And I don't think . . ."

"It doesn't matter," Sal said. "It's Saturday today. Saturdays aren't paid for out of taxes."

"Saturdays are just like any other day in the fiscal year." Open-throated she drank off her glass of white wine and then made a mouth as if she had received from it nothing more than the taint of tannic acid. At the far end of the sundeck her twin nine-year-old girls and their brother swung a rope.

"Not last night but the night before.
Twenty-three robbers came knocking at my door.
When I got up to let them in,
This is what they said to me,
Spanish lady turn around,
Spanish lady touch the ground
Spanish lady do the kicks,
Spanish lady show your knicks . . !"

About noon the riders began to leave the water, coming ashore, toting their surfboards above their heads.

"Must be lunchtime," said the acid little neighbor. But Sal knew something subtle had happened to the currents, that the swells were no longer of use to the riders. She felt an urge to defend those boys, the way you defend a favorite writer you've never met.

•

Five-thirty was a rarefied hour in that vertical house among the *monstera deliciosa*, behind the windows touched by the first diffused gold of a sun that had travelled from Peru. Sal found herself free to behave on impulse. Her impulse was to go down to the surf. Usually — because it was getting easier to see she carried me, a foetus of growing awareness, inside her — she wore a one-piece suit, half skirted, of the kind favored by tall, carrying mothers. Because there would be no one on the beach she wore a bikini this morning. She put herself in a towelling wrap and took the steps that ran through the palm groves to the beach. Foam ran pinkly across the tide line like protozoa washing ashore one ancient morning. The sexual cuteness of her bikini demeaned this moment, so she took it off.

Beneath the froth the waters had an Antarctic bite to them, for it was still spring. They stung her ankles and, striking her pubis, took away her breath. I could feel the contrary currents that were running that morning when she had got no deeper than the hips. But Sal was not alarmed. Her eye was on the point, some 20 steps further out, where the waves had the correct configuration and would lift a naked mother and take her back to shore. That was the mark she struggled for, though the currents pushed her legs all ways.

Falling under a wave, she hooked her heels into the sea floor and permitted a current to drag her a little way towards open sea. She surfaced among dark ridges of water where there was no foam. I, like a wary elder, was shocked at the distance she had got from the beach in her drunken dawn mood. But what shocked her was that a contemplative boy sat out there, astride his surfboard, his back to her, lifting and dropping in the face of the ascendant sun. Sal began swimming shorewards. She might even, as the locals said, *catch a wave*. But the caught wave took her to the bottom, so deep here, slapped her over brutally, punched me where I rode and let us surface frightened.

"Jesus!" Sal said. The shore seemed remote to her too now. Her sea ecstasy had ended. She swam again and the shore receded. The rules of motion had turned on poor Sal this lively morning. Now she had to call on the meditative board rider.

"Hey," she yelled. "Hey, mister! Please!" Like the Irish waif the sea had made of her. Since the desperate are all equally unclothed she had forgotten her nakedness.

Anyone who saw Sal from a height, with, say, a gull's eye, in the growing dawn, would have noted she travelled in an avenue of teal water, a sea-going current moving contrary to the richer blue of the shore-going water. The reposeful boy had, in fact, a taste for perceiving things from a height and from varied angles. Though 10 metres from her, and well out of the contrary current, he knew as soon as he heard her that she was sea-bound.

Sal saw how he turned his board and paddled through the water with long, easy swipes of his arms. She thought he was mocking her by taking his time, and she was sure there was a half-smile on his face.

In the time he neared us, disappearing sometimes behind swells, I tormented myself with pictures of what I might still become — a foetus in a sunken mother, a mariner in a drowned submarine. Sal lost to me, all her circuits and senses waterlogged. Sal swaying thoughtless in the middle deep, borne by forceful currents, cuffed and twirled by smaller, subtler ones. At the amnion I would kick and hammer, like some biblical leper, recovered, hammering for admission on the gate of his home city which plague has left empty and dead.

The biochemists — Sal knew, therefore so did I — considered us all small lakes. We brought with us from the sea one morning, like that exquisite morning in which Sal and I were drowning, the moistures and minerals of the sea, even the potassium, even the salts. We become rich lakes of wild and plentiful cilia, of browsing bacteria, of hearty corpuscles and of those flabbergasting denizens, the chromosomes. Yet in returning to the sea so recklessly at dawn, before there were any flags up, any life savers on the beach sitting by their surf-reels, a lake could lose itself. Not having ambitions towards being a lake in my own right, I had been against this swim from the second she dropped her bikini bottom on the sand.

When he reached us, the board rider vaulted into the water; Sal faced him across the board. He said plain, comforting things.

"Yer in a rip, love. Why'd yer get in a rip?"

"Don't lose the board," said Sal.

"I won't lose it, it's tied to my ankle. Length of nylon. No, no, listen. Loosen yer arms, love. Loosen 'em! That's right. Why'd yer get in a rip?"

Sal shook her slicked blonde hair and wasted her energies on being peevish. "If I'd known it was bloody here, I wouldn't have got into it."

He nodded, looking over his shoulder, assessing the sea. His hair was woolly. His long face reminded her of pirates or Italians. She saw in him, even in this dangerous water, an easy charm.

She wasn't pleased to see it, thinking it was an Antipodean disease, wondering if there was much chance of rescue in it.

"That's cool," he said to himself. "Listen, honey. Paddle with the left hand. We'll get out the side way."

But he was not able to ease us out of the current. There were eddies at its edges where it met the normal water. We were spun back into that outgoing thoroughfare of water.

Whenever they failed, he smiled at her. "Stop grinning!" she yelled at him. She imagined herself and the charming boy adrift on the surfboard in the open Pacific.

The rider could see that Sal was tired now. "That's cool," he told us. "We'll just ride it out around the headland into Whale Beach." He had time to shrug in these elements that had us by the scrag. "Let *it* do the work, eh love?"

Propping her chin on the board, Sal cried, adding her lake salts, if you like, to those of the grand sea. The board rider had not convinced me, either. How did he know it would take him around the headland and into the next beach? How did he have the rashness to treat it as if it were scheduled transport between A and B?

"Listen, get up on the board, all right? Go on, get up and rest. Go on, sling yer top half across the board, go on. Yeah. Now lift the other leg. Come on, I've got your knee. Come on, across. No, I'm holding it. Good!"

At first she sat the board tautly, her hair smeared across her shoulders. Her breasts stood forth; the node of her pregnancy showed. The board moved beneath her with an intent like that of a trusty horse.

"Now," said the board rider, accepting her nakedness as one should, as one of the bounties of a board rider's dawn, "just be comfortable, just be nice. We'll let *it* do the work."

Sal let her back loosen so that now there were fleshy dimples at the base of her spine.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"My name's Jason, love. All the accountants were calling their kids Jason when I was born. My old man was an accountant." He laid his face against her hip. "Jesus, yer a lovely one, aren't yer?"

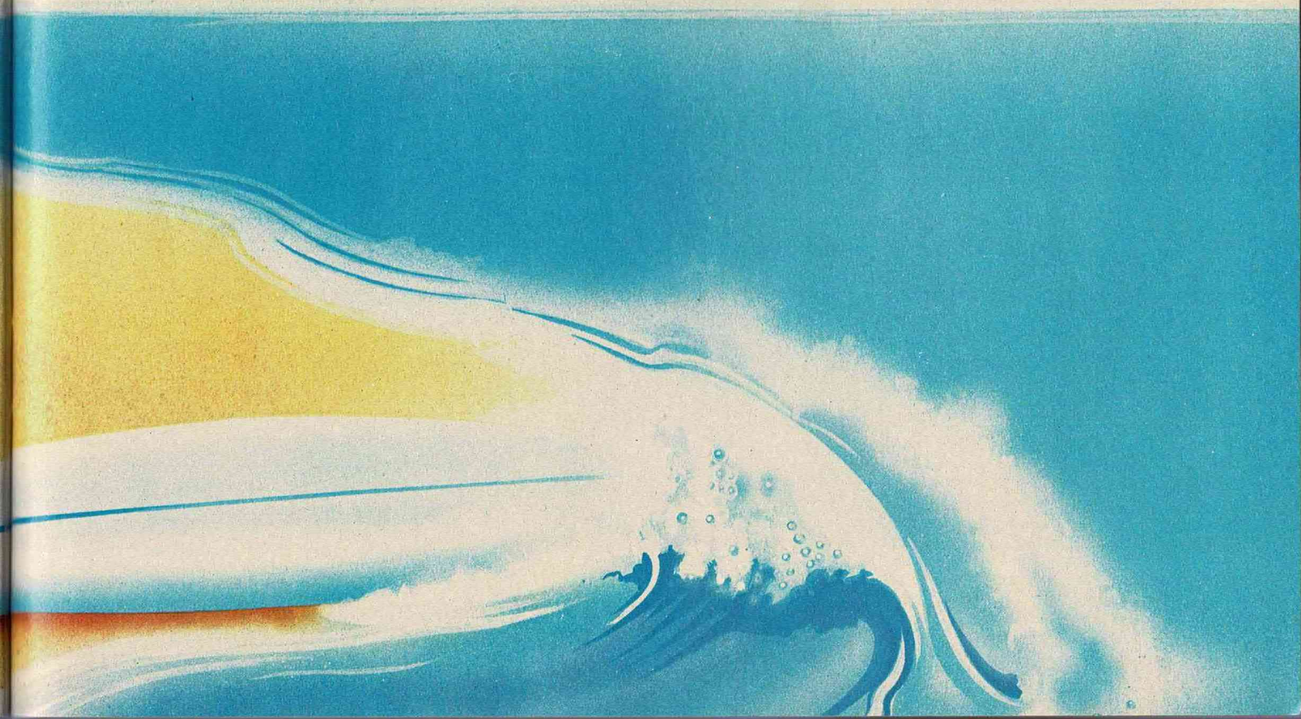
"I don't know. I'll tell you when I get home."

"Yeah, yer look like Leda and the Swan, or something like that," he told her. "And yer've got a kiddie coming, haven't yer? What a picture of motherhood, eh?"

She laughed at him and liked the sound of the laughter. The waters had not, after all, yet stolen her throat from her, and we were already off the point and, as Jason had promised, the waters were turning us north.

"Are there sharks?" asked Sal.

Reproachful, he stared at her. "Put 'em out of yer mind. They only turn up if yer expect 'em. They pick up yer brainwaves if yer start to think



of 'em. Seriously." Well, it sounded rational to us. The rules out here, even on our small island of fibreglass, were of another order than those of the mainland. We quashed in ourselves the image of great preying fish.

"Do yer know," he went on, "they're all company directors live up on the cliffs, old Scotsmen and Poms and so on, who think the country's going to hell. They get up early every morning to see if they can spot a dolphin or a whale. And what they'll see is us. The SS Motherhood. Jesus, if I could get off this wetsuit without strangling myself, I would. Then we'd look right. We'd look like some sort of omen, like a myth or something. Jeeze, it'd give the old bastards a lift. They'd go down to the club at lunchtime and say, *yer know what I saw this morning?* See, I'm the barman at the club round there. Whale Beach. The Moby Dick. Oh, Christ yer've got those lovely thighs. If yer drowned and come up on the beach, even the coppers would have wept."

His arm over her knee to steady the board, he took a handful of her thigh, somewhere between knee and pubis. "They feel fit for biting, eh? . . . What's yer name . . . Sal . . . they feel fit for biting, eh Sal?"

Beneath a high sandstone cliff, this grabbing of her thigh seemed normal to both of them. And though I winced a little at the way he handled her I was still frightened enough of that vent of water we rode to think that a rescuer had some rights.

Soon a further beach was in sight, socketed among sandstone cliffs. The tide took us parallel to it for a time before Jason kicked and stroked with his free arm, and we could tell from the different tension of the water that now dealt with Sal's dangling legs, from the way the board sat, that we had been released from the rip. Among the breakers, Jason had Sal lie prone – I, too, extended myself and stroked within Sal's waters, as if our momentum could be affected by my effort. So, by riding waves under his guidance, we reached Sal's depth. Here, at the land's touch, she became conscious of her nakedness. At the end of the beach some rock fishermen worked on their tackle, tying on spinners, and so on, cutting octopus into strips. A cup of coffee stood steaming on the hood of their sedan. By such signs we knew the enchanted voyage was over.

Jason told her to sit on the sand by the board. He whimpered a little, seeing the way she folded her body on the sand, her knees drawn up as close as they could be to her chin. He ran to the surf clubhouse, a brick building with a garage where rescue boats were stored. Somehow he opened the window into the garage and came back to her holding a red and white rugby shirt, the sacred number seven on its back, and a pair of shorts which had been used for some sort of mopping or polishing. Because of her pregnancy, the shorts nearly fitted her, and as she stepped into them, Jason, with a tender swipe of his forefinger, knocked the sand out of the down of her right leg.

"There!" he said. He pointed to a white bungalow high up on the slopes above the beach. It belonged to a businessman in Sydney who rarely visited, he said. He himself rented the flat underneath. She ought to rest there, he said, and then he would take her home to her husband.

"My husband lives in England," she said. "That's cool," he said.

He walked splay-footed up the beach, his wetsuit unzipped to his brown navel, the board tucked beneath his arm, his right arm around Sal's shoulder, since her legs weren't biddable, and she had begun to shiver. At the head of the beach stood a closed kiosk where at high summer ice-cream, pies, coffee, cola would be sold to surfers. A station wagon was parked there, all its doors eaten by rust.

"I know this fellow. I don't think I'll wake him – I mean, he was stoned when I closed the bar at midnight last night. We'll just borrow the car, eh?"

He unlocked it with a piece of wire, he started it by lifting the bonnet and – it seemed to Sal – simply touching the engine. He was so much in command of the beach and sea-world that she felt the need to lean against him as he drove to his flat. He had promised her soup and coffee. But as soon as they were past the clutter of glass flotation bulbs from fishing nets, conch and abalone shells, lumps of sandstone strikingly striated, remnants of cuttlefish and skeletons of toadfish with which his doorstep was cluttered, as soon as they were in his bunker in the hillside, beneath the rich man's holiday house, in the long room that was all his living space, among the faint mustiness of its sub-tropic moulds, both Sal and our host understood that the coffee and soup could not be instantly provided. They went to his tidy bed, which must have been made before dawn, and he put her down across it.

Jason had taken off his wetsuit, his genitals and buttocks lily-white against his brown limbs. She touched his belly, he touched her, with the exact tension a woman who has lost her love, been called mad, escaped wild tides, requires. He was tender with his hands, sharp with his mouth. As he rode in her, uttering sounds that sounded like groans of protest because his occupancy would soon end, and as she herself came to utter those plaintive noises that have always seemed to come not from Sal but from some grand and defiant beast, queen doe or mother boar inside her, I sat neutral and closed my mind. Not that I was not as willing as anyone to celebrate Sal's continuance.

Adapted from Passenger, by Thomas Keneally. © Thomas Keneally 1978. Published by William Collins Pty Ltd. Recommended retail price $12.95.

"It was certainly educational . . . until now, I thought you were well hung."

"Oh, yeah? Well, he should have thought of that before it set."

MIX FOR PLEASURE WHEN YOU MEAN BUSINESS

seduction specials from three of australia's top cocktail bartenders

PICTURE a shag-pile-covered apartment with a terrace that opens on to the city lights and, in the distance, Sydney Harbor, the Yarra, Torrens, Swan or Brisbane River. The lights inside are suitably dim, the music appropriately mellow and the occupants decidedly horny. She is getting

Photo by Tandy Rowley

comfortable on the sofa; he is about to fix a drink. What will you have? he asks, whipping off his coat and rolling up his sleeves. Oh, something to put me in the mood, she says. I've got beer and I've got scotch, he says. Somehow, something has been lost.

The scene is typically Australian. Despite 50 or more years of animated discussion on the subject, Australian men have yet to come to grips with alcohol as an aid to seduction. According to cocktail bartenders around the country there is a notion that something pink and creamy will do the trick, but beyond that Australian men are completely in the dark about the subtle art of cocktail mixing. In a crowded bar they'll lean over and confidentially ask the bartender to mix something special for the little lady but, left to their own devices, they'll more than likely offer a tinnie or a scotch and dry and hope – nay, believe – that ocker charm will do the rest.

"It won't," says Peter Zorbas, Australia's leading cocktail bartender. "Women think they deserve special treatment, and of course they do. A cherry on the lip of the glass works wonders."

"The flavor of aniseed," says Gary Revell, current Australian cocktail mixing champion and a protégé of Zorbas. "It's a total turn-on."

Both men should know what they're talking about. Zorbas, married and in his fifties, has been mixing drinks in Sydney cocktail bars since 1960, and has won more titles than you could poke a swizzle stick at. Men bring their ladies into his bar and leave the rest to Peter. Revell, 22 and single, came into his own earlier this year with his award-winning *South Pacific*. Now he mixes 20 or 30 a day, mostly for women, and scores dinner invitations at about the same rate.

Zorbas and Revell man the Pompadour Piano Bar in Sydney's Centrepoint Tavern. They see the bar as a kind of cocktail island in a sea of beer and spirits. You don't get much change out of two bucks but, you know, the place has class. You can prop at the bar with your lady and she won't have cigarettes ashed on her snakeskin shoes. The decor is escape blue. Someone tinkles a baby grand in the corner a couple of nights a week.

With the proliferation of such bars in most capital cities over the past two decades city drinkers of both sexes have gained a limited knowledge of the martini, some women have even come to appreciate more exotic concoctions, but very few cocktail recipes have found their way into the home. We have cocktail parties at which cocktails are not served. More importantly, Australian men have failed to realise that the shortest route from the front door to the bedroom is via the cocktail cabinet. They are still great believers in quantity as opposed to quality. Disregarding side-effects such as sleep or nausea or both, Australian men tell each other that the secret is to get 'em loaded. And, of course, you can't let 'em drink alone. By the time the fridge is empty, dalliance, if not out of the question, is at best difficult.

With this in mind, PLAYBOY asked Zorbas and Revell to concoct a series of seduction specials – alcohol aphrodisiacs that can't miss. We also tried them out on some ladies and our consumer reports follow each recipe.

If you aren't into metrics, one fluid ounce equals 30ml.

WILD LOVE
by Peter Zorbas

Use champagne glass; 30ml of Pernod (or Ricard), 5ml of grenadine, top up with champagne, float brandy on top. A cherry on the lip of the glass for the final touch.

Says Zorbas: "Women go for the look and smell of a drink, as well as its taste. This one is light pink, and it smells beautiful. Easy to prepare and I've seen it work wonders."

Our comment: Liberated ladies might find this one a little obvious. Pink for girls and all that. Nevertheless, our testing team consumed two or three each and declared Wild Love a fair enough start to the evening.

SOUTH PACIFIC
by Gary Revell

Pack a long, 300ml glass with ice; 30ml of Galliano, 30ml of Gordon's gin, 15ml of Bols blue curacao, top off with lemonade. Two cherries and split straws suggested for effect.

Says Revell: "I wanted to get away from the creamy cocktails and come up with something cool and refreshing for an Australian summer. It's the color of a lagoon and it has a strong psychological effect on women who want to forget about the office or the kids and relax."

Our comment: Probably more poolside than bedside, but our team gave it good points for taste. Revell, who rocketed to cocktail fame with this one, recommends tarting it up with split straws (palm tree effect) and a Lifesaver. Our team suggests forgetting about the decorations and applying a slightly heavier hand with the gin.

DIZZY BLONDE
by Peter Zorbas

Half-fill a highball glass with cracked ice; 15ml of Advokaat, 30ml of ouzo, top up with lemonade and stir well. A cherry on the lip of the glass. Says Zorbas: "This is the color of honey with the taste of aniseed. One of my customers named it. She wasn't blonde, but she was pretty dizzy after a couple of these."

Our comment: PLAYBOY'S female tasting team took mild offence at the blatantly sexist name, but loved the drink. We suggest you call it whatever the mood dictates.

BLUE NITE
by Gary Revell

Chill a champagne glass; 30ml of ouzo, 15ml of Bols blue curacao, 90ml of champagne. A cherry on the lip of the glass.

Says Revell: "The combination of ouzo and champagne is unusual, but I saw it as a combination of the two biggest turn-ons in alcohol. I've been using it for quite a while with a very high success rate."

Our comment: By this stage of the evening the team would have been ecstatic about methylated spirits and Perrier water. They gave Blue Nite full points, except for spelling, noting that the champagne gave it a bite sorely needed after half a dozen sweet concoctions.

HOT LIPS
by Peter Zorbas

Chill a champagne glass; 15ml of orange curacao, 60ml of rosé, 60ml of champagne.

Says Zorbas: "Very simple, very effective. You can walk in the door and have this one knocked up in a matter of seconds. It's a relaxing drink that loosens up a woman very quickly."

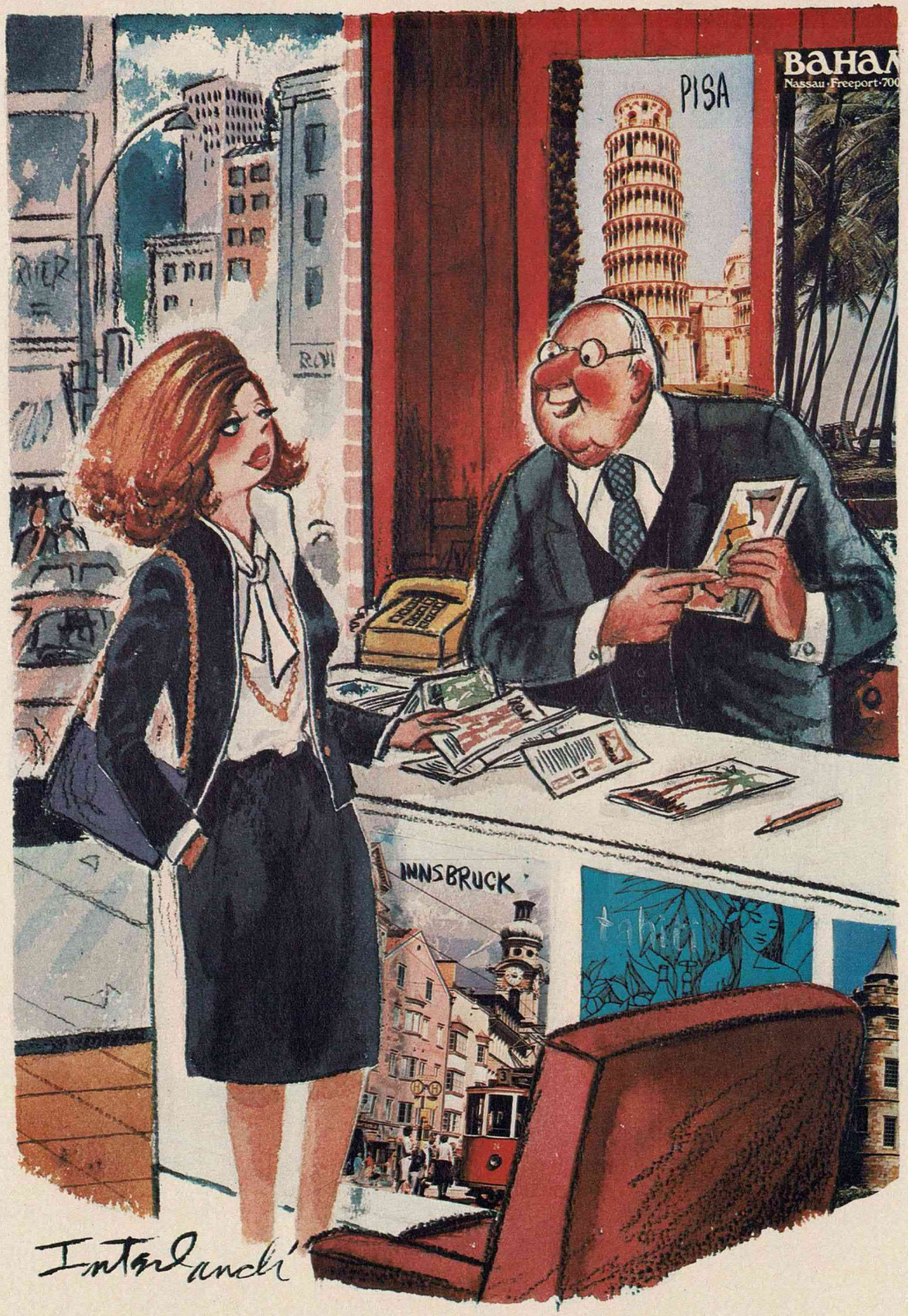
Our comment: Tastes rather like the sum of its parts, but like the man says, if you're in a hurry ....

PINK NIPPLES
by Michael Zora

This was a late discovery too good to leave out. According to its creator, Michael Zora – at Noahs Northside Gardens, Sydney, and a veteran of cocktail bars from Singapore to Teheran – Pink Nipples is a visual mindblower. But there is one drawback. You have to plan ahead.

Step One: Buy a breast-shaped ice mould (try your local sex shop) and fill with water. When they are half frozen insert a straw into them and run in a drop of grenadine to color each nipple.

Step Two: Quarter fill a highball glass with crushed ice. Pour 30ml of white Bacardi on to the ice. Add 15ml of creme de cacao, then 15ml of Cointreau. Almost top up with equal portions of soda and lemonade. Float a dash of ouzo on top, then carefully drop in the ice nipples.



"On our special 'love tour' you get laid in 14 countries in 18 days. Room and board included."

BEYOND 1984

halley's comet is on its way, and scientists are planning a little surprise

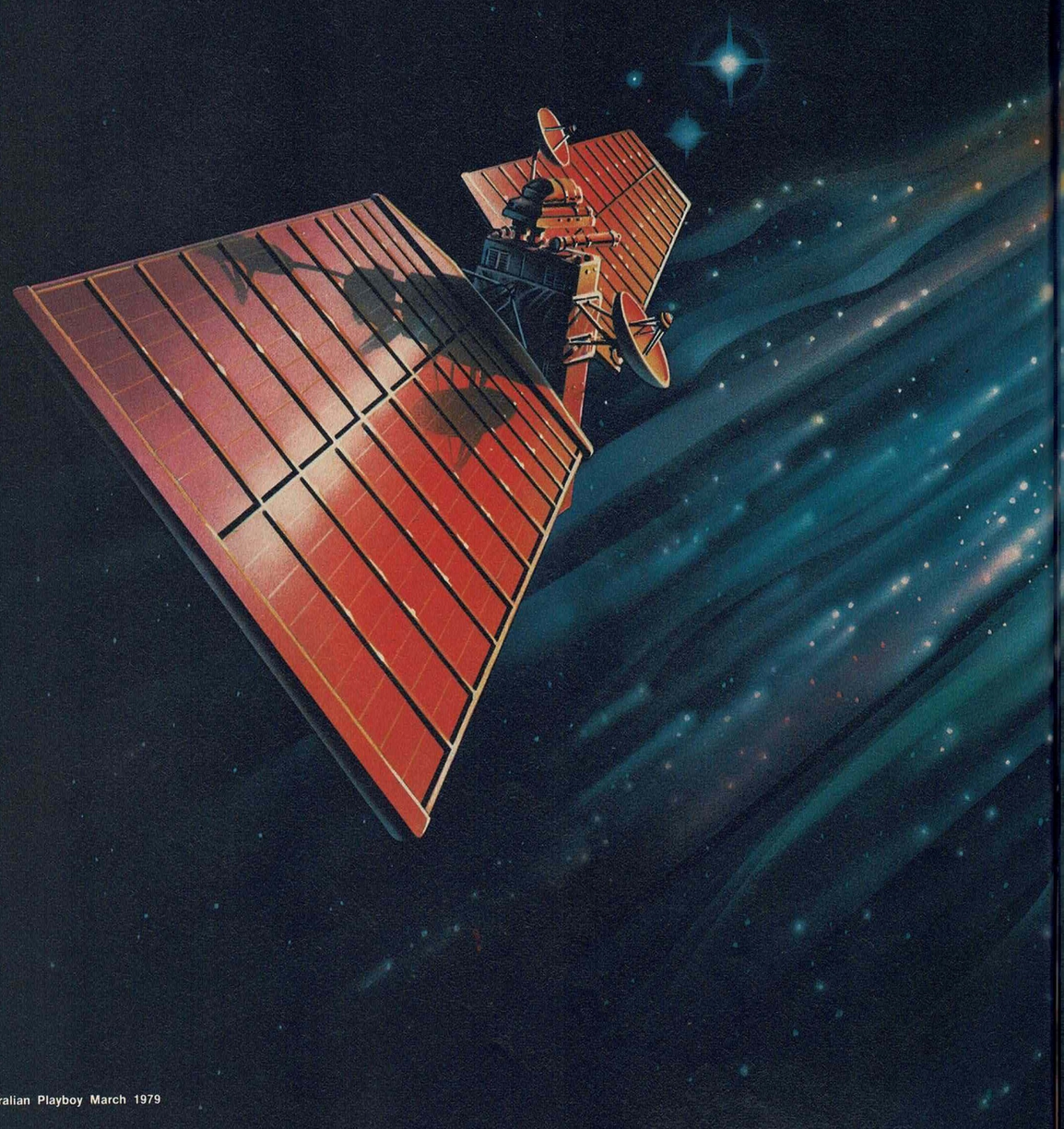
essay By RAY BRADBURY

DON'T look now, but the '80s are almost upon us. Which means that the usual Chicken Little end-of-the-world doomsters are rushing in circles, colliding with themselves and shouting "Head for the hills, the dam is broke". Here comes 1984. Watch out, there's Big Brother.

Bulrushes and sauerkraut.

Nineteen eighty-four will never arrive.

Yes, the year itself will show up, but not as a Kremlin in gargoyle or an Orwellian beast. We have, for the time being anyway, knocked Big Brother into the next century. With luck, and if we keep our eye on the ballot box and our chameleon politicos, he may never recover. Meanwhile, just beyond 1984, a truly grand year awaits us. Nineteen eighty-six will be a special time. Why special and why grand? If 1984 once symbolised the worst of man, 1986 might just possibly symbolise nothing but the best. For that



Gary Ciccarelli

is the year we will stand forth in space and wave the cold beast in. We will laugh in its face. We will probe its icy flesh and swirl our technological matador's cape as it rushes by at 160,000 km/h. We will pierce its heart with the sword of science and offer to the adoring crows the secret of the birth of the solar system.

In another scenario, we will watch an artist's conception of the event on television, our faces illuminated by the pale light of the tube. A commentator will mourn: "Maybe next time."

The visitor, of course, is Halley's Comet. The villain is the US Congress, which must approve the funds for this grand scheme. And who are the people who would play tag with the cosmic train? The amiable mad scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California.

Those are the same wild folks who helped bring you Mars Viking landings I and II. The folks who remind me of that old Bob Hope/Jerry Colonna routine in which Hope shouts at the sky: "Colonna, what are you doing up there?"

"Building a bridge – starting at the top."

"But," cries Hope, "you can't do that." Colonna shrugs and turns to his workers:

"All right, boys, tear it down."

But the blueprinters at JPL won't tear anything down. They are used to building imaginary bridges, starting at the top, then riveting a foundation under the dream before it blows away.

Those are the folks who want to build a bridge to Mars, who would send a probe there that would return with samples from the surface. Those are the folks who want to build a bridge to Titan to sample the atmosphere of Jupiter's most literary moon. They would orbit Saturn, land on Mercury and send a robot to summer camp on Mars. They are dreamers who, when they awake, try to sell their dreams to NASA and a skinflint Congress.

If Congress wants to share the dream of a Halley's Comet encounter, it will have to reach into its purse and pull out about $500 million. And it will have to do so in the near future. If it waits too long, there won't be time for the experimental draftings, the many test failures and the final successes that plague and reward such grandiose exercises. The bureaucracy that made Big Brother possible will, in time, kill the dream.

One plan to rendezvous with Halley's Comet has already bitten the dust. In 1977, scientists at JPL were toying with the idea of a solar sail, a giant kite, a stringless Mylar wonder, several kilometres square, with all our souls as its endless tail. The sail was to be powered by the light of the sun. Pure sunlight can do that? It can. Light rays exert pressure in the form of protons – massless particles. When these particles strike a surface, they are, in effect, a supersonic breeze blowing against a sail.

The original comet-intercept plan was simple and elegant. The sail would be a thin breath of Mylar plastic skinned out over some aluminum spider that might well measure as much as 800 metres wide. This vast experiment would be tucked in special shuttles and launched into space. There, astronauts would scramble to unfurl the beauty, raise the sail, finish out the kite, then hop back into the shuttles and let the sun push the sail with its massless winds. Set free, the sail would be controlled and balanced by vanes.

Slowly it would build speed, until it reached the 160,000 km/h necessary to make the rendezvous. Unlike normal rockets, which are limited in the amount of fuel they can carry, and in their final speed, the solar sail would find its fuel in space.

To reach rendezvous speed, a launch would have to have been made by 1981. The seed money should have been granted last year. It didn't happen. NASA looked at the comet-intercept project, compared the benefits with other priority projects (including another comet project) and crossed off the solar sail idea from its 1978 shopping list.

The scientists at JPL were undaunted. They had an alternative propulsion system on the drawing boards: the ion drive, a galactic butterfly that can spin sunlight into electricity, to emit a soft violet blast. Like the solar sail, it finds its fuel in space. Dr Ken Atkins, head of the comet-intercept program at JPL, pulled the ion drive out of the hat and said, "Lo: We can't build up speed to rendezvous, but we can cut across the path of the visitor and drop an instrument package down the throat of the comet."

And just for a touch of class, the JPL plan offered a two-for-one shot: The ion-drive craft could fly by Halley's Comet, then, two years later, rendezvous with Tempel II, a bright little visitor that drops by every 5.3 years. We could pace the comet past Mercury without setting ourselves aflame, then tag along when it moved back out to hide itself again in the mine-shaft universe.

The project can be done; the only question is, *will* it be done?

That depends on the Congress and/or the President. The latter is questionable. Anyone who would interrupt the pilot episode of *Battlestar Galactica* to announce some Middle East peace accords (as President Carter did last September) is not exactly in touch with the mood of the country. Space, in his estimation, is not a priority.

Why should we spend half a billion dollars on a comet? Because we must confront this mystery. What is a comet? The question runs back beyond Bethlehem, long before the birth of the Pharaohs.

Is a comet a somewhat soiled but mighty snowball hurled from the left hand of God some winter morning He has long since forgotten? Is it the breath of some old sun now dead but whose final sigh now comes to whisper round our yard? Is it a halation of ancient dusts and interplanetary cinders, fragments of meteoroid flaked from some chance encounter with a far planetary system?

The commonest theory, advanced by Fred Whipple in 1950, describes cometary bodies as blizzards of frozen gases and small non-volatile solids. Small comets are a few hundred metres in diameter. The largest measure 32 kilometres across. As a comet enters the system, the sun heats the frozen sphere. The solar wind blows the debris into a tail, or comma, two million kilometres in length.

The scientific community is very interested in the comet rendezvous program. It is likely that the debris caught in the frozen grasp of the comet head is primordial. As old as the universe itself. The Halley probe could analyse the dust by spectrometer and magnetometer. Cameras could give us a view of the birth scars of the solar system. It is an opportunity too important to pass up because of mere economics.

Of course, there are other comets. The boys at JPL have come up with several alternative missions between now and the turn of the century. But Halley's Comet is so American. Indeed, when I first heard of the project, I suggested calling the probe the Mark Twain. Why?

Well, now, Mark Twain was born in 1835, when Halley's Comet tore across the sky to welcome him. Doubtful of miracles, suspicious of heaven, nonetheless, Twain later predicted he would depart this earth when the comet came back to fetch him. It did, and Twain did, in 1910.

Halley's Comet has a power over men's imaginations that far exceeds shuttle diplomacy or the best of prime-time television.

At the core of our Mark Twain celestial explorer would be cameras and multi-purpose devices to photograph the comet, take its temperature and, with luck, knife through to its mysterious interior. The instrument

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Photography by Geoff Rand

package we would hurl into the face of Halley's Comet is doomed – at 57 kilometres a second, the comet devours everything in its path. Another fate awaits the surviving part of the ion-drive craft. It will head out beyond the orbit of Mars, turn tail and play catch-up with Tempel II in 1988. The two will head together for the sun – and for six months, we will listen in on their conversation. The ion-drive craft may be captured by the comet, or it may wander off on a solo journey. It depends on the courtship of gravity.

Then again, perhaps we can hurl these robot devices in such a way as to track the Tempel II comet on its entire circumnavigation of our solar system. Playing dead for a good part of the journey, our sensing machines could be programmed to reactivate in what might be called Project Lazarus. In the far mortuary reaches of space, we could call them awake so as to test the vision of Jupiter's giant red eye, or shake the frost from Pluto's back porch.

Think, then, when these long-distance runners return to speak in tongues late in the 21st century to tell us of far attic places where we, as living flesh, cannot follow. Someday, yes, our flesh will landfall Pluto and beyond. But for now, our riddle-solving electric children must roam the vast star meadows to graph the heartbeat of Halley's cosmic beast.

What's holding up this grand cosmic parade?

As in the past, cash in the box.

With a military budget sucking $200,000 million away from cities, away from schools, away from hospitals, that inevitably means away from space, time, comets and our possible future survival.

Plus, we have been in a down cycle from over-exposure to moon landings, astronauts and the thousands of hours TV networks poured on us, ladling out multitudinous facts but little insight. Without poets, philosophers or even smart political observers, the cosmic question goes a-begging year on year.

Meanwhile, because we are so busy building arms to sell to Arabs to scare the Israelites and selling yet further arms to scared Jews to rescare Saudi Arabia and friends, we have no time to stand and stare. We opt out of being philosophers. To think would seem to be the worst thing we might accuse ourselves of. To think *imaginatively* is beyond comment. Dreamers, we snort, stand aside! Reality is the only tonic. Facts are the only medicine. Yet we are full of facts, we burst with data and are not made well. Our spirit flags on the pole.

Can Halley's Comet play doctor to our souls? Can the ion-drive craft we build lift our blood and make us truly care about not just mere existence now but futures yet unplumbed?

Why bother? a voice cries from the balcony. Who cares? What's all the fuss and star feathers about?

Very simply: We march back to Olympus.

How's that again?

Well, now, we Earth people are great ones, aren't we, for picking ourselves up by the scruff and heaving ourselves out of the Garden or off the holy Mount? We shake ourselves to gather some facts and add them up to doom, don't we?

Consider: two thousand years ago, everything was all right with man's universe. We inhabited this planet, around which the sun moved as if we were central to its existence. The stars did the same. We were God's navel and everyone found us good to look upon.

Then along came various theologians and astronomers and, next thing you know, we're evicted, both from Eden and from Mount Olympus. We found ourselves out in the rain with a bunch of demoted Apollos, Aphrodites, Zeuses and Titans. It would take a few thousand years before we got around to naming some rockets for the ancient lost gods.

But we have got out of bed, and we have gone to the moon, and then we have reached up and fingerprinted Mars.

Meanwhile, the astronomers told us that we were not central to anything. We were, in fact, inhabitants of a rather smallish rabbit pellet whirling about a minor sun in the sub-basement of a galaxy that did not much care whether we came or went, lived or died, suffered or survived.

The knock on the head that this seeming fact gave us unsettled our egos for quite a few hundred years.

If Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler told us these things, they must be right. If Darwin added that we were merely a bright chimpanzee wheeling a Maserati or a Ferrari along time's highway, well, then, why bother to get out of bed in the morning?

But we have got out of bed, and we have gone to the moon, and then we have reached up and fingerprinted Mars. And to those who look at data and say "Mars is empty, there is no life there", we shout back: There *is* life on Mars, and it is *us*. We are the Martians. We give ourselves a gift of us.

We move into the universe. We name ourselves, along with our rockets, after ancient deities. We make ourselves central to existence, knowing not how far we must travel before we meet other mirrors of God staring back into His vast gaze.

For, you see, while facts are important, interpretation of facts is the final builder or destroyer of man and his dream. If we choose to find ourselves minor, or of no worth, the dust will burn and hide our bones. But if we choose to step back into the Garden, devour the apple, throw the snake out into the ditch and survive forever out beyond the Coalsack nebula, the choice is ours. We will build Olympus and put on our crowns once more.

That is what our encounter with Halley's Comet is all about.

So there you have it: 1986 coming on fast. Here comes our chance to reach up. We would gently touch the passing face of that cold creature, the looming features of that strange matter and force on its blind way round the cosmos. We would do so with that puzzled and infinite curiosity that is the beginning of love.

Do we miss this chance? Do we let time and space churn by without hastening to leap aboard? Do we keep our giant man-made pterodactyl home and lock our dreams with it, in a box?

I think not. For some century soon, we will be falling out there ourselves. Our flesh will outpace that comet.

Meanwhile, our fabulous machines must go for us, do for us and come back smoking a pipe filled with incredible data, to tamp Mark Twain observations in our ears so as to lean us toward survival.

If our mind flies now, our machines fly later, and our souls fly to follow both in 21st century Salvation Armies of space. And the higher we fly, the more 1984 will recede like a failed threat, an evil promise disconnected, a hell boarded over, a death done in and buried by life.

We will write a better book then. Its title will be *1986* and its hero will be the Great White Comet and Huck Finn's father's kite will lay itself out on the solar winds to welcome it.

As for the comet, it will arrive like doom.

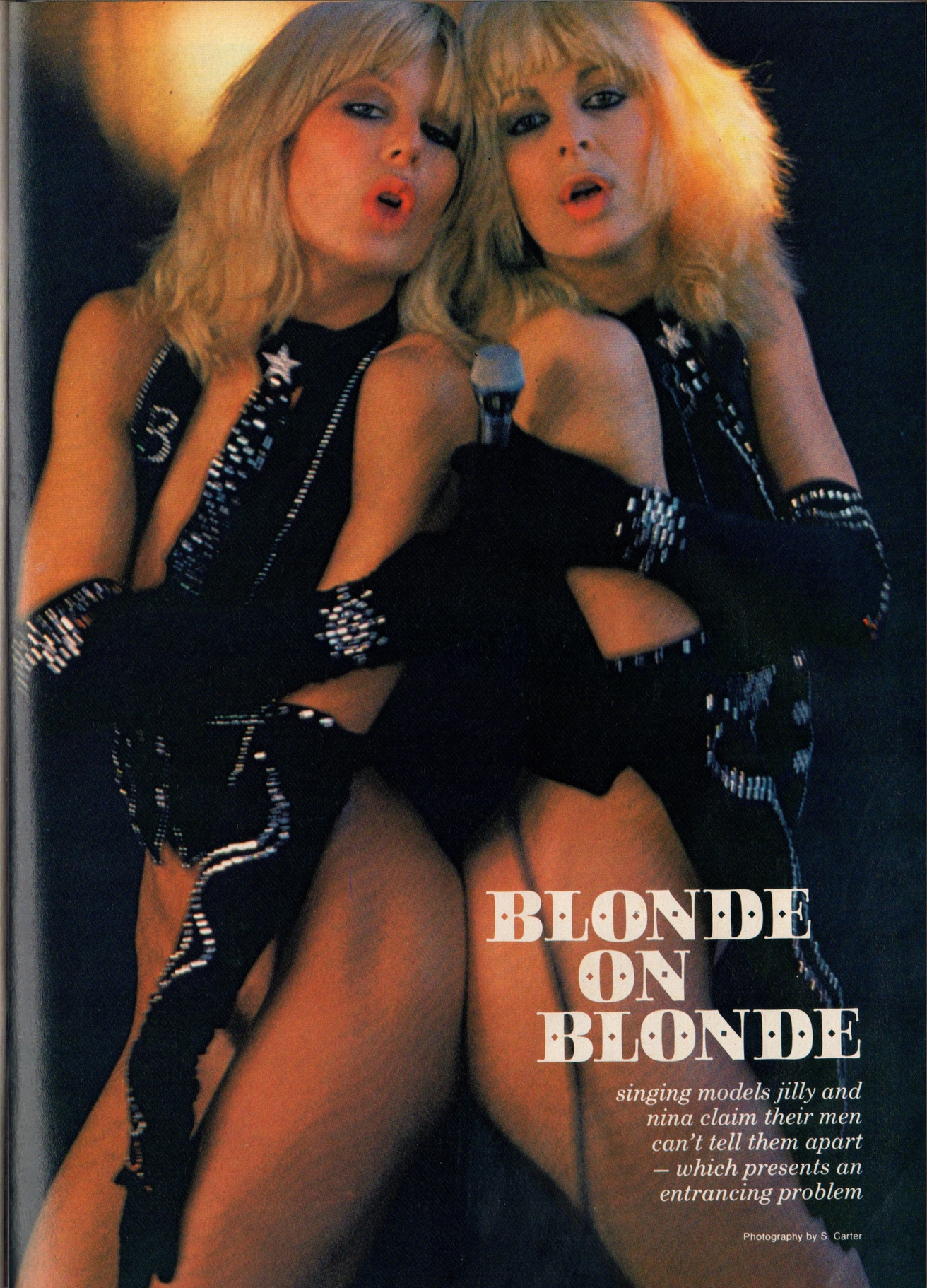
But it will go back out around with annunciations.

What will it announce?

Ourselves, of course, birthing ourselves back into the lap of God.

Telling Him that soon, soon, oh, very soon, we will drop in for a visit. . . .

And *stay* for 10 billion years.



BLONDE ON BLONDE

singing models jilly and nina claim their men can't tell them apart – which presents an entrancing problem

Photography by S. Carter

Australia's lovely export Jilly Johnson and her British friend Nina Carter (far right) have always played "hot" numbers. Even before they started their "second job" singing together, the lookalikes were flying high with solo modelling careers.

Tall, green-eyed Jilly was called "Giraffe" at school in Queensland, but after her family moved to England she became that country's top nude model.

Jilly now limits her modelling to three hours a day so that she has time for her new singing career and her spare-time activities. These include self-defence and stunt work – she's parachuted into a snowdrift and driven a car over a ravine.

The girls teamed up to do a few fashion spreads – and the response among London's haute couture (and casual male observers) was electric. The sexy "clones" stunned crowds wherever they appeared. And since they already had an audience, the girls decided they might as well put on a show. Billing themselves as Blonde on Blonde, they began singing in discos and cabarets.

"We're exactly alike," Nina Carter says, "and that seems to have a mesmerising effect on men. We are both the same height and," she giggles, "our boyfriends can't tell us apart – even when we've got our gear off." We agree – but we'd venture

that they have a great deal of fun trying.

The girls' singing career has progressed so much that they have a Japanese TV series in the works and are talking big money with TV networks in Germany, Italy and Switzerland.

"When we started, they wanted us to sing cute American '50s high school numbers," Jilly says. "And they wanted us to dress in bobby sox. But that wasn't us."

To say the least, Blonde on Blonde's image leans more toward the leather-and-lace style made popular by Suzi Quatro. "In one of our publicity pictures we've got dog collars around our necks," says Jilly, "so people think we're punk. But we're not into that." What these girls *are* into is erotica. They've appeared *au naturel* in a sexy French men's magazine, and a milder blend of their cheesecake appears regularly in many British tabloid newspapers.

"Modelling nude is just a job," says Nina. "But I would never do anything hard core. That's revolting.

"We love to be slaves to a man," she confides. "Women

should be feminine creatures and men should have good legs and hairy chests. Women shouldn't try to dominate, but they ought to stand up for their rights."

Jilly is very definite about the type of man she wants. "I prefer taller men," she says.

Although it is Blonde on Blonde's heavy sexuality that has caught the public's attention, the girls insist that they take their singing career seriously. "We're not trying to rely on our sexy image," Nina asserts. That may be the case, but it sure won't hurt them, either.

Who can get screwed in a divorce...?

article **By Russell Deiley**

Illustration by Steve McHugh

AUSTRALIAN divorce laws are so heavily stacked against men that Morris Revelman, durable male libber, believes they are now stupid even to contemplate marriage. Revelman, who looks rather like a cut-down version of Groucho Marx slinging barbs rather than wisecracks, has been a student of Australia's divorce laws for more than 10 years and he doesn't like at all what he sees. Not one little bit. Revelman, a 67-year-old wealthy transport operator and husband of 35 years, bristles when he is labelled a misogynist, but it is a case of the hat being quite a snug fit.

Phrases like "female bludgers" and "parasite women" gleaned from his 1968 publication, *Sex and Politics,* and more recent quotes such as "women can live on children, using them as economic pawns" are scarcely designed to endear him to any other lady save his wife. But Revelman, stalwart president of the 900-strong Army of Man, declares his one true target in his crusade for reform is the Family Law Act and its offspring, the Family Law Court. The Act was hailed as one of the Whitlam reformers' most humane and thoughtful pieces of legislation, yet Revelman insists it is even more biased against men than the medieval Matrimonial Causes Act it superseded. Even worse, he says, the court practises its prejudice behind securely locked doors.

"The court is not only secret, but it also seals transcripts of its proceedings so that even the litigants can't get them," says Revelman, brimming with righteous anger. "The press is excluded. Friends and relatives are excluded. Would the Australian public tolerate a secret court that imprisoned people for crimes?" he asks, and doesn't wait for an answer.

"No. But they do tolerate a court where men are dispossessed of their homes, their children, their property, their assets and their money for the rest of their lives. Even their estate can be called on after their death to meet the demands of an ex-wife, though the dead man might have remarried and had a family to support. Because the Family Law Court's power is exercised in secret it is no better than the Gestapo or KGB courts. They have been denounced the world over as instruments of corruption and deceit. It doesn't matter whether they are in Moscow or Melbourne." Revelman, of course, is not a voice in the wilderness in his condemnation of the closed Family Law Court. Others might not be as vehemently eloquent but, in essence, they do share his concern. The Family Law Council – with the concurrence of the judges in the Family Law Court – has already made submissions to the Attorney-General, Senator Peter Durack, to have the court opened to the public. It is a submission Durack can hardly ignore. But he is unlikely to make any recommendations to Cabinet until later this year because of his decision to set up a 13-man Parliamentary Review Committee to investigate the workings of the Family Law Act. Any unilateral action by Durack before the committee's first report is handed down about November would be highly pre-emptive.

Time, then, it seems, will open the divorce courts. But do Revelman's charges of the system being biased against men stand up? No, according to a variety of respondents. Some are predictable in their response. One wouldn't really expect the fulcrum in the scales of divorce justice, Ken Nixon, principal registrar of the Family Law Court, to be anything but impartial. Equally open-minded on the weight of evidence is Helen Coonan, generally regarded as one of the top divorce lawyers in the country and through whose mid-Sydney chambers men and women pass in equal numbers on their way to chancery. Dr Warwick Hartin, author of *Divorce and Dilemma,* personally divorced and remarried and director of the Victorian Marriage Guidance Council, regards Revelman's viewpoint as extreme. In his experience, the Family Law Act bends over backwards to be fair to both man and woman. Befitting his Hippocratic oath, Dr Bill Metcalf, a psychiatrist, sees the law as sideless and a catalyst for good in that it makes divorce easier, thereby easing the huge emotional strain and chronic tension on husband, wife and children.

The Revelman stance is also challenged by various women's pressure groups offering similarly suasive arguments which, in their opinion, prove beyond reasonable doubt that the Family Law Court bases are loaded in favor of men. "For every complaint we read about or receive from organisations such as Mr Revelman's, we hear about or receive a complaint from opposing, feminist organisations," says Nixon. Divorce, then, boils down to being one of the emotive issues of the day – a state that touches almost half

the people who will marry in Australia, will push some to suicide and leave many others in emotional and financial bankruptcy.

More than 90 percent of Australian men will marry at least once during their lives and, on current rates, 40 percent will go through the trauma of divorce. But in spite of the protests from either side of the sexual fence, things are not as bleak as they used to be for men. Under the Matrimonial Causes Act, men who sought custody of their children stood virtually no chance of winning the suit. Custody decisions in the old divorce courts were reached on the legal basis of the preferred role of the mother.

There is no legal preference in the current Act which makes any value judgment on the parental capability of either sex. In the bad old days, fathers seldom sought custody because of the way in which the legislation was stacked against them, hoping, at best, for an order from the judge granting them reasonable access to their children. Today, if a majority of women still get custody of the children, it can be attributed purely to fatherly default.

From the early '70s, when the social revolution gained momentum and the inter-change in the traditional sex roles began to develop, parental attitudes also began to change. More mothers began concentrating on their careers and more fathers became closely involved in the rearing of children.

Today it is often the father who mothers the child and, broadly speaking, this change is recognised in the Family Law Act. Now, for every five custody orders made in the Family Law Court, one is in favor of the father. This figure of 20 percent becomes even more significant when you realise that fewer fathers seek custody of their children.

"Perhaps the most important factor influencing a judge in his decision on custody is the future welfare of the child," says Nixon, who as principal registrar speaks as an insider on the workings of a closed court and, naturally, as a protector of the system. "In doing so, the judge takes into consideration such factors as the relationship between the child and its parents, the type of household in which each of the separated partners lives, the child's future education and, if it applies, the child's religious upbringing. From all these facts, he or she deduces which household will offer the better care and welfare to the child.

"It is a popular misconception that a parent has the right of access to a child. It is the right of the child to have access to both parents. This right is protected by the court until the child is 14, when the child's own feelings have to be taken into consideration. It should also be emphasised that no court order is final. If the court makes an order giving custody to the mother, and the father at some later date can produce evidence that because of liquor or some other problem his former wife is not taking proper care of the child, then the order can be varied to give the father custody. In cases in which it is alleged that, because of the behavior of the parent who has custody, children are at grave risk, then the hearing is given top priority."

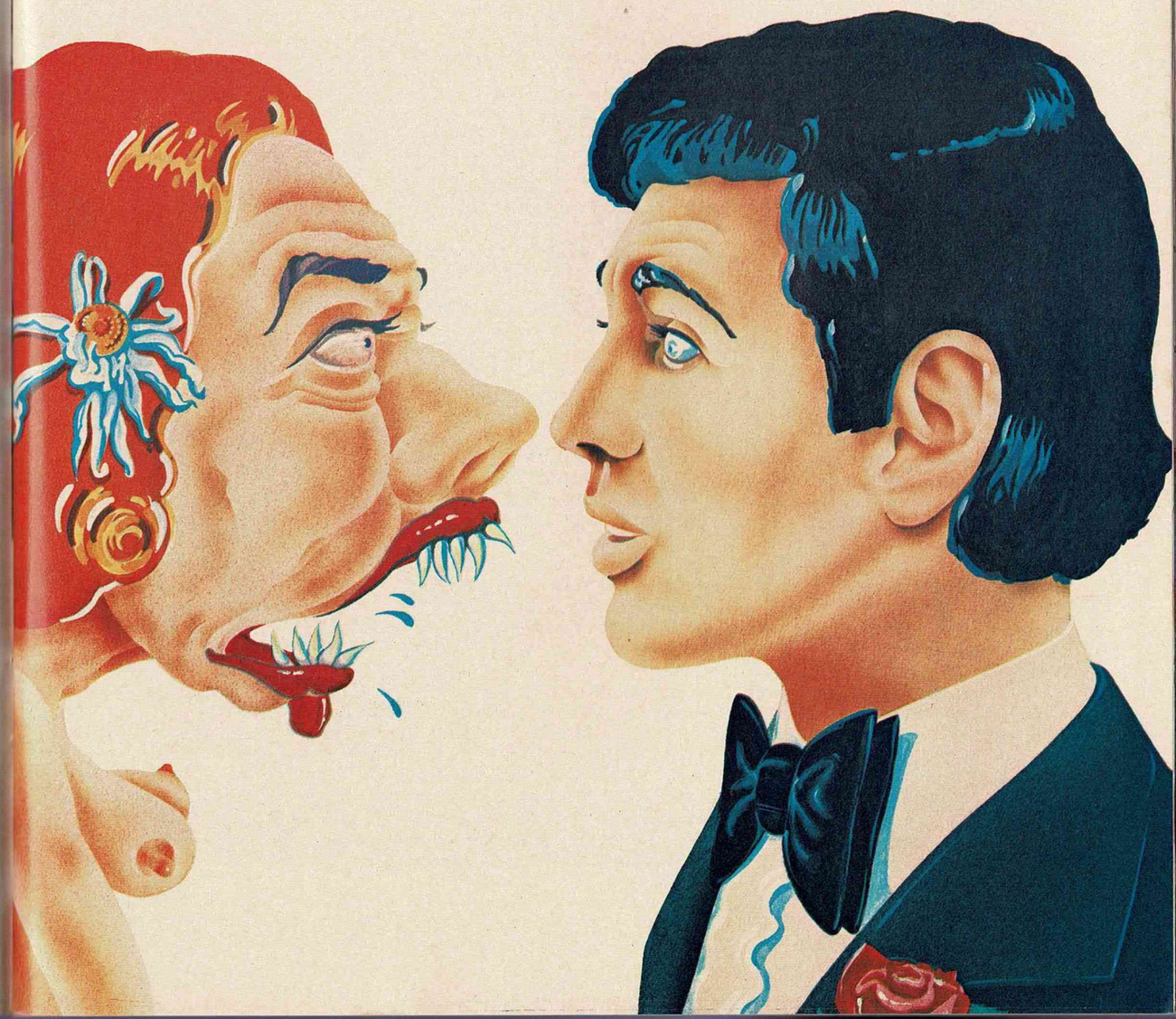
If men tend to react badly to divorce, it is basically because they fear they are going to lose the most. In the past, those fears were often realised. Because in most transactions there will be a winner and a loser, someone will lose more than the other in a divorce. Revelman cites cases which he argues point up the fact that men still lose the most. He offers the case of Mr A, who was in hospital in Victoria with a serious illness "when there was an application before this secret Family Court. Papers were served on him when he left hospital and he couldn't even go home to collect his clothes.

"Or take the case of Mr B, whose wife applied to the court to have him evicted from their home. The judge said it was a bit late in the day to hear the defence. He ordered the man to be out of the home in three days and further ordered him to have no contact with his wife or children. Later the man was jailed for three months for phoning his wife to see if they could meet to discuss reconciliation. Part of the jail penalty was also accrued for speaking to his son, whom he had accidentally met at a friend's home, and for arguing in the street with his wife's lover. The man lost both his home and business as a direct result of the divorce."

The Revelman outline of Mr B's case was put to Nixon. "I am familiar with this case, and I can assure you there was ample evidence for the continuation of the restraining order placed on Mr B," he says. "In the specific cases quoted by Revelman we are hearing a one-sided version of what happened. One wouldn't be human if one didn't express a grievance in the best possible light. The court has the power to act quickly in aid of one or other of the parties if trouble is brewing.

"The court is often approached by a solicitor who has made out a *prima facie* case to show that one of the spouses is being harassed or maltreated. If the judge thinks the case is strong enough, he will make an order, on hearing one side of the evidence, restraining one spouse from harassing or entering the home of the other. The restrained person will also be given notice that the matter will be again before the court for a full hearing at the end of the initial period of the order, usually within three or four days. If, when he has heard the

Who can?
YOU can, if you're not careful



other side, the judge feels the issue is not as it was first presented, he will set aside the order."

The court has the power to fine, jail or place an offender on a bond for repeated breaches of restraining orders. The maximum fine the court can impose is $1000, and the maximum jail sentence three months. If a person persists in breaching an order he can be held in contempt, and is then a candidate for a more severe sentence. Since the Family Law Court was set up in 1976, 21 men have been jailed for breaches of restraining orders. One woman was imprisoned for repeatedly ignoring an order to move out of the matrimonial home. One ex-husband has served nine jail terms, the last and longest for 12 months.

Those figures suggest that either the court is harsher on men or that women are more law-abiding. Nixon disagrees. By his interpretation, the figures are a reflection of the long-held view among men that divorce and the courts are a threat to their possessions and their assets. He says these fears are fanned by pressure groups such as the Army of Man.

If the Family Law Act does have an Achilles heel in pursuit of justice, it is in the realm of giving a judge a framework for a fair and equitable division of property and assets. And because husbands are still the prime providers in setting up a home and building up assets, divorced men often feel they are ripped off in divorce. In lay terms, the Act does try to establish a judicial climate in which, as far as is humanly possible, all property and assets to which both parties have contributed either directly or indirectly during the course of the marriage should be split down the middle.

"This," says Helen Coonan, "is the spirit of the Act, but it is honored more in breach than observance. The variations are legion. Hardship for mum and the kids can follow if the family home is sold and the spoils divided. It is often agreed that the wife and children remain in the matrimonial home until the children fly the nest, when the home can be disposed of and the money divided.

"This has the advantage of allowing the wife and children to remain as settled as possible after the divorce, while the father maintains a financial interest in the home. The court always has to keep in mind that both parties should be set on their feet after the divorce, taking into account that both parties will probably enter into another sexual relationship.

"If the husband has been an enterprising man, and has built up a business with little or no financial support from his wife, then the court might well decide that all those interests are rightfully his. The situation, however, becomes very complicated if the wife has put money she might have inherited in her own right into the business, particularly if the business had led to offshoots or investments in other companies.

"Complexities arise, too, if the enterprising businessman has taken the well-meaning advice of an accountant or solicitor and named either his wife or children or both as shareholders in his company for tax-easing purposes. In those cases the wife and children are at least entitled to the full benefit of their shareholdings. Although the Family Law Court has no authority over the company or companies which a husband and wife might be warring about, it has absolute authority in directing the disputive parties on where the money and shares will go."

Unless you are the kind of man likely to take a one-way cab to Lovers' Leap at a tremor in the stock market, money problems can be overcome. You pay, but you don't really bleed.

The emotional scars of divorce are something else. Unless a man is shacked up with his dream bird and spoiling for a marital split, divorce can be a completely shattering experience for him. There are two critical age zones for married men – the mid to late 20s, and between 40 and 50.

Those at risk are slightly insensitive souls who regard marriage as a haven – a safe and secure shelter from the pressures of the office. They think of their marriage as an adjunct to their work. They feel that, because they are fulfilled in their jobs, good providers and scintillating conversationalists at dinner and theatre parties, everything is going swimmingly. Because they are happy, they assume their wives must be happy. They are in great danger of drowning. These days women want and demand a damned sight more. They want to be treated as individuals in their own right and not merely as mothers, housemaids and receptacles for a quick bang in the night. This positive female approach to marriage is another legacy of the developing plurality of women in modern society.

With the increasing incidence of divorce, new attitudes towards it are developing. Many are inspired by women. "This dovetails with the new feminist approach to marriage," says Hartin. "Feminists regard traditional marriage as a vehicle for repression, and the structure of modern marriage is changing so that it is less repressive toward women. Marriage is no longer a career for women in the same way that fatherhood is not a career for men. Society is beginning to cope with divorce in that it no longer sees divorce as a bad thing, a tragedy. We are moving toward the view that it is just part of the marital process. For many people it is no longer a discontinuance of the marriage, but part of the total marriage experience. Divorce is part of the learning process many people need to go through to achieve the sort of marriage they want."

It is a view shared by Metcalf, who sees many men and women emotionally disturbed by divorce both in his private psychiatric practice and in his clinic in the outpatients' department of Sydney Hospital. But while he believes that divorce leaves a lot of men happier because the failed marriage has taught them more about themselves, and they are richer and more mature for their experience, divorce can also be a catalyst for psychiatric problems.

"In my experience," he says, "it is the men who are at the butt end of their lives, and who are divorced because of the mid-life crisis, who do not fare as well. Marriage, or at least companionship, is an essential human relationship. It gives a reason for living. And men don't do so well when they are forced to learn to live by themselves.

"Australia's highest suicide rate is among the unattached, single males between 50 and 60. Comparatively, women cope very well. They settle in by themselves and mix freely in a social sense with other women. Men are more psychologically fragile. They need to be looked after. At 30, a man still believes in himself. He can still get it up. He is erectile, confident and potent. The ageing male cannot afford the slightest doubt about his potency. He will get by if he is good-looking, lively and talented. If he isn't, he doesn't get the goodies. The majority of men in their middle lives don't have that much going for them. They lack confidence. Around 40 or 50, you get the onset of secondary impotence. A man who is potent suddenly becomes impotent. He is not as randy any more. He might fail to make it once, become conscious of that failure, and he is in an anxiety situation. If he doesn't have a woman around to help, he begins to think his masculinity is on the wane. If that kind of man gets divorced, he doesn't see himself as a hotshot among women any longer, and he is at risk."

Metcalf believes one of the great sexual misconceptions is that man is the hunter. "In her own way, woman is the great huntress," he says. "Men are the dupes. It is the woman who does the seducing. Take your casual chat-up session at a party. In most cases it is the woman who makes the telephone call the next day and sets the infidelity

"They must be joking!"

thing in motion. Women have always been the hunters. They are just more open about it today."

He believes a divorce that ends a 20-year marriage does not happen because of a sudden breakdown or because one partner has strayed into a stranger's bed. The marriage will end because it never had anything going for it. It is simply a case of two people living out a role with neither partner never really valuing or respecting the other. In many cases either the husband or wife will admit that he or she had pre-marital doubts, but went through with the contract for the fallacious reason of not wanting to hurt others' feelings.

Because divorce has been made so much easier by the Family Law Act, more of the falsely-based marriages are ending in what the sociologists call the 30-year-old crisis. They involve people who have enjoyed a total experience in their 20s in their search for the brave new world. Classically, they have travelled, shared several sexual relationships and several jobs. They enter their 30s with the dawning that there is still something wrong. Despite their best-laid plans they are in a rut, and regard their marriage as the deepest rut of all. More often than not it is the woman's decision to end the sham.

The teenage football star doesn't look so glamorous slumped in front of the television, a hamburger in one hand and a can of beer in the other to feed the growing paunch. She doesn't like what she sees, and makes the decision to look for someone more rewarding and exciting before her time and looks run out.

When the crunch comes, whether it be over the muesli, the pre-dinner sherry or the post-coital cigarette, few men accept that wifely phrase which is becoming almost as fashionable as the marriage vow. No matter whether it comes out as baldly as "I want a divorce", or "I think we should have a talk about our future", the man doesn't want to hear. As a recently-divorced friend says: "When Sally just hit me with it out of the blue, I clammed up. I didn't want to talk about it. Thinking back, I don't think I could have talked about it.

"The first thing that came to my mind was 'Christ, she knows about the others'. But that wasn't it at all. If Sally knew about my cheating, she never ever mentioned it. Sally knew the marriage was a fake and was honest enough to face it. It was like living in a vacuum, but I was either too smug or too tired to do the slightest thing about it."

That is a typical attitude among men. They don't want to admit failure. If Sally or any other wife suggests a visit to a marriage guidance counsellor or a psychologist to try to lay the ghosts haunting an empty marriage, the husband will freak out. It is so much easier to bluster, to order a dozen red roses, hit the bottle or trim the kikuyu off the patio. Anything but plain, honest, simple words.

"Men are certainly reluctant to admit their marriage is in trouble, and they have a more difficult time than women in seeking professional help," says Hartin. "It is a reflection of our culture in which man is held up as the strong and reliant one. We certainly counsel a lot more women than men."

Divorce, in the final analysis, need not be a disaster. As long as sanity and reason prevail, it can be an enriching experience for a man. A failed marriage and the decree absolute can be the creative base from which he can learn more about himself and what it is to be a man within today's social web and his relationship to all women. It can also give him a clearer definition of his ideal woman. Divorce might erode his property and his assets, but they are not critical to personal happiness. And should a judge deny him daily contact with his children, he will learn that no court can melt the ties between a father and his progeny.

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The mechanics of divorce are simple. The old Matrimonial Causes Act was based on the concept of blame. The Family Law Act mirrors the attitudes of modern society: no longer do we regard sexual behavior outside marriage as punishable. Today there is only one ground for divorce: irretrievable breakdown of marriage. To grant a divorce, the court need satisfy itself only that the husband and wife seeking a divorce have lived separately and apart – a euphemism for no love-making – for at least 12 months. If they have lived in separate homes, this is easily proved. The court regards lives in separate homes as sufficient evidence that the marriage has broken down.

If the two have lived beneath the same roof for financial reasons, or for the sake of the children, the court feels that to all outward appearances they are still Mr and Mrs Happy. They are then bound to offer corroborated testimony that they have had no sexual relations for a year, that they have slept in separate beds in separate rooms, or that they took separate meals. The court tends to feel that if a couple break bread with one another, they cannot be totally indifferent to each other.

Similarly, the court considers that a couple who have gone out together socially or have entertained friends within the matrimonial home can scarcely hate the sight of each other. In such cases the court will want to know why they have not lived apart. It will normally accept financial hardship – for one rent is cheaper than two. If husband and wife tell conflicting stories, the court will require corroborative evidence – normally from a child of the age of reason or a close friend – that they have lived separate lives for the statutory 12 months.

If there is any possibility of reconciliation, the court offers a free counselling service. The Family Law Act also makes provision for a subsidised counselling service through the States' and Territories' various marriage guidance councils. Vested though his interest, Warwick Hartin, of the Victorian Marriage Guidance Council, strongly urges couples considering divorce to seek guidance through these councils. "We not only counsel in marriage, we can also help in divorce counselling," he says. "People considering divorce should first come to us to talk about the situation, and to try to establish an amicable and equitable settlement before they go to a solicitor. The standard fee is $5, and a visit to us can save couples hundreds, even thousands, of dollars in legal fees."

That is sound advice. Anyone can fill out his own divorce application and file it with the court, along with the $100 fee. In straightforward cases he can get by without a solicitor. But it is a brave man or a fool who presents his own case in a custody or property settlement hearing. If a man does commission a solicitor to handle his divorce, the court fixes an hourly legal fee. This is the area in which advice from one of the courts, or a marriage guidance council counsellor, is invaluable. Choosing a solicitor to act for you in divorce proceedings is very much like choosing a doctor. If you want a divorce, you seek an expert in the field.

If there are no complications, and the questions of custody, maintenance and property can be settled out of court, the legal bill will be around $600. If a husband and wife cannot reach agreement on these issues, which flow on from the granting of a divorce, they are headed for financial hot water. The court will set a special hearing for the litigation. Once a case is contested and defended, the costs soar because of the time a lawyer will spend on preparing his case. One day in court will cost each of the litigants $500 and, as Ken Nixon says, the most uncomplicated case will take two or three days in court.

It is a wiser and wealthier couple who can settle their divorce without litigation.

The fun way to keep fit

life, as we all know, is full of ups and downs, but you'll find health and happiness if you don't have them by yourself

article *By Mike Agostini*

IT ISN'T only records I've always chased. In 1956, for instance, I was in hot pursuit of the ladies as well. All this activity was, you understand, in the interests of science.

My chase after the not-so-chaste came about because of some advice the Olympic champions Mal Whitfield, Herb McKenley and George Rhoden had given me. And that was that sex and alcohol can work wonders for the mid-season staleness which so often affects top-line athletic performances.

At the time I had the world records for the 100 and 220-yard sprints, but my form was falling off in the middle of the season. With the Melbourne Olympics coming up later in the year, that advice seemed a damned good idea. Not surprisingly it wasn't long before I was reported to my athletics coach, old Flint Hanner, for

Photography by Tandy Rowley

drinking beer, smoking, and going out with horny high school girls.

Twenty years ago there were few coaches who would allow their athletes to enjoy grog and sex while in training, and Hanner was no exception. But like the nice guy he was, he didn't give me a bawling out – instead, he gave me a parable.

"Let me tell you about the Arabian sheikh who had 365 wives, one for every day of the year," he said in his rasping voice with the North Carolina drawl still unaffected by his 30 years in California.

"This wise old guy would never leave his boudoir, but conserved his strength for his pleasures. He would send his number one eunuch to fetch the wife of his choice, day or night, often both, as he desired.

"One fine evening the head eunuch failed to return with the chosen wife after some period of time. The sheikh sent eunuch number two to find out what was keeping number one from returning.

"Number two returned, breathless, a few minutes later to report to the sheikh that number one had fallen dead of a heart attack in the courtyard while carrying wife number 233, as requested, back to the sheikh's tent. Whereupon the old sheikh replied: 'There, you see! That proves my point. It isn't the doing it that finally gets you but the chasing after it!' "

Old Flint has been dead a few years now, but his words mean more today than ever.

To screw or not to screw has always been a vexing question with competitive athletes in all sports, even in this liberated age of Joe Namaths and Muhammad Alis.

Now, more than 20 years after first hearing Flint's parable on the subject, I can finally prove that sex is indeed good for you and that it is really the chasing after it which causes the debilitating effects.

Making love could even save your life. Several modern fitness researchers have proven this to be true, even if they don't come right out and say so quite as openly.

Now, instead of jogging, or running, all you really need to do is have sexual intercourse regularly. Under certain prescribed conditions and according to the verifiable scientific research, it could provide all the aerobic exercise you may need.

Aerobics are the "in" exercises today. According to Dr Ken Cooper, of Dallas, Texas, the man who started the modern running boom with his first book, called *Aerobics,* any exercise which raises the heart rate to between 65 and 85 percent of the age-related predicted maximum will train and develop the heart and lungs, thereby giving preventive fitness benefits and guarding against coronary heart disease and other circulatory ailments.

Dr Cooper originally developed his theories working with US Air Force personnel and, later, helping America's astronauts in their fitness training programs. Today he directs the Aerobics Centre in Dallas as well as the Cooper Clinic, where the scientific research is done.

According to Cooper every man, woman and child needs a minimum amount of regular physical activity, mainly in the form of exercise, to maintain a fit and healthy heart-lung system. He sees aerobics as the basis for this preventive fitness training. Walking, jogging, running, cycling, playing competitive squash or tennis, swimming, or any similarly active sports and games are almost always aerobically valid.

To find your own 65-85 percent of maximum heart rate level you really need to be tested in a laboratory, with a doctor present, jogging on a treadmill with a constantly rising incline, until exhausted. Or else riding a cycle ergometer (exercise bicycle fitted with special testing apparatus), again under medical supervision, to the same point of exhaustion.

A simpler general guide to this age-related maximum is to subtract your present age from the constant sum of 220. Thus a man of 40 would have an average age-related maximum heart rate of 220 – 40 = 180 beats a minute.

This same man's 65 percent level is 117 beats a minute; his 85 percent level is 153 a minute. Whenever he indulges in any physical activity which causes his heartbeat to come within these two levels he is actually experiencing some "training effect" benefits.

The effect of this exercise is to rejuvenate the body's muscles and organs. By improving our oxygen-carrying capacity, it makes us feel younger, fitter and more capable of doing increasing levels of physical work without risk or undue fatigue. One scientific study in California showed that an aerobically-fit 58-year-old male, who trains regularly and has reasonably good living habits, can be fitter than most untrained, obese and bad-living men of 30.

When Cooper preached his aerobic theories, more and more people took to the roads, fields, beaches and just about everywhere, walking, jogging, running, cycling and playing a wide variety of active sports and games.

Meanwhile the so-called "sexual revolution" was also gathering pace. Society was beginning to recognise publicly the sexual act as one of life's pleasures, removing many of the old restrictions and limitations.

The next area of research to be considered is that of Masters and Johnson into human sexuality. Their best-selling book *Human Sexual Response* was written after years of studying, researching and gathering information in this field, much like Cooper did in aerobics. It proved that during sexual intercourse, the heartbeat rises well above the minimum aerobic level of 65 percent of age-related predicted maximum heart rates which Cooper prescribes. In many cases heart rates rise above 85 percent, and approach maximum levels. Sexual intercourse, therefore, can be classed as an activity with aerobic potential.

However, according to Cooper, the training effect and its benefits do not begin to occur until the optimum 65-85 percent levels have been reached and maintained for 12 minutes or more. This, Cooper states, should be done regularly, at least three or four times a week – daily, if possible.

The Masters/Johnson research indicates that the higher levels of heart rates usually occur only when approaching the point of climax during intercourse and for a short time thereafter. So all you have to do to get fully fit and stay that way, using sex as your main form of training activity, is to be able to maintain a minimum 12-minute performance, three or four times weekly, or, if you think you're up to it, every day.

But while frequent sexual activity might be the fitness expert's answer to a maiden's prayer, it has its drawbacks. As Flint Hanner said, it's the chasing after it that gets you. Aerobic exercise in the bedroom is all very well, but to lure your partner into the cot usually involves prior wining, dining and courting. Which, in turn, often means alcohol, cigarettes and an excess of high-cholesterol foods – potential killers in the world of coronary heart disease. The stress of the chase and the uncertainty of the result also add unnecessary risks, particularly for the adult male.

Another prominent researcher, Professor Hans Selye, the originator of the term "stress syndrome", has ample research to show that overstress and tension not only age you more quickly than normal, but also are very likely to kill you earlier, too. Selye described the three-part stress syndrome more than 40 years ago.

The first stage, the alarm, occurs in reaction to any stress, mental or physical. The body prepares for fight or flight in response to the stress. The second stage is the adaptation, in which the body maintains a high level of alertness to deal with the stress. Finally comes the exhaustion phase, during which the body lapses back to its normal state or possibly even lower, recovering from the stress it has been dealing with all along.

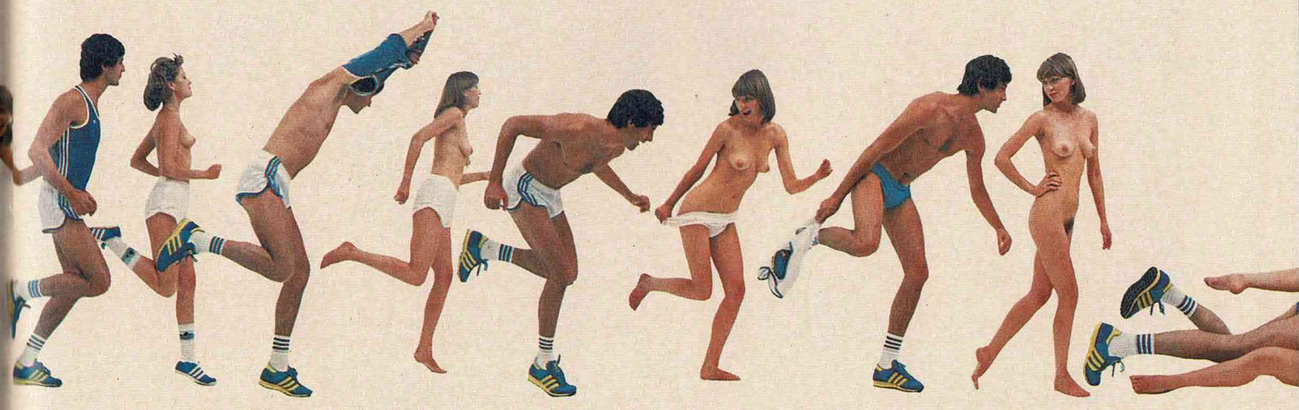
The main problem today is that many stresses cannot be resolved completely, so our system must endure continual recurrences of the stress syndrome. This eventually leads to premature deterioration, ageing, or even death. But Selye suggests that the physical release provided by another, resolvable, stress may help alleviate some of the harmful physiological results of the original stress.

Once again, sexual intercourse has a life-saving potential value in this regard. The person trying to cope with a continual, unresolvable stress can relieve overstress and tension through regular, gratifying sexual intercourse with a sympatico partner.

So there you have it all before you now. Sex is indeed the ultimate exercise, providing aerobic benefits and stress release simultaneously, and without many of the risks of jogging, running, cycling, swimming or competitive sports. Who ever heard of people suffering sprains or stress fractures of their sex organs as joggers and runners so often do in their ankles, feet and legs?

Suddenly, I see a whole new revolution in the sexual field. Jogging and running will become extinct as the "Fornicating for Fitness" movement sweeps the nation.

Who knows, it could even become an Olympic event, with countries vying for gold, silver and bronze medals in the sex marathon. Wouldn't old Flint Hanner have enjoyed it?



WHEN I WAS SIX, HUBERT HAD HAIR

humor By BILL COSBY

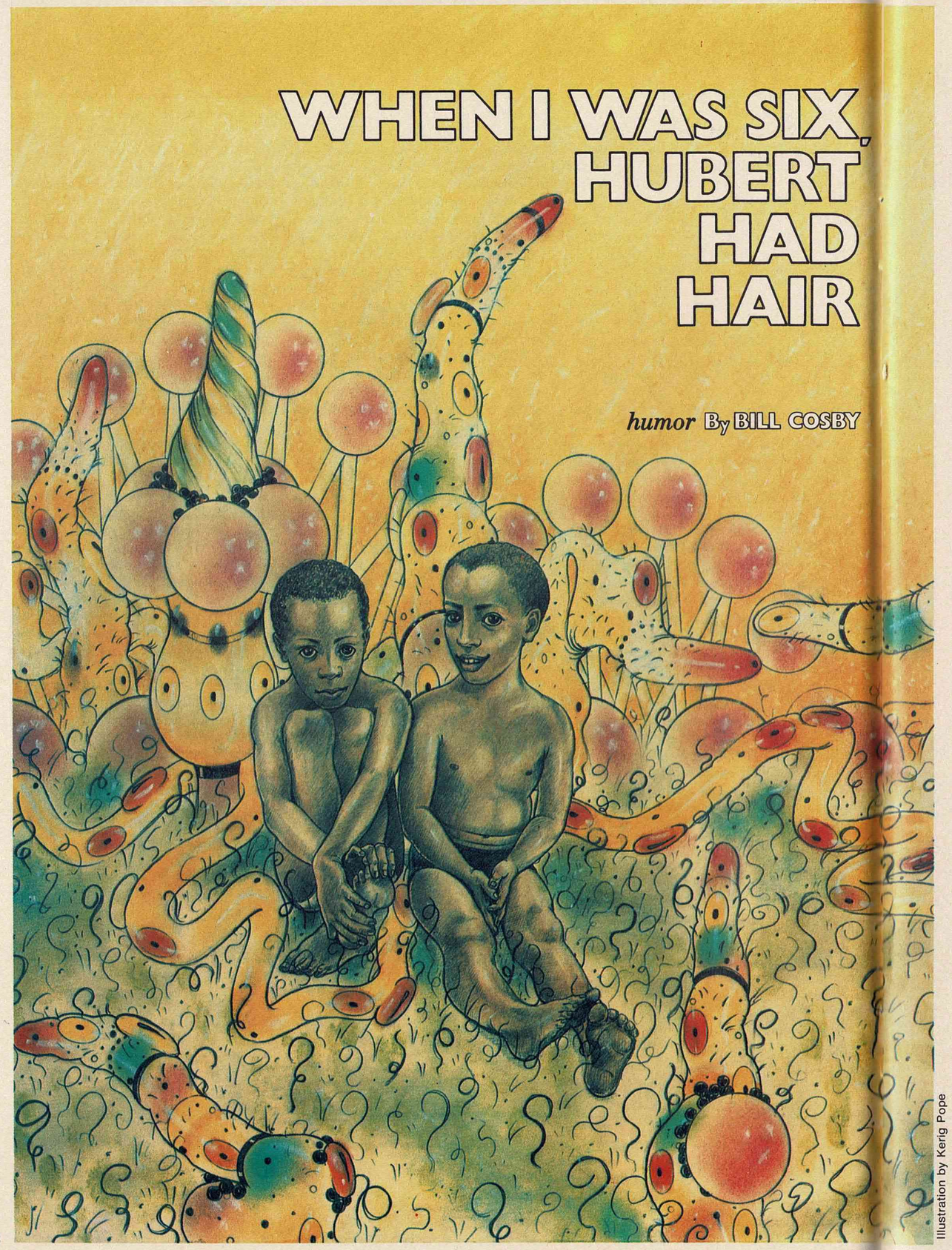


Illustration by Kerig Pope

SIX years old is a very difficult age to be – maybe because you don't have a real body that will defend against anything. Your body is just sort of skinny, and when you're six, there's absolutely no sign of that Charles Atlas look.

You know, when you're six years old, you're more of a large put-together jigsaw puzzle of thin bone with some skin over it. Not that you're skinny; it's just that these things are hanging – you know *arms* and *legs*. The two biggest things are your head and your stomach, which always sticks out, and you can see it breathing. And the thing about being six is that old people come up to you and want to rub your head all the time and say, "Hi, guy". I don't mean old people 50, 60 or 70. I mean old people in their 20s. When you're six, old people keep rubbing your head. You keep flicking them off. You get the feeling that one day they'll rub and rub and rub and rub and rub and your forehead will be gone and you'll have no hair left, just the eyebrows.

"How did you get that way?"

"People. People rubbing on the top of my head."

When you're six, there are very few people you can beat up. Maybe a four-year-old, that's about it; and if you beat up a four-year-old, people will give you no sympathy. They'll hit you and yell, "Why you beat up that small child?" And when you're six, somebody nine years old can really give you a good going over. A nine-year-old is an old person to a six-year-old. He almost has muscles.

When I was six, I had a friend; his name was Roland and Roland was six, too, and he had a body like mine. Me and Roland would walk around with our stomachs breathing together. We played together and when old people went for our heads, we ducked, because we were kind of smooth dudes.

But we had one friend that we looked up to. His name was Hubert. Hubert was 14 years old and Hubert had a body with muscles and that was the thing we loved about Hubert. Hubert would play baseball with us, and take his shirt off because it was hot and he was sweating, and you could see muscles up in his breast. You could also see six rippling stomach muscles sticking out.

Hubert was big and strong and Hubert had outlines of muscles. You could see all six of his stomach muscles and you could see his two breast muscles and that was really a strong look, 'cause all the strong men and Charles Atlas on the back of the comic book had them, too.

Me and Roland looked up to Hubert and one day Hubert decided that he was gonna take us swimming. We lived in North Philadelphia and we had to go down to this place, Eighth and Green. It was a public swimming pool and at Eighth and Green you would swim by rounds. Boys could swim Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and the girls could swim the other days; but we never knew why they had to swim, 'cause only three girls showed up for the whole thing, but 18,000 boys showed up Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Hubert said he was going to take us swimming, so he went over and asked our parents and my parents said yes and Roland's parents said yes, and we were really tickled, man – Hubert was taking us swimming. My father gave me a pair of Navy swimming trunks, which were black and made out of real wool, and they held water real good. When we went in to change clothes, the cubicles held two people, so Roland had to change by himself and I was in there with Hubert.

Hubert is 14 and I'm six – two great bodies standing side by side, changing clothes, and I took off my shirt and Hubert took off his shirt. I took off my pants and I grabbed my black woollen trunks with my father's serial numbers stencilled on them and took the pin that my mother gave me to put in them so that they would stay up, and Hubert took off his pants and, of course, I was very interested, 'cause he was 14 and I wanted to look, you know, and I looked and Hubert had *hair*. I'm telling you, I was never so tickled. That was the funniest-looking thing I had ever seen, I mean hair, and I started to laugh, but I didn't want Hubert to know I was laughing at him, 'cause it was just funny-looking and on top of that, I became frustrated, because when you see something weird, you want to tell somebody and there was nobody else with us, so I went out around to where Roland was changing by himself. I said, "Roland, come look at Hubert."

And Roland said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "You come and see this. Go in and look. Just look – you'll see it."

And Roland went around and he came out laughing and said, "He's got *hair*."

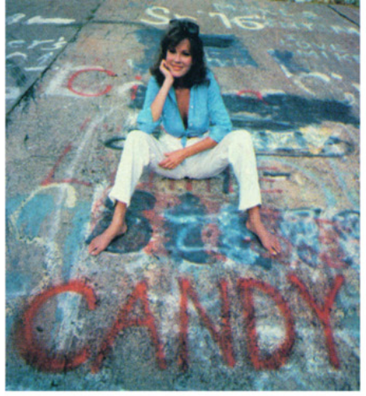
Well, maybe *we* would get some. But we didn't know how it was going to come. Was it a man who delivered it? You never see Santa Claus and you never see the tooth fairy. They come in the middle of the night when you're sleeping. So maybe there's a hair man who's going to come while you're sleeping and pull your pyjamas off and just drop it on you.

But eventually it came and we found out how it was.

PLAYMATE PERFECT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

playboy's 25th anniversary girl proves that candy is dandy



GENTLEMEN, your attention please! May we introduce to you PLAYBOY'S 25th anniversary Playmate: a girl as sweet to the eyes as her name is to the lips. Candy. Candy Loving.

In keeping with our commitment to bring you the best, and only the best, we present her to Australia because, as you will agree, she is something very special, selected from thousands of beauties to celebrate a quarter century of PLAYBOY in the US.

PLAYBOY was almost three years old when Candy was born in Oswego, Kansas. When she was still a baby, her parents moved to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where she lived until four years

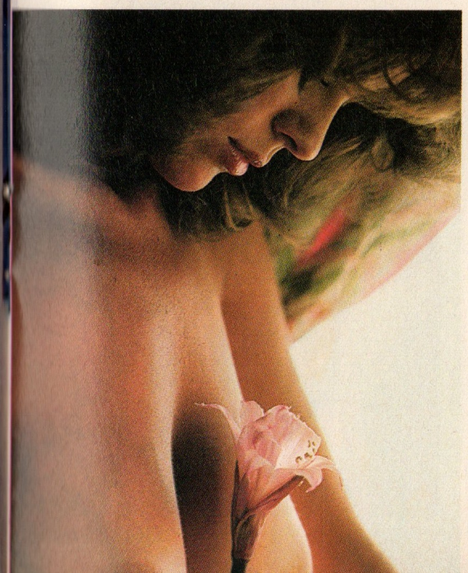
"I like my man to be physically fit, confident, intelligent and easy-going. But no matter who a man is or what he looks like, I'll find him more attractive if he's a gentleman. I love to be treated like a lady."

ago, when she left for the University of Oklahoma in Norman. She's now majoring in public relations.

She was, and is, a lady of uncomplicated tastes. For example, she began reading her boyfriends' copies of PLAYBOY while in high school, and has a surprisingly good recall of the past six years' Playmates. She was jealous of the gatefold girls, of course ("I used to think, Ooooh, they make me *so* sick!"), but time heals all wounds.

On or about March 31, 1978, Candy, encouraged by her family and friends, arrived alone at 9am at the Ramada Inn in Norman, where assistant photography editor Michael Berry was helping conduct the 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt. Candy was Berry's first appointment of the day, and from the way Candy describes it, he knew right away he wasn't meeting just any old Okette.

"When Mike came to the door, I didn't know what to expect," she says. "But there he was, this cute guy with his hair slicked back because he'd just stepped out of the shower. He was kind of sleepy, like he'd just got up. He asked me in for coffee and I asked him if he had chocolate milk. He ordered some and we sat and talked for about 40 minutes before he photographed me." (Oh, Mike, you are a wily one. It



was supposed to be 10 minutes per girl, Mike, *10* minutes.)

As soon as US PLAYBOY received the pictures of Candy, they flew her to Chicago for what was to be the first of eight shooting sessions spaced over a three-month period.

Staff photographer Pompeo Posar, who was the first cameraman to shoot color slides of Candy, noticed two things from the start. The first was that she was a *very* good model, considering that she'd had no previous experience, and the second was that she had to be fed regularly.

"I absolutely cannot go on an empty stomach for any length of time," she says firmly. "I *have* to eat. Three evenly-spaced full meals a day, with maybe a snack now and then, and I'm OK. And if I can't eat, I do best with a

"I had such long, skinny legs in high school I thought I looked funny. Then I developed breasts and got teased all the time. I thought if the legs weren't bad enough, now I've got <u>these</u> to deal with. But it's worked out very well, actually."

glass of milk. Milk is one of my favorite foods. White or chocolate, I love milk."

Obviously, fat is not a problem for Candy. What she doesn't burn up, she works off twice a week in workouts on fitness machines, followed by vigorous swimming. But if food has a special meaning for her, it probably reminds her of her family.

Candy's background didn't prepare her for the luxuries of PLAYBOY hospitality she's enjoyed since becoming a finalist. She admits that when she arrived at Playboy Mansion West, in Los Angeles, for a week-long stay and an introduction to Hugh M. Hefner, she could hardly adjust to the royal treatment she received. "I couldn't believe the ***service,"*** she says. "I'm not used to having my meals cooked for me – and whatever I wanted, at that! Butlers and maids and all. The first time I got hungry between meals, I went to the kitchen and started browsing in the refrigerator. One of the kitchen staff politely told me to take it easy, get out of the kitchen and let ***him*** serve ***me.*** It was marvellous."

When Candy was told that she had been chosen for the US 25th Anniversary issue, she immediately called her mother from Mansion West, where she was staying with a number of finalists. "Mom said, 'Congratulations, beautiful! I'm glad you're doing what you want to do. I'm proud of you and I love you'." With a mother like that, it's easy to see why Candy's so secure and confident.

Level-headed lady that she is, she intends to use some of her $25,000 prize money to pay her tuition for the balance of her senior year, then "put the rest in a savings account so I'll have some security until I get settled into a profession". If things work out as she'd like, she'll take a job in public relations for a national magazine.

Until then, she'll be travelling, meeting people and, we hope, enjoying herself immensely. "I feel so lucky, so fortunate to have been chosen," she says. "Why, if it weren't for this, I'd just be another girl from Oklahoma."

Not necessarily, Candy. We think someone would have discovered you eventually, but we're awfully glad it was us. You make us want to say, in the immortal words of Jackie Gleason: "How sweet it is!"

"I remember a couple of years ago reading in Dear Playboy *Playmate Janet Lupo's tips to girls with big breasts, one of which was: 'Don't play tennis.' I never forgot that, and I never play tennis."*

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Candy Loving

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Candy Loving

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 4/9/56 BIRTHPLACE: Oswego, Kansas

GOALS: To take the days one at a time and make the right decisions along the way.

TURN-ONS: Walt Disney, listening to good music, ice cream, a big, warm bed on a cold, rainy night.

TURN-OFFS: people who brag, violence, fat, people who always act obnoxious when they drink.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran, Dracula by Bram Stoker, How to Save Your Own Life by Erica Jong.

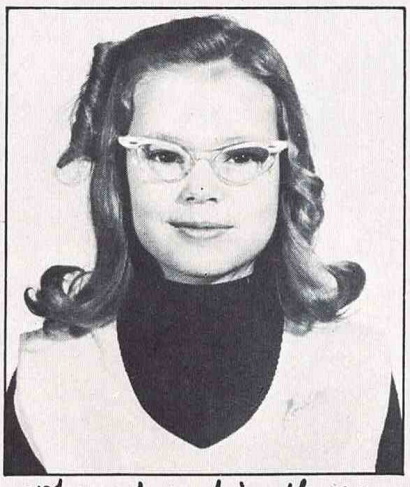
FAVORITE MOVIES: Romeo & Juliet, Ben Hur (I love Charlton Heston!), Turning Point, Fantasia.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles, Steely Dan, Barbra Streisand.

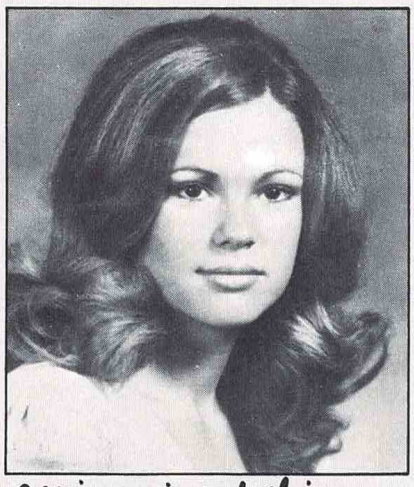
FAVORITE SPORTS: swimming, frisbee, football (I like to let the men play sports while I sit and watch!)

BIGGEST JOY: my family

age 4; posing already!



3rd grade; dig those cat eyes!



Senior pic; feeling very grown up.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Marriage to the football star had proved disappointing to the sexy young thing, since he seemed to be more interested in the grand final race than in her. As he sat morosely guzzling beer one Sunday night, she suddenly broke the silence. "Darling," she said, stubbing out her cigarette, "I'm sorry, but there's something I want to talk to you about."

"Huh?" grunted the jock. "Nah – I don't feel like talking right now. I'm too depressed about this afternoon's game – the one you didn't even bother to come out to see."

"That's what I want to talk about," continued the girl, smiling grimly. "While you were blowing a big one today . . . so was I!"

Though a finicky cocksman named Pete
Would refuse invitations to eat,
A date he was blasting
Kept lasting and lasting . . .
In the end, he went down in defeat.

Every night," the grand vizier whispered to a visitor, "seven different females from this huge harem share the sultan's emperor-size bed, along with a eunuch."

"But what's he doing in there with those women?" the visitor inquired.

"We have a very methodical ruler," explained the GV. "The eunuch acts as the sultan's bookmark."

While drying herself after a shower in front of a full-length mirror, the brunette noticed a grey hair in her pubic patch. "I knew you hadn't been getting much lately," she addressed her womanhood, "but I didn't know you were worrying about it."

Our Unabashed Dictionary (Italian edition) defines *innuendo* as a suppository.

Deliberately dawdling over the breakfast bill of fare, the smart-alec bantered: "I never return to a restaurant unless at least one of the sausages I'm served is a match in size for my own."

"In that case, sir," rejoined the fed-up waitress, "perhaps you'd like to order from the children's menu."

Her-r-re in Scotland, we play golf in all kinds of weather-r-r," the club pro proudly told the pretty Australian tourist. "When it snows, we play with r-r-red balls."

"It's those silly kilts," giggled the girl.

Having wound up their business meeting, the club members ordered drinks and got to swapping stories about shocking experiences they had undergone.

"I remember going on a three-day bender once," related one man, "and waking up in a flea-bag hotel room with an erection in my hand."

"But what's so shocking about that?" challenged one of his listeners.

"Well, it wasn't too long before it penetrated my throbbing skull that the organ with the hard on didn't happen to be my own."

There once was a cop from the Junction
Whose penis had long ceased to function.
For the rest of his life
He deceived his wife
With the dexterous use of his truncheon.

When the real estate salesman offered coffee to the lusciously-built house hunter, she appeared to be somewhat offended. "Look," the man reassured her, "we both know that you're a very attractive woman, but I'm not being presumptuous. It's pretty standard real estate practice to discuss a customer's needs over a cup of coffee."

The woman seemed mollified. "Yes, please," she said, "I will have some."

"Fine!" chortled the man. "Tell me," he continued, "do you take cream in your pussy?"

We've been told there's a new Soviet morality play about a defector to the West who loses both his morality and his sanity. He takes to wearing and flaunting sexy panties day and night and keeps attempting to seduce elderly women. The title of this enthralling drama is *Lacenik and Old Arse.*

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes selected.*

"The toddy wasn't so hot, but the hostess . . .!"

WILLESEE

GALLANT CRUSADER OR KING OF TV'S KANGAROO COURT?

the walk-in whiz-kids won't let privacy stand in the way of instant on-screen justice

article By CHRIS GREENWOOD

POSTERS tell us Michael Willesee is a good man to have on our side. That is, as long as we remain on the right side of him. For Batman Willesee and his camera-toting Robins are striking fear into the hearts of Australia's loan-sharks, swindlers and rip-off men. The bent second-hand car dealers who put treacle and sawdust in the sumps of clapped-out cars without threat of serious reprisal have more than the consumer affairs bureaus to contend with now; they stand a good chance of seeing their misdemeanors flashed around the nation in living color.

Likewise the rogues who invest old-age pensioners' life savings in castles of straw or con penniless couples into buying leaky swimming pools on 100-year hire purchase deals. The cornered crook sometimes will fight back, shielding his face from the accusing lens and parrying the phallic thrust of the gun-mike. More often than not he'll stand in a pool of his own sweat, blabbing his innocence with his mouth but betraying his guilt to the world with his trembling body.

Hundreds of thousands of *Willesee at Seven* viewers watch in righteous indignation. "Hang the blackguard." "Scourge him!" It's the closest thing, in this day

Illustration by Peter Dawson

and age, to the medieval ducking stool. Willesee's dramatic door-knocks are known in the current affairs trade as "walk-ins". They are a last resort when all other attempts to speak to the targets have failed. The walk-ins aren't intended to punish but, being the latter-day master of popular television journalism that he is, Willesee isn't going to lose sleep if the reluctant interviewee breaks down and admits all, or dashes down the road and scales a high fence. It makes bloody good television. The Willesee-type walk-in has caused concern in legal circles.

There is a feeling that this is a gross example of "trial by media", where the accused has no time to prepare his defence. Mr Justice Michael Kirby, chairman of the Australian Law Reform Commission, says: "If a camera is whirring and you are under scrutiny, there would be many who would think, 'I have to make in one-tenth of a second a decision as to whether I will appear to be dishonest, evasive and suspicious by refusing to answer – or whether, unprepared and unready, I will go into battle against highly-skilled interrogators in front of an audience of tens of thousands.' No court would enforce that type of justice. This is the return to the kangaroo court.

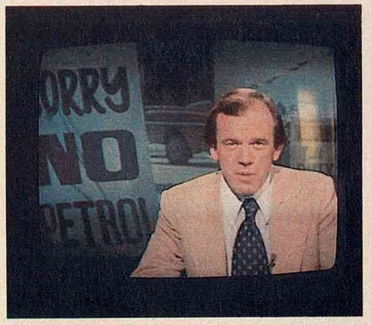
"Fairness is a well-worn word in the English language, but that is what it is all about. It is a fundamental rule of natural justice. Hear the other side – and in truth you don't always hear the other side if a microphone is stuck under his nose and he is not able to collect his thoughts at such short notice. Now you put a microphone under my nose and I'll give you as good as you give me. But you can't expect that of the ordinary person who is taken by surprise and isn't in a position to state his case."

Of course you can't actually force people to talk to a television camera, so in this respect reporters are within their rights. "There is no trangression if the subject doesn't want to talk and thumbscrews aren't physically applied," explains Judge Kirby. "But if you sling a microphone in front of someone's nose he might assume he *has* to give an interview. People can be ignorant of their rights. Most people think that when a policeman asks them questions, they are obliged to answer. The exact opposite is the position in our legal system. The criminal knows this, the rich can soon find out. But John Citizen is often unaware that the policeman must warn him that what he says could be taken down."

Privacy is a very provocative word in journalistic and legal groups these days. In Australia we still stick to the view of our British forefathers that our homes are our castles. Is the Willesee walk-in, then, an invasion of the accused's privacy?

Judge Kirby says: "Well, if it happened at his home, I'd say it is. The old definition of privacy was the right to be let alone. But none of us can be let alone completely in 20th century society. We are all very interdependent. We have to fill in our tax returns and census papers. We live in a very stratified society, so we can't be let alone in the absolute sense. But privacy isn't an absolute value, it's a relative value. It has to be weighed against other values, including the free flow of information and the right of the public to have free facts and a vigorous and inquisitive media."

Does it make a difference, then, if Willesee's interviewers catch their wanted man at his home or his business



premises? "There are degrees of privacy," says the judge. "The bedroom and shower cubicle are most private. These chambers in which you interview me are relatively private. The vestibules through which you came are less private. The lift is becoming public." So a man on his business premises has little privacy at all.

Although the end result usually will make riveting television, Willesee says he hates doing walk-ins. "I think it is dangerous. I wish it wasn't necessary. But I'm not prepared to say to a lonely old-age pensioner who is suffering and has just been evicted from her home unfairly but legally that because the law won't protect her I won't . . . even if it does mean invading the privacy of the man responsible.

"If we have evidence that the guy is acting crookedly and she is being dealt with unfairly, we'll walk in if the guy won't agree to an interview. If I'm wrong it could cost me a lot of money. Even the act of walking in on a man implies he has something to hide. If I

walk in on you and accuse you of doing something crooked and you haven't, you can sue and take me to court for defamation."

There are a few writs in the pipeline over *Willesee at Seven* stories, but none as the result of walk-ins. Phil Davis, Willesee's long-standing partner and senior producer, explains: "We only do a walk-in if we really have to, and when we have tried every other possible way of contacting the person for interview. We always try to advise them beforehand – very few walk-ins are totally unexpected. We don't fall foul of the law because we are pretty sure of our facts before we walk in.

"Anyway, we don't do that many. I can't remember the last time we did one, come to think of it. It's just that when we do, they create a big impact."

I remember one walk-in I'd rather forget. It was shortly after I joined Willesee's team as a producer in 1977. An irate woman contacted us with an incredible story. She had been working as a waitress in a Chinese restaurant. Two men had eaten their meal and received their bill. One left without paying, and the other went to the lavatory. He was there for a long time, so the proprietor ordered the woman to check on him. She refused. The proprietor finally checked and found the second man had shot through. The restaurateur sacked the woman on the spot and deducted the outstanding bill from her wages.

Clearly, a grave injustice had been done. Reporter Trish Sheppard was sent with a camera crew to check out the woman. I went along for moral support, because if it came to a walk-in Mike didn't like the idea of a woman going in unprotected. The waitress's story seemed watertight. She had her wage slip with the bill deducted and there was a colleague prepared to back the story if required. We walked up to the back door of the restaurant, camera turning, microphone on.

The proprietor, a Chinese, opened the door, blinked at us in amazement and, faced with the allegations, admitted everything. The waitress suddenly started screaming at him in her broad Ulster accent, like a Bogside woman letting rip at British soldiers over the barricades. As she abused him, she kept darting looks at the camera, confident that Willesee was on her side. Completely cowed, the owner submitted quickly to her demands, took a wad of notes out of his back pocket and refunded the bill money he'd deducted from her final wage packet.

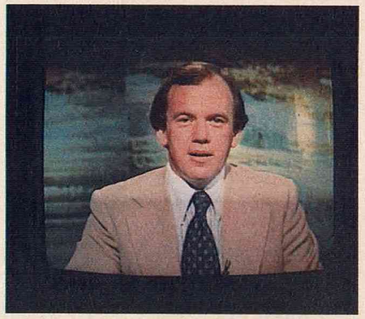
Justice had been done – albeit rather rough justice. The proprietor was almost certainly in the wrong. He had had no right to take the money out of her wages. When customers flit without paying a bill, it is a loss a businessman must be prepared to absorb. If the woman could have afforded the time and money to drag the man through a civil court she would certainly have won the case.

But when the story went to air, I felt guilty. And worse, I felt petty. It was like taking Muhammad Ali to

settle the sixth class bully. No one but myself was to blame. I had taken the call from the switch girl, seen the story possibilities in the woman's predicament, and suggested it to Davis and Willesee. Having received the OK, I produced the segment from the start of filming to final editing.

Trish Sheppard was glad to have me along on the walk-in. She hated doing them. Most Willesee reporters do. And, unlike Trish in this particular instance, they usually go in unprotected. Simon Townsend was reporting for us at the same time. He recalls: "Willesee is particularly unrelenting and unforgiving about walk-ins."

Trish Sheppard is no longer with *Willesee at Seven.* Neither am I. Staff join then leave the program with a speed which surprises even the capricious and highly erratic Australian TV industry. It goes back to doing it Willesee's way. If you don't or won't or can't, it's the boot. Or you beat the boot by quitting, like I did. Willesee has his formula. It has



worked since the early, heady, high-rating days of *A Current Affair,* when he fronted and produced the show, and he is sticking with it. The formula is: take a half-hour of peak evening viewing and fill it with hard-nosed investigation, dramatic walk-ins, examination of social issues such as drugs and pornography, consumer stories and information, pretty girls, pop, politics, interviews with showbiz stars and other personalities in the news, human interest and animal yarns and humor. Sounds familiar? Sure, it's the good old popular newspaper recipe. In slightly different circumstances, Willesee would have made a highly proficient editor of a Rupert Murdoch tabloid newspaper.

But compare his program with a sensation-sheet like the Melbourne *Truth* and you'll get Willesee snappy. "Oh, no. No! We are very careful on matters of taste and we are never scandalous. In fact we turn away from stories which are scandalous. We have the exposé attitude in consumer affairs to protect the little guy."

Some journalists have left *Willesee at Seven* because they felt uneasy about the content. Some aren't missed; others are. Sorely. Particularly the senior, experienced men such as Stuart Littlemore, who set a Willesee staff record by lasting just one day.

Littlemore set out that first morning on a story about a men's home, brought it back and edited it. Willesee and Davis were delighted. It was screened hurriedly and there must have been a bad error in timing, for several minutes had to be cut off the end of the story while on air. At that time of the night, peak evening viewing, on a national commercial network, you have to come out at 7.28 on the knocker. Littlemore was furious and resigned on the spot after a raging row. He declines now to comment about the incident, but Davis is only too willing to put his side:

"He said that at the ABC they would have allowed the story to run over those last few minutes, but I explained that this was commercial television and we just couldn't. There would have been terrible problems within the Seven network. There was nothing I could say to pacify him and he stormed off home. Mike rang him later, but he wouldn't change his mind. It was a great story he'd done. Just great. We were very sorry to lose Littlemore."

Interviewer Simon Townsend didn't quit *Willesee at Seven;* he was kicked out. This, too, must have set some sort of current affairs record, for it was the third time Willesee had sacked him. The first was when Willesee was pruning staff at *ACA* in 1973, and the second was in 1976 when he was winding down his weekly *Willesee* program at Seven. Paradoxically, the sackings haven't dented the long-standing friendship between Townsend and Willesee. They still socialise.

Willesee and Davis have found it particularly hard to keep experienced producers. Jeremy Cornford joined them in December, 1976, in the early days of *Willesee at Seven,* from a top-level production battle record in commercial television news and on the ABC's *This Day Tonight.* Cornford lasted a mere three months as the second Sydney producer (the program also has a Melbourne office with its own producer). I was to take his place shortly afterwards. I had never met Cornford, but talking to him recently I found we shared a lot of common

reasons for not being happy working on *Willesee at Seven.*

Cornford says: "I wasn't doing what I was best able to do. I'm a producer, a behind-the-camera person. I like the pace and excitement of news . . . I'm a real sticky-beak, particularly concerning politics. My ideas of how the program should be done clashed with those of Mike and Davo. I'm not saying either way was right or wrong, but they

do what they want, and look how successful the show is.

"Before, I'd always produced for people who take orders, but Mike is an autocrat – he is the executive producer and boss as well as the front man. It's the only time I've left a job feeling I hadn't achieved something. While I was there I felt like an office boy."

Willesee and Davis know instinctively what stories are required, how they should be done and how they should be edited. Working under heavy daily pressure there is no time to fight a newcomer's differing points of view when there are 30 minutes of national television to fill every week night.

The Willesee-Davis partnership is a tough team to top – it sweeps any opposition before it. Davis was Phil Lynch's press officer before joining Willesee at *A Current Affair*. He is best remembered in the business as an ace crime reporter on the Sydney *Daily Mirror*. His knickname was "Louie", the tough guy who could fix anything. Davis is a powerfully-built man with dark hair and a knocked-about face – the legacy of his years as a footballer. His toughness is more than skin-deep.

At 40, the age when many top journos chicken out of the action and prefer to pontificate from the pub, Davis is still there with his foot in the planning door, someone else's in the real one. Willesee asks the impossible of him and he delivers it, almost daily. I thought I'd seen some telephone magic in the past with journalists wheedling their way around reluctant would-be interviewees, but Davis is up there with the Merlins. The fingers drum quickly on the desk for a few moments, then he snatches up the receiver, talking into it softly and turning the broad shoulders towards you as a shield. He'll not easily take "no" for an answer. Davo's quite prepared to offer a reluctant talking head a bottle of champagne and a free lift to and from the studio in a plush limousine.

There is a fair bit of cynicism in the inherently bitchy television business about the Willesee-Davis double act. Generally the latter is considered to be the former's doormat, henchman, assassin . . . even today. Jeremy Cornford's is a very useful and, to my mind, accurate assessment of the relationship: "I finished up with a lot of respect for Davo. He's Willesee's alter ego, his sounding board, punchbag even. I never resented their close relationship, and certainly didn't want Davo's role for my own. If Willesee had spoken to me like that I would have told him to stick his job up his arse. A lot of rotten things are said about Phil, but I really got to like him."

On one occasion, when Willesee and I were alone, I suggested to him that he relied on Davis to do his dirty work. His reply: "Davo's the senior producer and it is his job to deal with the production staff. So he's in a position where he has to be tough and I don't – not directly, anyway. If guys turn up late or booze on the job, that's Davo's problem, not mine. But I step in if I see standards drop and the product is not coming in on time."

What about all those people who had passed through *Willesee at Seven,* including myself, and found it impossible to click with Davis? "In a pressure job like this, if it's not working for you then it'll be unpleasant," says Willesee. "I think you found that. It's no place if you haven't fitted into the machinery. Most of the reporters who complain about Davo are the ones who weren't making it, and he was the one who had to tell them." Those who don't walk out are given the chop. Quickly. Willesee is unrepentant: "It's no good saying we'll give the guy a couple of months and in the meantime lose 20 stories."

The reporters who have hung in there tend to be very young – like

"My way happens to have worked for a number of years, so I'm going to keep doing it my way."

Howard Gipps and Bill Bennett, both in their mid-20s. "Well, if they know they've a lot to learn and they want to learn, that's a big help," says Willesee. "We've had guys here who had experience and could have settled into the job, but subconsciously they didn't want to be told. They would look at me and say 'Why does he know more than me? I've been in the business as long as he has.'

"It has to be done my way because if it fails it is my fault. If they do it their way and it fails, it is still my fault. My way happens to have worked for a number of years, so I'm going to keep doing it my way. Our young guys, Bill and Howard, are our senior reporters now. They both came from the ABC but they are performing at twice the level they were when they first joined us. They are earning considerably more and have a much bigger future. They are pushed, and they like the way they are learning."

This set "way of doing it", which Willesee mentions so often, is presumably what worked the wonders with *ACA* and now again with Seven. So what is the secret? A carefully-brewed magic formula, concocted maybe with the help of a computer? "Pace and balance are the secrets," he says. "If you lose someone's interest with one story there's a fair chance you'll get them back with the next. That's why political interviews have to be really good to go more than four minutes. We have to take in the whole world around us, not just politics and news."

Willesee has no serious rivals in Australia when it comes to putting this type of program over to the television masses. He can sound and look serious when the subject is serious and next minute almost break up laughing over an item featuring Norman Gunston or his staff comic, Paul Makin. He is the ladies' man, shirt unbuttoned half-way down his chest, one minute snarling pugnaciously about some rip-off ratbag, the next flashing that crooked, boyish smile. Women want to bed him, the boys like to see him in the pub and slap him on the back. As a producer, I found it scintillating to watch someone work so well on screen. Jeremy Cornford puts it this way: "Turn a camera on Willesee and he is without peer in this country."

Even so, Willesee kicks back persistently at suggestions that his on-camera presence alone is what makes his programs work. "Even the network here at Seven seems to think of me as the front man and forget about my executive producer duties," he says. "When I left *ACA* the critics, who had been less than kind to me over the years, turned around and claimed it wouldn't work without Willesee. Poor Mike Minehan had a really terrible job coming in because they rubbished him and said I couldn't be replaced.

"The fact is that with Minehan there it went on for at least a year with similar ratings – maybe a couple of points down, but still very viable."

Willesee admits his presence was needed up front to get his new nightly Seven venture started in 1976. "Being honest, I don't think we would have got it off the ground with another front man and executive producer," he says. For most of 1977 he was level-pegging with *ACA*. It was an unpleasant scrap to the death; everyone knew one or the other had to go.

"When Michael Schildberger was reappointed executive producer of *ACA* I knew we'd win," Willesee says. And he was right.

Humor always has been an important part of the Willesee formula – first with Paul Hogan at *ACA,* then with John Derum during his Channel Ten stint, and now with Paul Makin and "Luigi Risotto" at Seven. Willesee himself has a very dry sense of humor,

SUIT YOURSELF

you're a professional, so why don't you dress like one?

HERE'S what the man who wants to catch everyone's eye will be wearing in the office this year: Givenchy three-piece suit in pure wool, featuring narrower collar and lapels, $480; striped cotton shirts, also by Givenchy, $70; reversible leather belt with gold buckle by Cache, $47; patterned silk tie by Josette France, $30; shoes with gold trim by John Karandonis, $75; polyester/cotton traditional-style trenchcoat by Frieze, $120. And the accessories: calf leather attaché case with combination locks by Cache, $290; woollen scarf by Frieze, $14; umbrella by Bianca Pace, for Cache, $65. Stockists on Page 198.

Photography by Tandy Rowley

as watchers of the 1977 and '78 Sammy awards might have noticed.

It is not generally realised just how much he contributes to the show's comedy segments. When Norman Gunston did his now-famous Shere Hite walk-off routine (Ms Hite had done the real thing a few days earlier) the preceding interview, I thought, was hysterically funny. Gunston talked about the wonderful new TV series, *I, Clitoris,* mentioned the ocean-going fun game deck "coitus", and seemed to confuse "organism" with "orgasm".

I was surprised to hear from Garry McDonald, the actor who plays Norman, that most of Gunston's funny lines during this segment were conceived by Willesee. "I've always got on very well with Gunston," says Willesee, "much better than with Garry, who's very quiet. They are two completely different people, as you know. Well, Garry and I sat down and worked out a few things. He didn't like a lot of my lines – like *I, Clitoris,* for instance – but when he changed to Norman later, out it all came. Even though I'd discussed these lines quite soberly with Garry, when Norm threw my own lines back at me, I collapsed. It was so funny – it wasn't the lines, but Norman."

Willesee persists with Paul Makin despite heavy bucketing from the critics, who seem to think Makin is about as funny as a bad attack of haemorrhoids the day your income tax demand arrives. But I don't know how anyone can deny Makin's talent after his story about the sickie-takers at the 1978 Sydney Rugby League Grand Final replay. Or his film send-up of Sylvester "Rocky" Stallone on a training run. Sure, he mugs the camera a lot, and some of his attempts fail badly. But remember, he's turning those stories out at a daily rate with minimum room for preparation.

During the short time I produced Makin I was amazed at his energy in the field – and his lack of any sort of embarrassment. I'll never forget him taking his trousers off in a shopping complex, and going up and down an escalator in his underpants and braces. He'll do anything, just anything, to get that laugh on camera.

Makin is difficult and can be a royal pain in the rectum around the office, shouting at crews and film editors and generally stacking on tantrums. But I've worked with some of the biggest hysterics in the business and Makin was tame in comparison. You put up with all the crap if someone delivers the goods.

Professional comics don't like Makin much, either. Paul Hogan gets very thin-lipped when his name is mentioned, Barry Humphries has insulted him in public, and Garry McDonald accuses him openly of plagiarising Norman Gunston.

Willesee sticks doggedly with his latest prodigy: "He works with the public, and that's all that matters." Because of the magazine nature of his program, Willesee often has to skip from a story about mass murder to Makin trying on the latest male and female beach fashions.

"The transition must be smooth," he explains. "Sometimes I'll just talk for 15, 20 seconds to move around the mood." Willesee winced at a recent memory. He'd been listening to popular Sydney radio personality Mike Gibson while driving to the television studios. "Gibson did a very savage number on all the murder and brutality about. There had been eight murders in two weeks, then finally the guy who got the mentally retarded girl, put a harness over her head and sexually assaulted her.

"At the end of it Gibson said as his punchline: 'You wonder why some people are born.' He obviously cued his producer straight to a commercial break. The commercial started with a dreadful laugh . . . ha, ha, ha, harrr! It was a plug for a new stage comedy. I thought, 'Christ, stop it! Surely they'll realise the mistake and get it off.' I had never before heard such a dreadful juxtaposition."

"If the big guy's ripping you off he'll be much more subtle, so much more clever. We're just not able to fight these battles."

Although he and Davis depend heavily on the newspapers for their follow-through stories, Willesee is contemptuous of the Australian press. It could be partly due to the terrible pounding he took when his first marriage was breaking up. Critics have a special, chilly corner in the darkest recesses of his soul.

Willesee is a public crusader, but he is criticised for tending to pick on the smaller fry rather than big corporations. After all, it is easier to kick down the door of a shonky backstreet car dealer than barge into the board room of a multinational corporation. This is a sensitive area with Willesee, who was, after all, a vigorous investigative reporter.

He says: "Look at our armory and you'll see it's impossible for us to take on the big guys. We have a limited budget and on average we have to produce a story in six hours. Taking on the big guy would mean, first, six months of research. You'd need lawyers on your team and crack investigators and you would get no film for six months. Probably you wouldn't get it to air anyway. If the big guy's ripping you off he'll be much more subtle, so much more clever. He'll probably be legal. We're just not able to fight these battles."

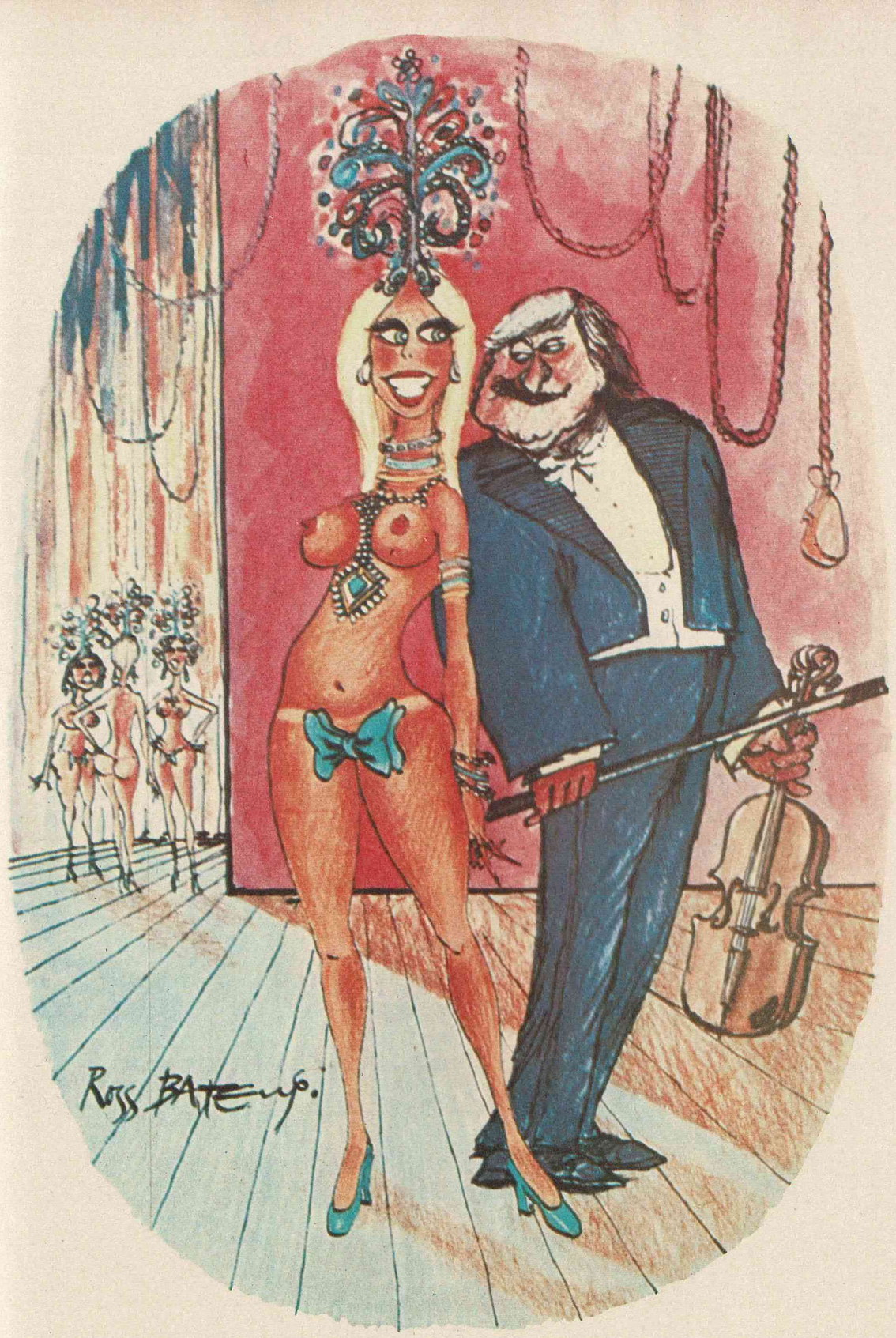
Not that Willesee hasn't tried to take on the heavies. While I was with the show a Melbourne reporter was putting together an inquiry about a big Australian company. It has yet to go to air. "Yes, we prepared a lengthy report on the company's activities in the hire purchase field and the network wasn't satisfied we had a sufficient case or sufficient evidence to put it to air," Willesee admits.

At 25, Willesee was a young larrikin with whom film crews liked to travel and work. At 36, he is hardly the same man. He is aloof, plays the tough tycoon, and means it. While I was there, a young cameraman spent a four-month period with the program without exchanging so much as a "g'day" with Willesee.

Willesee explains the hardening process this way. "When I started with *A Current Affair* I was totally ignorant. I got the budget I asked for but it was a third too little. Most of the first year we ran at a loss. They asked me if I could produce and I said, 'Sure!' But I'd never produced. I'd walked through a control room but never worked in one. So I told a few fibs about that.

"The first months were hell. I realised people just had to deliver or they shouldn't be there. I worked 16 to 18 hours a day. You always hear of people doing that but they rarely do. I did. One night at six o'clock, no matter which way we stretched, we only had 14 minutes of material. We had no standbys. The 14 minutes even included a repeat 'by popular demand'. All the crews had gone out and come back without stories. We tried to pull some guy out of a pub to interview but that didn't work.

"So we got some startled critic on about sex education. He said he didn't know it was an issue and I said 'Oh, yes, it's beginning to brew'. I really felt like just falling on the floor and bursting into tears. Suddenly, four months into *ACA,* I thought I'd had it. I'd been almost without sleep for that time and there'd been a lot of worry. Next day I am sure I was a tougher man. I learned to be the boss in a situation where the boss just *had* to be tough."



"I should warn you, Mr Bernard. There are quite a few strings attached to MY bow."

RAW POWER

a stunning salute to those sexy superbikes

lifestyle By JOHN HAMPSHIRE

YOU MIGHT think it's madness, a dangerous technological wank, but there's nothing crazy about the rich prize waiting for the motorcycle maker who can capture the bloodlust of the superbike brigade.

In the battle to produce the most outrageous, technically advanced, large capacity, high powered blood-and-guts monster the manufacturers' minions can muster, the debate over whether they're meeting a market demand or creating it gets lost in a shower of hot rubber dust and dollar notes – or, more appropriately, yen. It's the Japanese, of course. They lifted motorcycle technology out of the doldrums of the '50s into the dynamism of the '70s by sucking amazing wads of power out of tiny engines. After paving the way for "multi madness" by making high technology riding available to the masses, they turned their skills loose on much bigger motors.

Other nations have a slice of the world market: the stylish Italians; the British, not entirely a spent force; the Americans, since their return from cloud chrome-plated land; even the gentlemen from

Kawasaki Z1-R

Suzuki GS1000EC

Yamaha XS Eleven

Honda CBX

Bavaria have booted their famous bikes into the 1000cc high performance arena.

But Honda really started something when it introduced the 750cc four-cylinder four-stroke in 1969. The legacy of that birth is a group of four one-litre roadburners from the Land of the Rising Sun – the Honda CBX, Yamaha XS Eleven, Kawasaki Z1-R and Suzuki GS1000EC – and here we have a most curious irony: they are outcasts in their own country, where the national speed limit is 80km/h and no motorcycle over 750cc can be sold to the public. It's only us foreigners who have access to machines capable of running a standing quarter mile in the 11s and turning in a top speed of around 225km/h (a mere 140mph).

If there's one thing about these projectiles that bears repeating, it is that they can be the ultimate trip in *experienced* hands. You wouldn't give a baby a loaded .22 rifle.

It has often been said that BMW is the Rolls-Royce of bikes. If that's true, then the Honda CBX is the Lamborghini Countach. There is no more highly-developed or more powerful production motorcycle on the market. Six cylinders, six carburettors, four valves a head, double overhead cams and 105 unbroken horsepower add up to a handful of ferocity.

A friend with racing experience in cars and a long association with big bikes dropped off it like a leaf after a quick (believe it) try-out one night. "Of course," he said, stuttering only slightly, "you'd have to have terminal cancer to buy one." It's only half funny; the thought of some inexperienced 17-year-old yobbo pushing this thing through sunny, downtown suburbia is paralysing.

On the other hand, for the experienced rider there's no going back. The high technology devoted to the power plant is equally applied to the rest of the machine. Handling is light and positive; the gearbox follows the left toe like a bloodhound; and the disc brakes bring 320kg-plus of bike and rider to heel with unfailing authority.

High performance bikes usually whip up through the revs, really get steaming through their power band and give you the last couple of thou up to the red line almost for nothing. Not so the Yamaha XS Eleven. Its tacho needle doesn't whip – it marches, relentlessly driving the rear wheel from under 2000rpm all the way to the red line at 8500rpm. If you keep waiting for the torque to die off before you change up, top gear will find you somewhere around Alice Springs.

Don't worry too much about the CBX's extra 10bhp. If you dare to say 95bhp won't do the trick, the XS Eleven's thrust will drive the words back down your throat and press your head toward your spine. And when you change into second . . . this is a touring bike?

The Kawasaki Z1-R is a good example of how a little bit of streamlining can go a long way. The smallest of the Japanese makers represented here, Kawasaki has kept its name right up there with the big ones through its knack of turning out something different, not to mention downright outrageous. It paved the way into the one-litre area with its 900cc Z1 in 1972, a four-cylinder beast that locked the term superbike into the language.

By 1977 we had the Z1000 and later that year the first of the trim, upgraded Z1-R sports machines. All this development means Kawasaki has had a lot of practice at putting large amounts of power – in this case 90bhp – on to the road. High speed stability is faultless – just as well when you're sitting on top of a proven power plant that sounds like a muted 747 on take-off. Feels like it might match the 747 for thrust, too.

Handling is enhanced by some very attractive cast alloy wheels which, while not unique to Kawasaki, have greater rigidity and improve suspension response.

Yet there's no question where the handling honors lie in this bunch. If you've ever wondered what it might be like to be married to 87bhp, the Suzuki GS1000EC gives you a pretty fair idea. Wheeling it into a sweeping right-hander at 160km/h provides a breath-taking sample of the ultimate man-machine unity.

The honeymoon isn't over when you start puttering around town, either. The Suzuki is a complete joy to ride, a joy based mainly on the faultless handling but also on the smooth 997cc motor and the carefully-designed controls, right down to the self-cancelling indicators.

In this group of Japanese machines only the Honda is more expensive, but the Suzuki is the lightest and quite long at 87.6in (2225mm), an arrangement that has a lot to do with making a big four-cylinder motorcycle respond like a trail bike. You'll get some curious harmonics out of the engine, but the sounds are consistent and not worrying. There's plenty of power, so if we had the roads and the laws, the Suzuki is one of a very few bikes I would be game to try to the advertised maximum speed of 219km/h (137mph).

The BMW R100RS is another big machine that engenders complete trust. We must mention it here, partly because it's the only other one-litre machine readily available in Australia, mostly because it's in a class of its own.

Even if your maiden aunt can't tell a motorcycle from a road line marker, chances are she knows what a BMW is; it's also quite likely that a BMW built when she was in pigtails is still on the road. The boys from Bavaria built their fame on decades of durability and, particularly more recently, elegant refinement.

They know the value of apparent simplicity – "apparent" because in fact vast efforts have gone into making certain every piece of the machine functions precisely as it should. The "simplicity" aspect is obvious. The design of the flat twin engine has remained basically the same for generations – no faddish swing to multis here.

And why should there be? These bikes aren't made to be traffic light dragsters, yet the smooth, throbbing power of the R100RS and its beautifully tuned fairing prove that BMW keeps on top of modern technology. The hidden technical achievements are responsible for something most people don't believe – the R100RS is the lightest of the five bikes here, in one case by 46kg (100lb).

The motor is rated at 70bhp – under a different system to the Japanese and therefore hard to compare – but that's not the point. If there is anywhere in Australia where the speed limits and the roads will let you sit on 200km/h, the R100RS will let you try it, hour after hour, day after day, safely and comfortably. That's how fast BMW says it will go. And that's exactly how fast you can cruise it.

	dry weight (kg)	bhp	capacity (cc)	price (December)
HONDA CBX	247	105	1047	$4299
YAMAHA XS ELEVEN	256	95	1101	$3499
SUZUKI GS1000EC	234	87	997	$3611
KAWASAKI Z1-R	246	90	1015	$3295
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"Business is fine, but I could do with more cash flow."

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

erotica

By DONALD FRIEND

a privileged preview of his new masterpiece, bumbooziana

BUMBOOZIANA *is destined to become a landmark in Australian publishing and erotic art. The limited issue of 150 bound copies (over-subscribed at $900 a set) climaxes the long career of expatriate artist Donald Friend, and is sure to gain him world acclaim. In his introduction, Friend half-jokingly describes himself as an "artist of world renown" and thanks his anagramatic "helpers" Dodlan Dinerf, Nadlodn Ferndin (sic) and Fidel Ronndda.*

Bumbooziana's *Sundry Notes and Papers, collected by Friend and presented in two magnificent handwritten volumes published by Gryphon Books, go beyond the bounds of erotica (and, for that matter, scientific research) to reveal a world where life and art are indistinguishable. It is a world where copulation is the preoccupation of all moving things and where anthropologists sit under the stars and debate the meaning of it all. It is also a world in which Friend's bitter-sweet philosophy of life is laid bare, and in which he sadly concludes that there are not enough orifices in the human body to keep it interesting.*

The Friend philosophy is revealed through a series of evening "pow wows", campfire symposiums in the Bumbooza foothills, in which the members of the Natural and Instinctive Bestiality Research Expedition offer their diverse thoughts on life and art.

The key characters are Miss Wilhelmina ("Bill") McTaggart, the Expedition's star epigraphist, palaeontologist and lepidopterist (a "kind-hearted, self-effacing and brilliant woman", who dresses sensibly in sturdy plus-fours and smokes cigarettes through a long holder); Dr Tarkington Newbold, an unpopular and remarkably crass American; Madame Minette, proprietor of Bumboozaville's finest hotel (where the can-can dancers are the president's secret police); and two Germans, Herr Pfeiffling, the Expedition's photographer, and Herr Doktor Blaufleugel.

NARCISSISM

"IN THE days before mirrors it seems that people looked at their reflections in pools of water," (says Dr Tarkington Newbold). "It seems this Narcissus character was real handsome, but dumb as they come. So when he sees his reflection in a pool he doesn't wake up to it being himself. He just thinks jees, and he falls in love, gets the hotties for the reflection. He keeps going back to see if he can strike up an acquaintance with the handsome stranger in the pool. One day he takes along a bottle and fills it with the water to try to take away the reflection with him. Man, was that guy dumb. Anyway, in the end he tries making a wild grab at the reflection and what happened, he fell in and drowned.

"Well to cut the story short, the antique this Greek wanted to sell me, the so-called Mirror of Narcissus, was actually the original bottle of water. I beat him down from eight hundred dollars to five hundred and got it as a bargain."

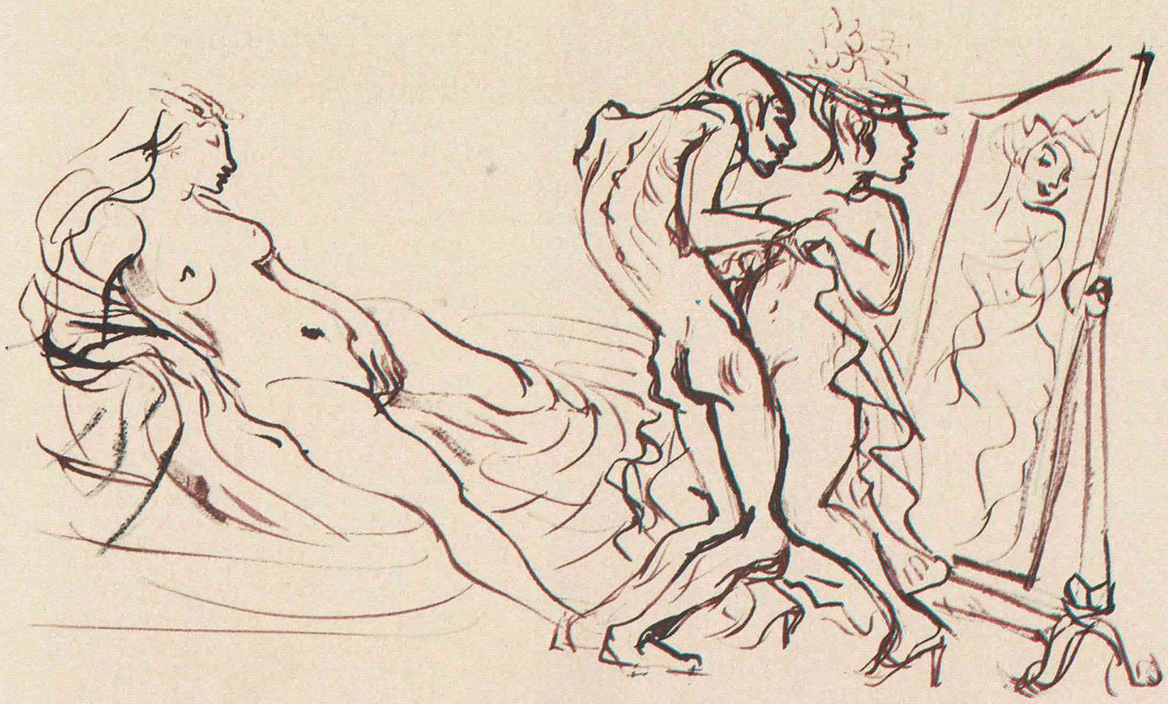
Despite the uncontrollable antipathy that all of Dr Tarkington Newbold's words arouse in me (so crassly ignorant, crassly materialistic and crassly cunning, as they always are), in this instance I found myself reluctantly in agreement.

There is a curious contradiction in our attitude towards Narcissus; for we readily accept that of all the forms of love practised by man, the first love, the deepest true love, the love to which he remains faithful from cradle to grave, is self love. Then why is it that when we hear of the pulchritudinous Narcissus becoming so desperately enamoured of his reflection in a pool, we think the pretty fellow an awful fool? Because he drowned himself for love instead of living and enjoying it.

Herr Pfeiffling, the Expedition's respected photographer, advanced the opinion that, deprived of Narcissism, the human species would be reduced to something less than apes. For without it, he argued, we should have neither the virtues of self-respect, the disciplines of self-criticism, the pleasures of masturbation, nor any apprehension of the individual nature of personality.

The learned Herr Doktor Blaufleugel concurred. "Mitout all dat," he said, "ve iss all nuttink but monkeys. Und vot iss more," he added, "der Narcissismus iss der foundation of der happy marriage. If dey did not luff demselfs der silly buggers couldn't put up mit one-anudder."

"I don't suppose anyone would be so foolish nowadays as to deny that Narcissism, in the form of a frankly avowed self love, constitutes a powerful force for social good," said "Bill" (the Expedition's star epigraphist, Miss Wilhelmina McTaggart). "It has played a tremendously important part in moulding the essential character of Occidental genius, which proclaims itself in progressively rarified forms of pure individualism. The whole purpose of civilisation is the separation of individuals from the herd. Each individual must strive first



to perfect himself. And to hell with all the others. Descending from the ideal to its practical application, it is obvious that an eleventh Commandment ought to be added to the Decalogue – 'Go fuck thyself '. And to that an equally sacred response – 'Go thou and do likewise'."

"In der great emergency, der Moment of Truth, der partner iss nuttink," opined the good Dr Blaufleugel. "You iss all alone mit yourself."

"Madre de Dios! You make it sound like a penance in solitary confinement," argued Madame Minette. "That would never do for me. I am sociable. My nature is both rebellious, tempestuous and sociable. I must have the muchachos around my bed, hear the boasting toreros, the chattering castanets. In Barcelona in the old days I had my portrait painted while the toreador Panchito made love to me. And because his toro could not produce a horn unless there was flamenco music (he was neurotic, poor Panchito!) we had gypsy musicians with us. Caramba – the noise we made: the neighbors complained, the Guardia Civil broke down the door."

"Having your portrait painted is just about as Narcissistic as you can get," said Dr Tarkington Newbold.

"Fa lo in culo with your Narcissus," replied Minette with a sweet smile.

"Bill" hastily prevented an argument from developing with some sensible remarks on painting and anal-eroticism among the masters of Venetian Renaissance art. "A Venus by Titian – or Tintoretto," she said. "Consider those warm expanses of flesh that appear at the same time both pearly and richly sombre. Consider the open invitation of the pose. But you will soon come to the conclusion that she lolls among the cushions in a daze of self-love. Almost invariably in these pictures a mirror is shown – plenty of mirrors: even on the ceilings. So it must be that Narcissism is a universal foible. And further apropos to this theme is that I happen to know from personal experience that what might be termed 'mirror-fucking' is prevalent even in the remote and innocent islands of Polynesia. This I learned during my career as a tattoo portraitist. I think that since self-admiration is our subject, I am permitted to boast about my best-known work, which now hangs in the Tate Gallery. It is a portrait of that fascinating, tattooed Polynesian . . . catch his expression at the moment of orgasm. It had to be done over and over again."

My own earliest recollection of attitude on the subject was never dignified by such a poetic term as Narcissism. Instead, the least objectionable term used was "solitary pleasure". Words, it seems to me, denoting circumstances of poignant melancholy. At school the official term was Onanism, which successfully conveys its hint of God's disapproval and yet, in my childish imagination, conveyed the whole subject into Church. There was even a ribald verse:

Oop in belfry Verger stands
A-pullin' pood wi' both 'is 'ands.
Down in vestry parson yells,
Stop pullin' pood. Pull fookin' bells.

This simple – and one must admit puerile – contribution of mine to the discussion was treated with the contempt it merited. Our camp-fire symposium reverted once again to its more habitual plane. The usually timidly silent (but much liked and respected) photographer, ex-monk, ex-slave, Herr Pfeiffling, ventured some observations to which we harkened with interested expectancy.

"I have been fortunate enough to witness, over a long period in a professional capacity," he commenced, "numerous examples of unalloyed conceit – or vanity, or Narcissism, or whatever you choose to call it – posturing in front of my camera lens. The sameness of it all! You will perhaps out of charity then sympathise with me when I rebel against that soul-less and mechanical device, the camera, and attempt to convert you to my contention, which is that the truest and in every way most superior expression of the Narcissistic impulse is exemplified in the art of the self-portrait. A collection of such works will display, with unconscious nakedness, every shade of self-fascination from

TATTOOS

"MUCH THE best place to observe the individual quirks of human character," observed "Bill" McTaggart one evening, "is the life class of an art school." We were sitting around the campfire in the Zebra-Man Cavern. Her monocle glinted in the firelight and she continued. "As a young, innocent girl I was boyish: not a hoyden, but certainly a tom-boy. Eton crop and all that: tweed and brogues. Mad about horses. In that stage of rustic simplicity I went down to live in London to study art at the Slade School. It was then that I noticed that when 20 students focus their talent on the model, each unconsciously discloses more about himself in his picture than he does about the model.

"I was ignorant of the world and its ways, and so ignorant of my own nature that soon, infatuated with the thrilling novelty of the bohemian life, I thought myself in love with a young man who posed for us as a model, a nude model. At least I knew what he looked like from any given angle.

"He was slim, pale, and, it cannot be denied, insipid. A young-womanish young man with a conceited estimate of his attractiveness. His name was Charles: the students had nicknamed him Peacock Charlie, not in recognition of his pavane vanity but for his virile member, which resembled a peanut. That meant nothing to me. Inexperience deprived me of a scale of comparison.

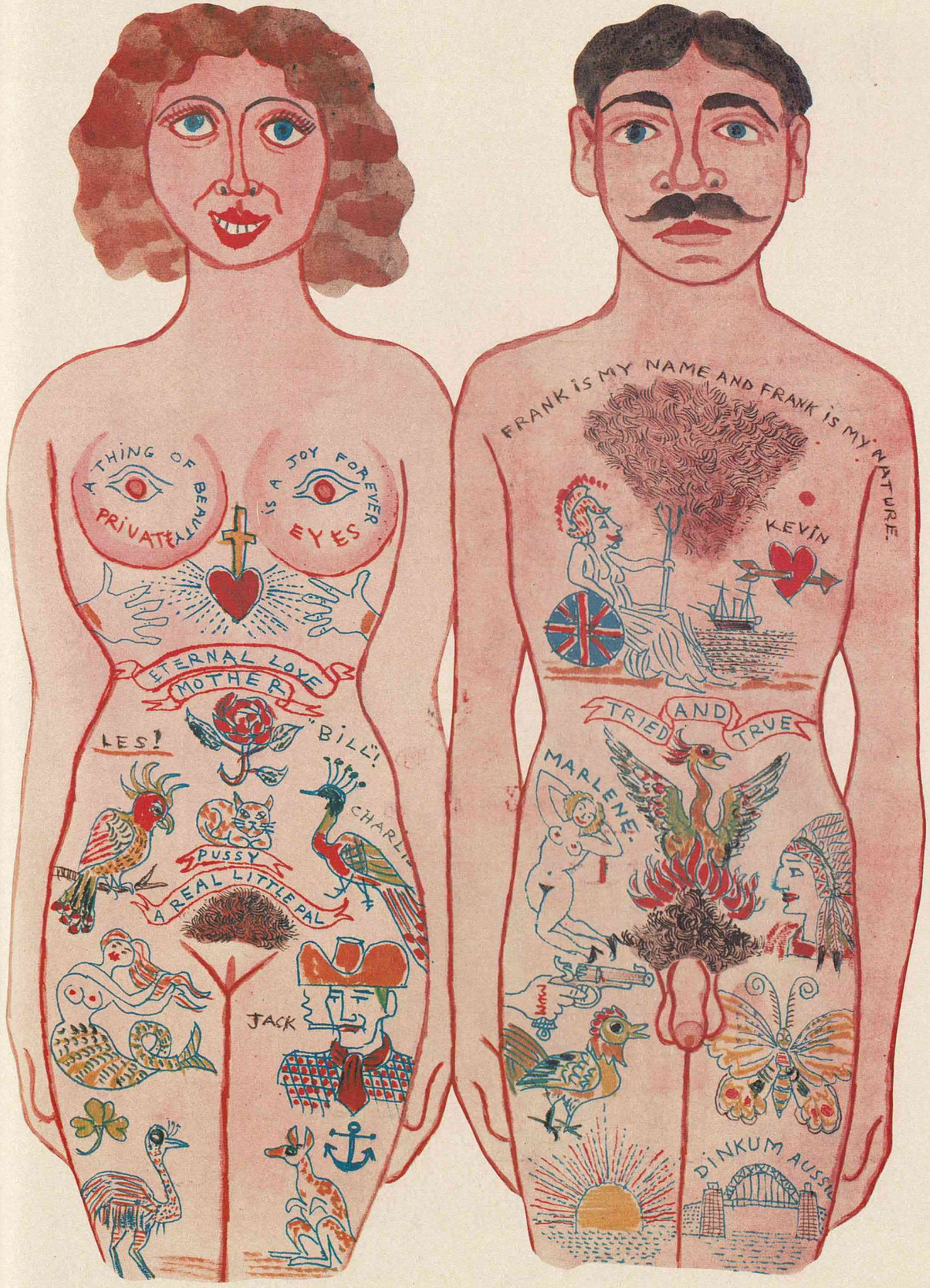
"We eloped, Peacock Charlie and I – which is to say I moved into his garret in Soho. Without having become lovers, we married: a union which was never consummated in the usual way. My education had not supplied me with knowledge of a bride's duties, so when on the bridal bed I asked him what I must do, Charlie said: 'Put on your riding boots and thrash me with the luggage strap.'

"For a month or two we were happy together. I felt myself deprived of nothing, whilst the nightly whippings contented him. My small annuity (I was an orphan) sufficed for both to live on, although Charlie had stopped posing because of the welts and bruises. It wasn't until Peacock Charlie's sister, Primrose, moved into the garret that trouble loomed in our now cramped quarters.

"Pretty, vivacious, cuddlesome Primrose – with her frivolous longings for tinsel glamor. Primrose's ambition was to become a tattooed lady in a big circus. Her extreme femininity was wonderfully attractive. One wanted to protect, to defend her. She brought out those chivalrous feelings that lurk in every woman's heart.

"During this time, my studies at the art school continued, but at Primrose's insistence I did an extra course in tattooing, as her whole project would cost very little if I could do it at home. Thereafter, of an evening when Charlie's thrashing was done, Primrose stretched out naked on the table and stoically endured the jabbing needles. Her nights were agony. Actually none of us got much sleep, all sharing

bitter disillusion to ardent self-approval – there you may see the infinitely profound warts-and-all depths of Rembrandt; the protestant insanity of Van Gogh, the rough agonies of Michelangelo, of Goya, of Picasso. And of all those others who sought in their mirrored features a reflection of the human predicament. In this context I think of a self-portrait by a very minor Antipodean artist named Fronad Idlien (sic) who, in a hut in Batu Djimbar, depicted himself as a gross ape painting his own cynical likeness from a mirror (held by an able-bodied indigene) which reflects a Death's Head. I'd have liked to have known that man. Probably he'd have liked to have known himself even better. It gives me a curious pleasure to think of the old chap down there in the Antipodes, sitting on the verandah of his grass hut doing his monkey-skull-self-portraits, apparently going gently insane. A satisfactory way of getting through life, probably."



the one bed. Such groans, such frustrated sighs. Had I been wiser in the world's ways, I should not have been so surprised when, after days of tense atmospherics, Charlie's vanity, combined with what I now realise was an almost naive masochism, demanded that he too, must be tattooed. The situation became complicated. The physical contact with desirable Primrose awoke strange, hitherto-unrealised yearnings. The cruelty of those inked needles penetrating that fair and tender skin.

"Ah, my friends, you with your humdrum loves and lives, you do not even suspect what it is like, night after night, week after week, month after month, to incise the frail flesh of loved ones with crowns and anchors, statues of liberty, true lovers' knots, angels, skulls and daggers, patriotic slogans – the whole symbolic dictionary of the tattooist's art. Primrose; ah, Primrose. Where are you now, I wonder? My first real love.

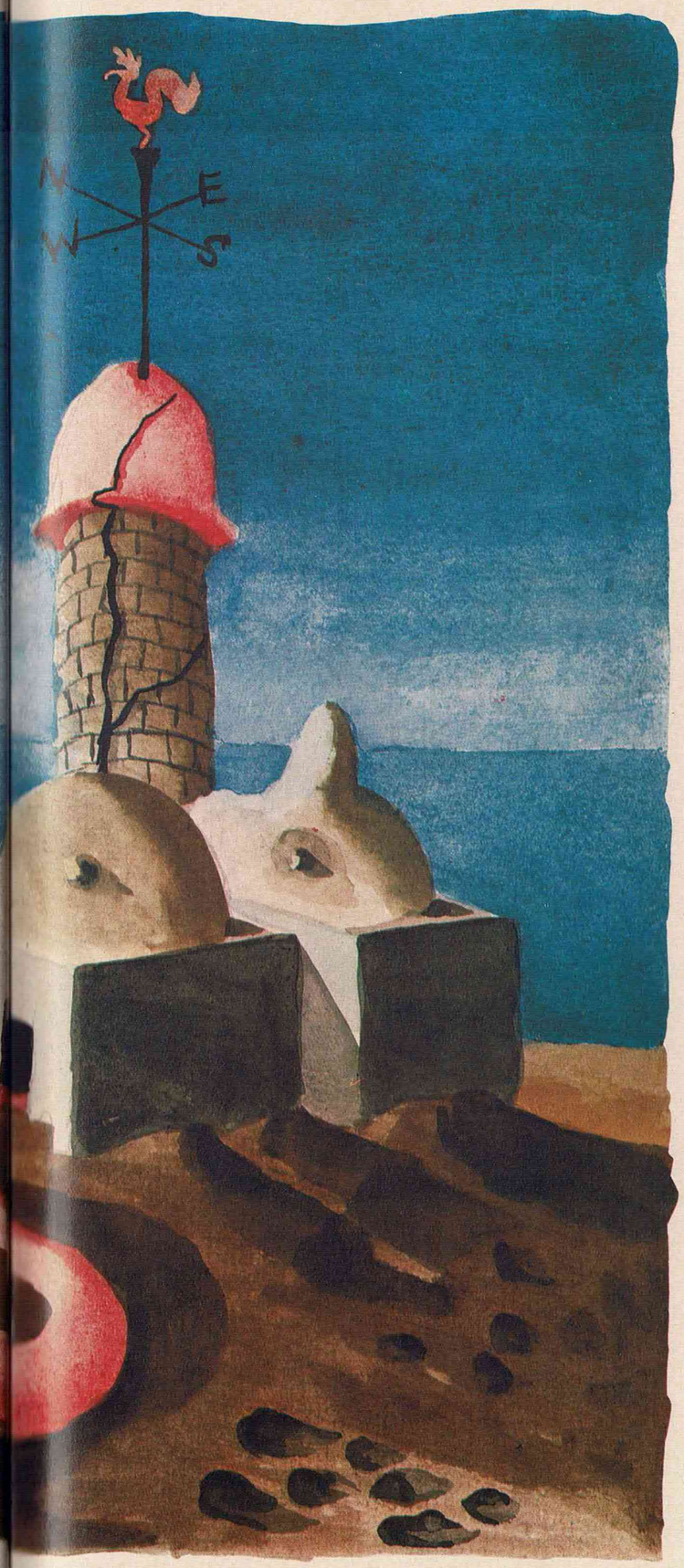
"When the job was finished, that was the last I saw of her. She passed on, following her star to stardom among the scintillating sequins, the lion-tamers and the python-ladies of the Big Top. And my husband, Peacock Charlie? His skin took longer to complete. He was finicky – a perfectionist. Everything had to be just so – and when it came to doing his back and buttocks of course, the whippings he so enjoyed had to stop. Frustration made him short-tempered. Without Primrose to smooth the way we lived a cat-and-dog life. When there was not a square inch left to tattoo, he callously, without so much as a thank-you, deserted me."

ON ART

INSPIRED by a close study of the cave paintings in the Zebra-Man Cavern, "Bill" McTaggart leads the campfire discussion group into the subject of art and famous artists.

"How many hundreds of generations of men they've outlasted," she said, "and how many earthquakes they've survived since the first Zebra-Men painted them on the rock. *Ars longa, vita brevis est.*"

"Talking about long arses," interrupted Dr Tarkington Newbold. " 'Minds me of the time I was the victimised slave of Hafiz the Beast of Bazra. That cat really had the hotties for yours truly. Sure was a painful experience, not that it wasn't instructive science-wise. Guess it was useful first-hand knowledge how long an arse can stay operative under prolonged, rigorous pressures. Seems it's got phenomenonal



recuperative powers and can get used to almost anything. I don't mind stating, for what it's worth, that my ass – or arse as you folks quaintly call it – gets real homesick for ol' Hafiz . . ."

"I was speaking neither of asses or arses," reproved "Bill", "but of the enduring nature of art. I was about to remark how wonderful it is that one can sit here, surrounded by savages and wild beasts and unexplored wilderness, yet one's mind refreshes itself with vivid remembrances of the creations of the masters.

"Why, this very evening, while we supped off fresh mussels from the stream, and wild limes, wild plums and bananas, my memory conjured up a masterpiece of George Bracque's that I saw in the Duchess of Zxxx's drawing room. What miracles of sombre harmony that genius could perform, given a banana, some lemons to squeeze and some seafood. Do you recall that verse . . . Wistan Auden was it? Or T. S. Eliot perhaps? It went:

The world seems all grey, green a blacque
Since eating those oysters by Bracque.
Since taking a quafe
From that crashing carafe,
So full of elan and attacque!

"A finer painter by far, I've often thought, than Picasso. Picasso wasted too much time and talent on being a genius. Hence the fall into that trap. Mark you, it is not my intention to belittle Picasso. I'd leave that to the French bourgeoisie whose detestation of him increased with his age and fame. Pictorially, the Spaniard's confrontations demanded dramatic strife – blood and bulls horning in Amazonian rumps: whereas with Bracque shapes and colors darkly sonorous as organ notes endowed a plate of herrings or some cucumbers and melons with the lineaments of satisfied desire.

"There were many pictures in the Duchess of Zxxx's collection that exercised a spell on my imagination in those days. Of course, it would be ridiculous to pretend I liked all of them – there were several ropey, tubular Fernand Legers I found positively repulsive. Nor did the Marie Laurenci (sic) attract me. Yet there was another famous work that I disliked to the point of doubting its authenticity – Marc Chagall's 'Pregnant Bride eloping with a Moneylender'. The odd thing is that I remember its smallest detail until the present day.

"What infuriated me about it was characteristic of much of Chagall's work – an over-whimsy folksy gaiety that somehow implied clownish domesticated merriment beneath the shadows of an approaching pogrom. I do not deny such an attitude in facing life's crude exigencies is wholly admirable, sensible and courageous, but when it permeates a painting it deprives me of appreciation. It's the whimsy that is fatal.

"Even worse aspects of the same disease infested the art of Salvador Dali after he went to America. A long journey that was a loss to European art; and, as it turned out, no gain to the New World, unless one can accept the glossy pages that advertise scent, jewellery and Dali as a valid art-form."

This was "Bill" at her most long-winded. Whilst agreeing with her severities on the

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

subject of Salvador Dali, I still retained a sort of sneaking affection for the painting in the Duchess of Zxxx's collection which had inspired her outburst – it was not the least controversial of his works; indeed it had once been the cause of a scandalous public quarrel when the Bishop of Veselay forgot himself so far as to throw an inkwell at M. Fernand Bechamel (the *Paris Soir* art critic) for denouncing the masterpiece. In short, the picture under discussion was none other than the celebrated Spaniard's "Phallolithic monument lamenting a Lycidian Poached Egg".

Judging from the style it would seem to be an early work; the symbolism simplistic, the landscape a reminiscence of the painter's childhood home near Cadacques. The whole effect is youthful, almost sentimental, the nosy juvenile phallus-serpent weeping tears of blood over the broken egg (lost virginity?), the weathercock on the building with the cracked penis-tower whose domes shared equally the significance of breasts and testicles, suggest the romantic self-dramatisation of extreme youth.

It was not so much Dali's infantility that irritated me as the cloyingly sweet flavor of the perversity of his imagination. About his works there clings a sort of reminiscence of smart advertisements for expensive scent. Contrast Dali's work (an unfair test) to Hieronymus Bosch – such a minor work even as the wonderful "Apparition of the Cosmic Dildos" that hangs in the Duchess of Zxxx's bathroom. No more: one glance and the case against Dali is proved.

With Dali dismissed we can enjoy, uninterruptedly, Bosch's curious fantasy which, like all his work, seems to report goings-on in an inferno where he was comfortably at home. It is as though, like a proud house-owner, he is showing off its unusual conveniences: and the numerous fiends inhabiting the rooms are his rowdy but loveable nightmare children and their romping friends.

Also, like so much of his work, it seems to have an immediate contemporary application: these odd denizens of hell so busy about their elegant diableries might be earnest and active counter-crusaders of our present-day "Permissive Society" – propagandising perhaps for the Gay Liberation Movement in a contemporary General Election.

For "Bill", the most delightful section of the Duchess of Zxxx's collection were the so-called "naifs", which she described so vividly that one almost imagined they were there before one's very eyes. Confessedly, the attributions of some of these were dubious in the extreme. Yet what does it really matter if a picture was from this master's hand or that, so long as it fulfuls its purpose, which is to give pleasure and extend the boundaries of consciousness?

Of all the interesting pictures in the Duchess's art collection, according to "Bill" the most extraordinary was the El Greco "Petition". A late work – possibly the master's last – it might be said to sum up the idiosyncracies of a lifetime.

A distinguished French critic once described it as the "Apotheosis of gangrene". An unjustified quip, yet we view those sullen pewtery violet-greys and greens, those bruised clouds and the strangely elongated sickly forms

Fingers like the lurid spiked flames of marsh-fire, sunken feverish eyes inquiring from debilitated faces, folds of drapery formed like streaks of lightning.

with sensations of fascinated queasiness. Fingers like the lurid spiked flames of marsh-fire, sunken feverish eyes inquiring from debilitated faces, folds of drapery formed like streaks of lightning.

The artist's subject is taken from the hagiography of Macromius the Leper, wherein it is related how St Basil of Skyros, a celibate Nestorian, practised his austerities in midwinter, stark naked on a rock on that island. Some cynic philosophers came to mock him, saying there was no great merit in his celibacy since nature had ill-equipped him for debauchery. Whereupon St Basil implored heaven to provide a penis to confound their impieties.

Immediately his member assumed magnificent proportions, and all who witnessed it were amazed and praised God. News of the miracle was spread abroad. Soon streams of pilgrims from afar invaded the island, causing food shortages and sanitary problems. And causing much trouble to St Basil, for "to touch the prick of Basil" was then the ambition of the pious, and they allowed him neither rest nor respite. At last a solution was found: an artist volunteered to carve a replica of the miraculous member in alabaster, which was "anointed" by the saint for the use of pilgrims.

Details of the saint's later career are obscure and contradictory. According to one version, the Devil prevailed upon him to visit the licentious city of Antioch, where he lived a luxurious and dissolute existence, supported by the depraved gentry of that place, who willingly paid in gold for the services of the miraculous member. He died in Bagdad. Some say he was torn to pieces by rival warriors of the palace guard who vied for his favors. The officially accepted view, however, is that he was martyred by eunuchs of the caliph's harem, who discovered him converting the concubines to the true faith.

St Basil had happened early – precociously early – on his destined career of austere saintliness in his birthplace, the isle of Hydra; but left, at the age of seven years (as he stated in a rare letter to Theofricta the Ilmenite, which is still to be seen in the Ilmenite convent at Passos) because "the visiting yachting crowd made inward discipline impossible".

He fled to Skyros, in the Sporades. There, at the age of 19, the miracle of the member was vouchsafed him, on a rocky prominence near the windmill on the fishermen's village beach in the dead of winter.

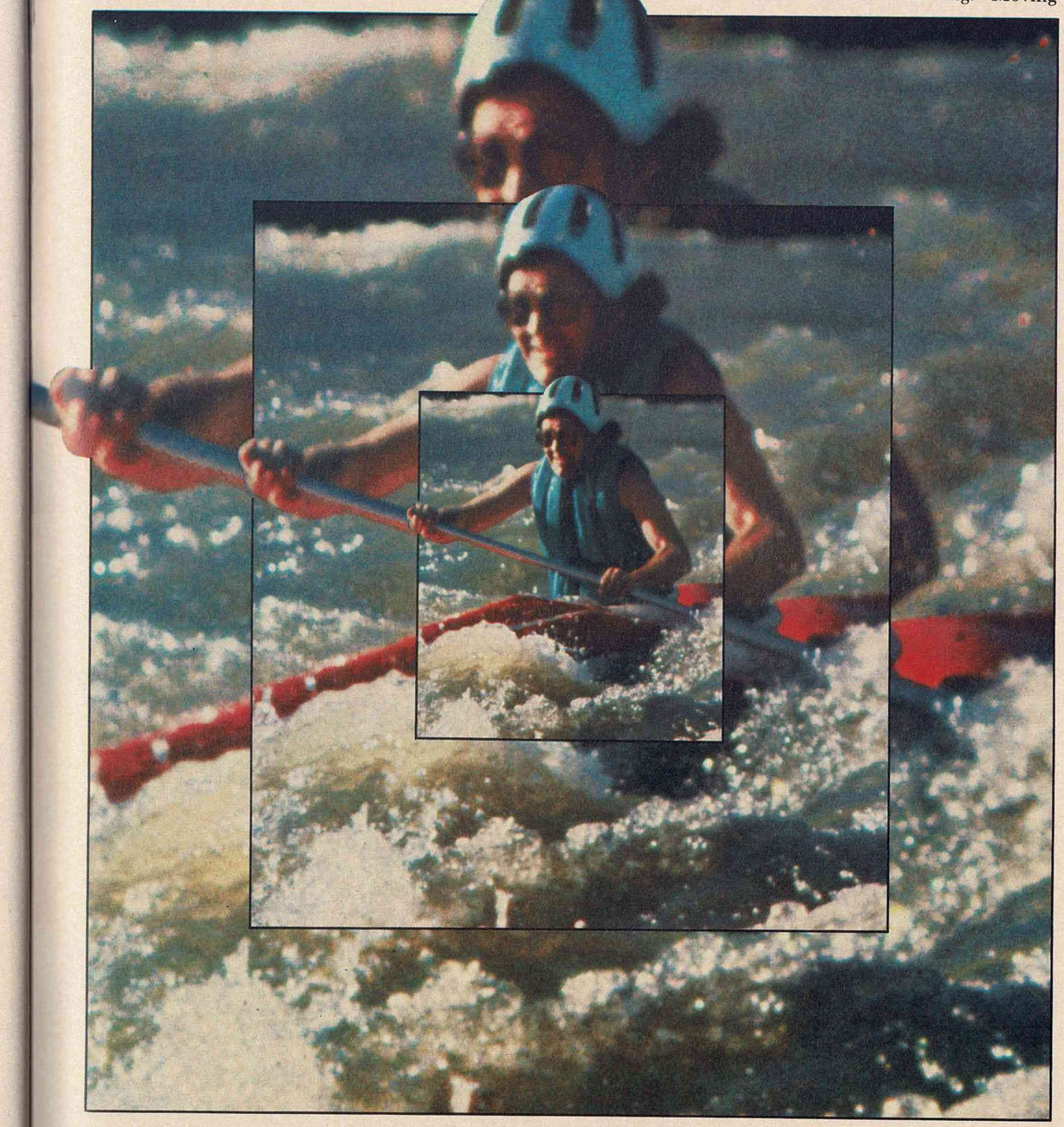
Those privileged to view the Duchess of Zxxx's remarkable collection should, on no account, overlook the work of a little-known genius of the twentieth century – Fidel Ronndda. "What Donald Friend is to the male nude," the eminent critic Roger Marx once remarked, "Fidel Ronndda is to the world of insects." And surely it will never be denied that this artist has shown us that where once we saw the mere pixilated prettiness of jewelled moths and iridescent beetles, there exists, instead, a clawed and bloody battlefield of rape, murder and brutality such as mankind can hardly equal: and for this salutary revelation alone we owe the artist an eternal debt of gratitude. Tch – what complex, and truly silly postures of mind, soul, imagination and even body we have allowed ourselves to live with as though they were the proper and . . . inevitable? natural? furnishings of daily life.

Art betrays to us, visually, the iconic secrets of what perhaps had better been forever hidden of our sad secret (and apparently shamefully normal) vestiges of insanity.

RIDE THE WHITE WATER

learning to paddle your own canoe can be fraught with fear, but terror gives way to a mind-bending high discovery

By RAY SINCLAIR



THE WATER above me is lapping gently at the lip of the dam wall. Below, it's roaring from the outlet pipe, crashing to the wetslick boulders and forming a mighty torrent of turbulence, boiling, rushing and scaring the shit out of me.

I'm cowering in a canoe which promises all the protection of a meringue. Too late now to wish for more time.

Pure-wool-next-to-skin. Bulky life-jacket. Light safety helmet. Spectacles secured by tape. Remind myself: legs bent, knees up, keep using them for balance and direction. Anything else?

Too late. I'm going forward, slowly at first, then faster. Then a brief moment of surprise: not as fast as I had imagined.

But being pulled out of control.

Above the roar in my ears I hear thin cries: "Paddle like hell!" And I do. The water is sick green and snow white and it's moving. Moving

forward, moving across my bobbing bow in both directions, and moving up and down in rock-hard miniature mountains and valleys and I'm going into them and they can't possibly support a flimsy canoe.

But they do and still paddling furiously I'm through the choppy ones and into the heavier swell and there's rock under that water and I've already seen the pros split their seams there or be spun around to dangle on surface-breaking pinnacles and I'm still paddling and here's the very swiftest of the water in a narrow gully between two boulders and I rip through and hit the cross currents and I think now I'm gone because I'm losing control again and I'm tipping and I do something very, very right (on the bank, my instructors are expecting me to tip, then murmur approvingly: "He's used his slap support! He's done it!"). And I'm paddling by instinct and I'm feeling pride as I ride the rapids, meet the white water on its own terms, master the maelstrom.

The exhilaration is enough to explain why I have, temporarily at least, given up the crisp white dignity of social tennis to tackle the churning white terrors below the Tallowa Dam in New South Wales' picturesque Kangaroo Valley.

For a time, I am one of the 45,000 Australians who paddle their own canoes, participating in a year-round sport that includes everything from gentle journeys down lazy streams for a spot of wine-supping, song-singing and male-femaling to the boisterous blood-letting of canoe polo and the solitary struggles of surf-shooting and white-water canoeing.

It took time, of course. And the patience and good humor of the members of the Sutherland Shire Canoe Club. But in five weeks they turned me from a sodden, gibbering novice into a reasonably proficient canoeist who could be left alone for 30 seconds without having to call out the National Disasters Organisation.

During those weeks the most common remark I heard was: "Of course, you're cramming more into this period than most canoeists learn in years." It was meant to be comforting, but it didn't really do a hell of a lot for my confidence as I wobbled and splashed my way through 10 variations of the basic canoe, ranging from the short and stubby polo model through the light, shallow slalom version to the sleek, expensive down-river racing beauty. Constantly by my side were such stalwarts of the 300-member club as Joan Morison and president Gordon Hocking. And the younger members, instructing, guiding, encouraging and never sniggering. Not within earshot, anyway.

Peter Bodycott, one of the country's top canoeists, mixed instruction with a bit of psychology to boost my confidence.

A run on the slalom course to try emergency stops, normal sweep stroke, sideways draw and slap support, and to master the basic left-right-left-right paddling rhythm, prepared me for the white water.

Down there on the Woronora River, on the southern fringe of suburban Sydney, they led me through the basics: always keep your eye on your destination and paddle a straight course toward it; learn to "read" the water and learn to use currents; wear pure wool to keep your chest warm and prevent hypothermia.

And the strokes. Emergency stop. The normal sweep stroke. The sideways draw (paddle pulled in to rest on the hip). The slap support (hit the water with the blade of your paddle and it will keep you upright).

And always there is tough, bearded Gordon Hocking: "Head for that bridge. Slalom around the piles." And off I go, a miniature Titanic looking for an iceberg, slowly mastering the basic left-right-left-right paddling rhythm, straining as Gordon exhorts me to greater speed, a tame taste of the torrents to follow.

Around the piles of the bridge. Bump. Wobble. Panic. "Let the canoe bump. Don't drop your paddle. Use it. There's a tendency to let it go to reach for trees or whatever. You'll tip, sure as hell." I stay upright, thank Gordon (is he really God?) and wonder dimly about the lifesaving magic of a stick with a paddle on each end.

I remember the first time I went over. When my head finally broke the surface I sucked instinctively, desperately, for air. And it almost killed me.

That one long, life-seeking draught to my crushed lungs reduced my continuing efforts to breathe to a series of short, brutish rasps like the death rattle of a stabbing victim. The "hukhuk, hukhuk, haaaaahk" of hyperventilation. Too much air at the wrong instant, then not enough.

I couldn't talk. I couldn't breathe. I'd like to believe that if Gordon Hocking hadn't been poised to help a few metres away I'd have survived anyway. I'd like to, but I can't.

Gordon had watched me go, tipping all the way until the sharkbelly white of the kayak marked the spot where my head hung down at a right-angle to my canoe-bound legs. He waited while the liquid ice of the winter water gripped me. He must have known that survival – that strongest of man's primitive instincts – would take over. He certainly hoped I'd know enough to rip the waterproof spraysheet from the cockpit.

And know enough or not, I did. Within a few seconds – eternity – I winkled numbed legs from the impossibly tiny opening, luxuriated in a fleeting moment of disbelief that I was actually free, pulled for the surface and sucked that air.

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The weeks pass. The wind is still biting through the pure-wool-next-to-the-skin-to-keep-me-warm and the river is just as icy when I force myself sideways and down for the "official" overturning lessons.

But it is less frightening. And my confidence gets another boost when one of the country's top canoeists, Peter Bodycott, turns up for a chilly 9am demonstration and gives me most of his time: "Try to keep a nice steady pace. You might feel fitter at the start and take off like a bat out of hell, but then you'll be stuffed." Then through the slalom gates: "Five strokes . . . and at the gate draw, then turn the draw into a sweep towards your rear."

He makes it all sound so easy. For him, it is. Bodycott started canoeing at 14. At 20, the Wollongong school-teacher scored higher than any other Australian in the top K-One class in the world canoeing championships.

Now he is telling me patiently: "When you finally can travel in a straight line, you wonder why you couldn't do it."

But then it's Week Five and I'm driving south to Kangaroo Valley. I barely register the scenery, apart from a fleeting foreboding that I might never see it again. I'm on my way to a duel from which there could well be no deliverance. White water day.

It's windy. And so am I. Three canoes have been damaged after a gust ripped the roofrack off one of the cars and the canoeists are not happy. They've come down mainly because of me and the river is unusually low. I'm not sure whether I'm relieved, disappointed or embarrassed.

Then a latecomer brings the word. Below the nearby Tallowa Dam, there's white water. And before I have time to run I'm in it, battling nature, getting an incredible "high".

Finally I'm in the calm, downstream near the bank. And I turn over.

Then I do it again. And again.

On my way to a duel from which there could well be no deliverance, but at least I looked the part in wool vest (to keep my chest warm and help prevent hypothermia), lifejacket and lightweight safety helmet and, of course, a canoe.

Canoe clubs now operate throughout Australia. Contacts in the capital cities for information on all affiliated clubs are:

NSW: Mrs Joan Morison, NSW Canoe Association, Sports House, 157-161 Gloucester street, Sydney 2000.

VIC: Tony Prior, 1 Byrne court, Cheltenham 3192.

QLD: Mrs A. Gardner, 167 Kenmore road, Kenmore 4069.

SA: Peter Carter, 28 Rowells road, Lockleys 5032.

WA: Wendy Stotter, 16 Anstey street, Bassendean 6054.

TAS: Carl Clayton, 64 Leven street, Ulverstone 7315.

the anti-terrorist commandos who shoot first and count bodies later

STRIKE TEAMS

article

BY DAVID B. TINNIN
WITH DAVID HALEVY

HIGH over international waters, an excited, heavily armed hijacker has forced his way into the cockpit of a jet. The captain discreetly activates an electronic device among the hundreds of controls on the flight deck. A coded message is transmitted on an emergency frequency. At a ground station, the message is received: Aircraft hijacked. *Within seconds, the news is relayed to the government, which now faces the most delicate and dangerous dilemma the modern world has to offer: how to*

Illustration by Christian Piper

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN HERE?

AUSTRALIA does not maintain one para-military unit to counter aircraft or airport terrorism. Hijackings are treated as local police matters. And while the country's techniques and procedures have the approval of the International Civil Aviation Organisation, they are hamstrung by Federal/State bureaucracy.

Airports are controlled by the Federal Department of Transport. As they are Federal property, the Commonwealth Police Force is responsible for their security. But each State police force is required to take over when lives or property are threatened.

Major terminals have anti-hijack centres that can be fully operational within 10 seconds of an alert.

In a hijack, the pilot activates a device which shows up as a blip on the nearest air traffic control radar. Immediately the anti-hijack centre, commanded by a senior DoT official, swings into action. Supported by officers from Commonwealth and local State police forces, he supervises tracking procedures, communications networks and links with rescue agencies.

Take the case of a terrorist-held jet approaching Sydney Airport – the country's busiest international terminal – from, let's say, the Philippines. A signal alerts the NSW Police Emergency Squad, a group with training and, in some cases, actual experience in armed sieges.

Once the hijackers have landed, the decision to launch an assault rests with the DoT. For security reasons, details of methods and equipment are restricted. But it is known that the NSW squad trains with the Australian Army. Victorian police claim they are similarly prepared. The WA police have a special squad to handle airport terrorism. In Darwin the airport is shared by defence forces and commercial users, but police would handle counter-hijack activities.

Confusion surrounds the use of the Special Air Services Regiment (SAS) – Australia's elite commandos. The SAS, based in Perth, is the most likely unit to be called upon to combat terrorism. It can scramble in 30 minutes, and travel coast to coast in four hours (provided it can commandeer a jet – the RAAF's Hercules are too slow). But the SAS can go into action only if national security is threatened.

rescue a planeload of helpless hostages on foreign soil from highly trained, ruthless and well organised terrorists.

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Until a short while ago, most governments would have been totally helpless. But the balance of power in the skyjacking war is changing, due to elite anti-terrorist strike forces, composed of highly motivated and superbly trained young men. The units are designed to tackle the terrorists on their own terms and to kill them.

Modelled on the men who operated hit-and-run raids behind enemy lines during World War Two, today's commandos are being schooled to perfection in the split-second art of storming aircraft, killing the terrorists and rescuing hostages unhurt. At their disposal are weapons ranging from the "stun" grenade and a specially modified automatic pistol to a futuristic .22 calibre submachine gun equipped with a laser target acquisition device. This fixes the aerial bandits in a red dot, marking the point where the bullets will strike.

The commandos also possess external eavesdropping devices so sensitive that they can pick up whispered conversations and sounds of movement within an aircraft. And when the commandos want to deceive or distract the terrorists, they can bring into play an extremely varied collection of "dirty tricks" and deception gadgets.

The creation of such strike forces is a widespread international trend. There are three undisputed leaders – Britain, which has the SAS (Special Air Service Regiment); West Germany, Group Nine of the Border Guard; and Israel, the 269 Headquarters Reconnaissance Regiment. The three strike forces work closely together, countering the international co-operation among terrorists with a trilateral teamwork of their own. They also provide advice and instructors for units being set up in other countries.

Surprisingly, the US trails these nations in the anti-terrorist fight. Few US units have undergone anti-terrorist training, and none has gone through the extensive schooling required for successful anti-terrorist operations.

The best qualified are the Black Berets, two battalions of Rangers stationed in Georgia and Washington State. Formed in 1967 to deal with especially hazardous missions, their job in war is to kidnap or assassinate enemy leaders and destroy important installations such as missile bases behind enemy lines and, in peacetime, to recapture key targets and American hostages taken by terrorists.

The international skyjackers are the product of a well-organised network that some Western intelligence analysts refer to as Terrorist International. It was established by Wadi Haddad, a Palestinian eye doctor turned revolutionary who masterminded almost every major international skyjacking after the onset of the epidemic in 1968. Last year Haddad, a co-founder of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), died in an East Berlin hospital, reportedly of leukemia. He was buried with hero's honors in Baghdad. But he left behind many qualified successors and a ruthlessly efficient system.

PFLP recruits members of the skyjacking teams from far-left terrorist groups throughout Europe, Latin America and the Arab world. The Japanese Red Army, now completely a mercenary unit, often supplies killers. The trainees go through special schools in South Yemen and Iraq, where they learn, for example, how to subdue passengers. ("Speak in a commanding voice and crush anyone who opposes you" is the gist of one manual.) Practising in mock-ups of aircraft cockpits, they are taught to read the fuel gauges and navigation systems so the pilot cannot deceive them by insisting he is too low on fuel to reach a destination or frustrate their plans by flying in a different direction. Moreover, the international terrorist network enjoys powerful backing from a number of governments, which supply funds, training bases and havens.

In their clashes with the strike forces, the score so far is two to one against the terrorists. They lost – and badly – to the Israelis at Entebbe and the West Germans at Mogadishu. But they won decisively against the Egyptians at Larnaka, Cyprus.

There is no doubt that Terrorist International is extremely concerned about the development of the strike forces. Every six months or so, representatives from the world's 10 or 15 most important terrorist organisations gather for secret discussions. At the most recent meeting, south of Nicosia, Cyprus, Arab delegates berated their European and Latin American comrades for their failure to play a larger role in skyjacking. The implication is clear: it is becoming more difficult to enlist volunteers for what are developing into suicide missions. The assessment of one Israeli intelligence anti-terrorist agent we interviewed: "To understand how hard up they are, you have to know that the woman in a Che Guevara T-shirt who was wounded at Mogadishu came from the staff of one of Haddad's training schools. When the terrorists start reaching into their cadre for volunteers, they're in trouble." Nonetheless, Terrorist International is determined to avenge all its past failures.

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Let's suppose a Boeing 707 is hijacked and taken somewhere in the Middle East, possibly to a sheikdom on the Persian Gulf. Intelligence sources have constructed for us a Mogadishu-style operation in which commandos would have the help of Allied strike forces. While the troops readied their equipment, the unit commander and officers would study the target area, aided by satellite photos, diagrams of the airport and topographical maps of the surrounding terrain.

The most valuable information the commandos could get, however, would come from the Mossad and AMAN, the Israeli political and military intelligence agencies. They know more about terrorist operations than any outsider. The Israelis would pass on information about the identity of the skyjackers, their likely behavior, the aims of the operation, and the political situation in the sheikdom. The government could also call for guidance from West Germany's Group Nine. The West Germans have studied more about seizing aircraft than anyone and, as Mogadishu proves, they do it superbly. They have practised either on real models or mock-ups of virtually every aircraft in civilian service. Even the Russians, who allegedly provide aid to some of the terrorists, have, according to intelligence sources, furnished the West Germans with blueprints of their aircraft so Group Nine experts could plan how to seize them in a hijacking.

In our scenario, taken from a variety of intelligence sources, about 100 commandos on a transport aircraft enter Israeli airspace at night and head, without lights or radio contact, for a secret Israeli base on the tip of the Sinai Peninsula near Sharm-el-Sheikh.

In an underground bunker, the commandos receive briefings by British and West German anti-terrorist experts on the technique of storming the captured aircraft. Then Israeli armament specialists supply the Beretta automatics to be used by the assault squads. Standard small arms fire high-velocity bullets, and are unsuitable for action inside an aircraft, where ricochets and misses could kill hostages and possibly even cause a fire or explosion. The Beretta, as modified by the Israelis, fires a low-powered .22 bullet which is fatal at 30 metres if it strikes the victim in a vital area, but is less likely to kill passengers or pierce the fuselage.

Meanwhile, an advance party has landed surreptitiously in the sheikdom. It includes a diplomat, an aircraft engineer and a European psychiatrist who specialises in handling terrorists.

Their first move is to disable the hijacked plane. So, approaching the aircraft from a blind spot in the rear, an aircraft technician creeps under a wing and drains out the hydraulic fluid. Then, even if he is ordered to, the pilot cannot take off.

The diplomat, following the psychiatrist's advice, assures the terrorist leader that his demands are being met. If the hijacker asks for terrorists jailed in West Germany, Italy and Israel to

TERRORIST

WALTHER P38

The Walther name was made famous by James Bond, who carried a PPK. This 9mm model, a German army pistol, is considered a reliable combat weapon. It doesn't have the "stopping power" of the American .45, but is in world-wide use.

INGRAM M10

This scaled-down submachine gun is a deadly American-made weapon designed to take .45 calibre ACP and 9mm Parabellum cartridges. It is capable of accepting the Sionics noise suppressor, and fires a standard 1200 rounds a minute.

WARFARE: TOOLS OF THE TRADE

FN BROWNING HIGH POWER

This Canadian pistol was introduced in 1935 and remains a standard item for both sides. One version came with a detachable wooden shoulder stock/holster to turn it into a reliable firearm for long-distance shooting as well as close-quarter work.

M61 SKORPION

This tiny Czech weapon is considered inferior by some experts, but it is deadly at close range. It fires small, relatively low-velocity 7.65mm bullets (muzzle velocity about 300 metres a second) at a rate of more than 850 rounds a minute.

MP40 SUBMACHINE GUN

One reason for the recent popularity of this German weapon is accessibility. More than one million were made between 1940 and 1944. The cartridge is 9mm, and the shots travel at 390 metres a second. The weapon fires 500 rounds a minute.

M21 SNIPER RIFLE

Because the enemy can't detect them until it's too late, snipers play a key role in raids. With this American-made M21 fitted with a Sionics noise suppressor and a large scope, the sniper can lie in wait hundreds of metres away and kill any terrorist.

STERLING MARK 5

This British-made 9mm submachine gun is truly silenced. The thick casing at its front conceals 72 small holes drilled in the barrel to dissipate gases slowly. The Sterling fires a subsonic round (305 metres a second) to eliminate the sonic crack.

GALIL ASSAULT RIFLE

Like most Israeli weapons, the 5.56mm Galil is ingenious in design: built into the rifle are a bottle opener and a barbed wire cutter. It has a grenade launcher and an illuminated front sight, and fires 650 rounds a minute at 900 metres a second.

be flown to the sheikdom and exchanged for the hostages, the diplomat promises that a jet is already collecting the prisoners.

No one knows if the leader will believe this. The important point is that terrorists desperately want to think the end of their ordeal is in sight. They are probably, by this time, about four days into the hijacking. From debriefings of passengers, we learn something about conditions aboard a hijacked jet as the siege drags on: clogged toilets, fetid air, rampant anxiety among passengers (one old man actually went insane during a hijacking). Because the hijackers confiscate all handbags and carry-on luggage, women passengers using chemical contraception are denied the pill. This initiates a mass onset of menses. Sometimes the terrorists, wary of allowing passengers to move about, force them to stay in their seats the entire time, with predictably embarrassing results.

As the psychiatrist knows, skyjackers ride an emotional roller coaster, plunging from crests of enjoyment and self-confidence to depths of doubt and despair. Like the assassins of antiquity, today's terrorists spend a brief sojourn in their version of paradise. Sex and terrorism are intimately intertwined. According to Israeli officials who have interrogated captured terrorists and debriefed informers, the hijackers' main amusement before embarking on a mission is a grand orgy.

Before leaving Haddad's training camp in Yemen on her first mission, a Dutch girl who was arrested on a scouting mission in a plot to blow up the Tel Aviv Hilton told the Israelis that her going-away party turned into a gang bang. Almost invariably, the women are passed around, and a few who have been captured and interrogated have complained of the brutality and insatiable sexual appetites of their male comrades.

However, the ecstasy quickly changes to nerve-wracking tension. As a rule, the terrorists are too keyed up to sleep the night before an operation and, of course, they must stay awake through its progress. After a couple of days, they begin to suffer from the combined effects of sleeplessness and the benzedrine they take to stay awake.

Because of his special insight into the terrorist psyche, the psychiatrist with the advance team can, to some degree, manipulate the hijackers. He does not usually speak to the terrorist leader, but monitors the conversation between the plane and the authorities and advises the negotiator on the approaches he should take. When the leader is feeling insecure, the psychiatrist seeks to extract concessions, such as the extension of a soon-to-expire deadline or the release of a sick hostage. When the leader is behaving aggressively or irrationally, he tries to calm and reassure him.

While the diplomat talks, British SAS experts go to work on the plane. The British possess by far the most sophisticated systems for finding out what is going on inside a seized aircraft. They have developed methods of attaching listening and recording devices to the plane's underbelly, enabling rescuers to follow the terrorists' conversations and movements.

Using this equipment, the SAS men discover two vital facts: the number of skyjackers – let's assume there are four – and the pattern of their movements inside the plane. They also learn about the terrorists' frame of mind – whether they are bickering among themselves, what plans they are discussing, and how serious they are about carrying out their threat to blow up the hostages and themselves if their demands are not met. By this time, the terrorists are at their most dangerous: on the verge of mental breakdown. Despite reassurances to the contrary, they suspect they are being deceived.

At Sharm-el-Sheikh, the commandos have switched to an Israeli Hercules, a troop carrier capable of landing quietly on a short, rough strip. To avoid detection by the terrorists, the aircraft flies without lights and maintains radio silence. On final approach the pilot scans the runway through special "night-sight" binoculars. He is also helped by radar reflectors (strips of thin metal) which the advance team has placed on the runway. Bouncing impulses off these reflectors, the aircraft's radar gives the pilot an exact fix on altitude and direction. With the engines shut down, the huge propellers windmilling slowly, the Hercules lands with scarcely a whisper and stops well out of the terrorists' sight.

On a Boeing 707, the assault force plans to storm the plane through five entry points – the two regular doors forward and aft on the left side, the forward galley service door on the right, and two over-wing emergency exits. Their faces blackened, the commandos silently make their way to within 50 or 60 metres of the aircraft. The supporting force, deployed in a circle about 100 metres from the plane, is armed with rifles and machine guns. The assault team carries the Beretta .22 automatics provided by the Israelis.

There is no pre-set zero-hour for the type of assault we are about to witness. The commandos' officers and SAS men crouching beneath the aircraft must make the vital decision themselves. Moving in squads of five, the commandos run from their hiding places and take positions under the various doors. In each squad, one man carries a stubby lightweight stepladder and a second holds a metal cylinder that looks like an aluminium beer can without a label. It is a stun grenade.

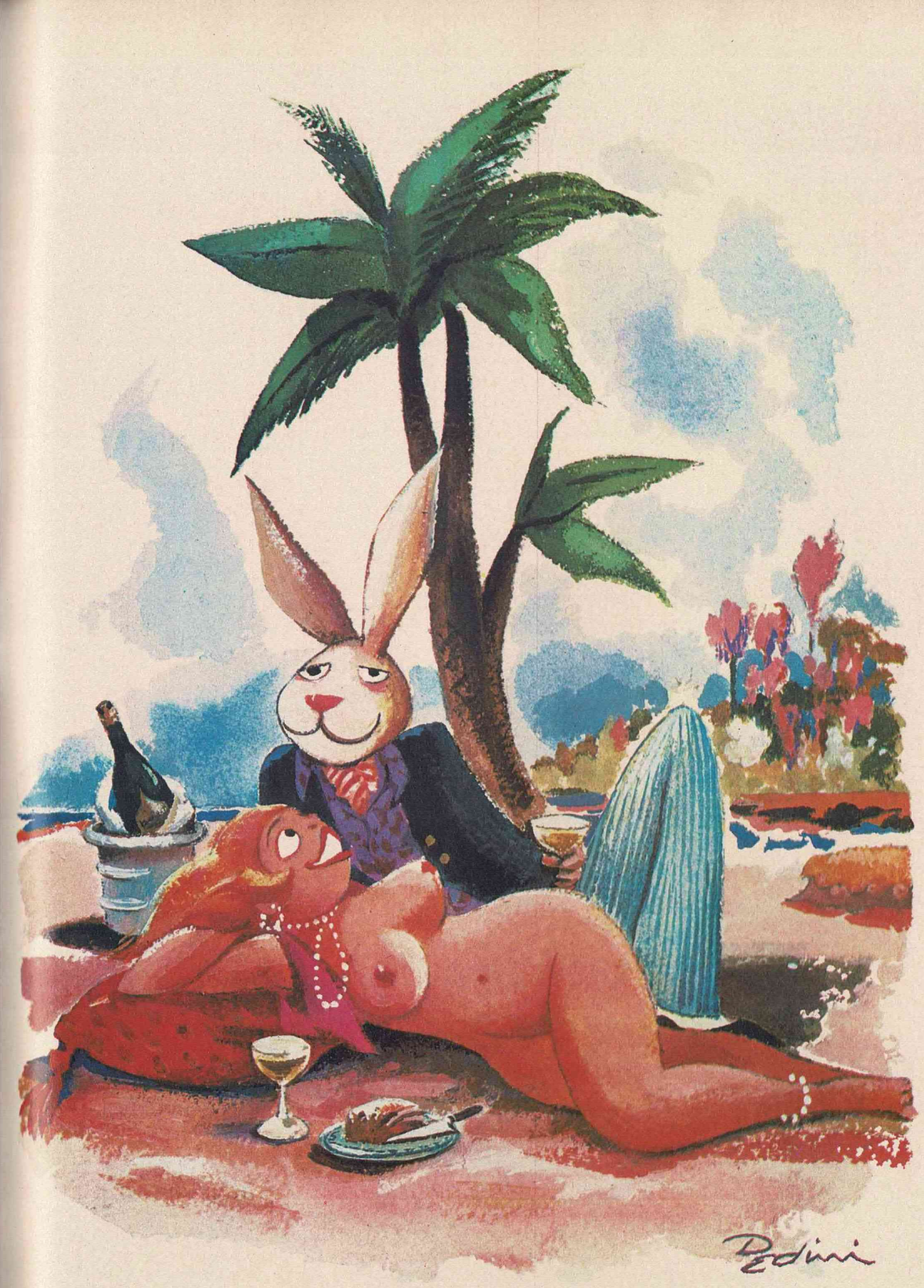
When the commanders agree that the time is right, they give a signal which activates some ingenious dirty tricks designed to confound and confuse the terrorists. For example, by cutting and splicing tapes of the terrorist leader's voice, completely new commands can be piped directly into the plane. Ladders are placed against the fuselage and wings. In five seconds or less, two men are at each entrance. Within another few seconds, they have opened the doors and hatches. Stun grenades are tossed into the cabin. Five grenades explode almost simultaneously in the 707, filling the plane with shock waves, a deafening roar and a blinding flash. The stun grenade is really a giant firecracker made of high explosives for the concussion and magnesium for the flash. The thin metal casing (some models use plastic or cardboard to contain the charge) disintegrates, reducing it to harmless particles. The blast's shock waves render the terrorists and passengers helpless for at least six seconds. But the troops, wearing special helmets and goggles, are unaffected. As soon as the grenades go off, the assault teams at each entry leap into the plane.

They shout "Down! Down!" And any passenger with a grain of sense hits the floor and hugs it. The first troops are followed by two more. The fifth man of each squad remains outside as co-ordinator and observer. As they spring into the plane, the commandos know exactly the positions the other troops will take and do not fire in those directions. From SAS guidance, they also know the locations of the terrorists, and bullets are pumped into those areas.

Blinded and stunned, the terrorists attempt to return the fire but, in the plane's dark interior, the muzzle flashes from their pistols give away their positions, and immediate counter-fire from the rapid-shooting Berettas cuts them down.

Other troops help passengers from the plane. They leave behind demolition experts, who enter the aircraft as soon as the shooting ends to defuse any explosives the terrorists have rigged. From the "go" signal to the emergence of the first hostage, the entire assault might take 60 seconds.

This operation has been an unqualified success. But then it exists only in the minds of planners. What if a real operation were only a partial



"A magnum of Dom Perignon, a little pâté – and thou. I like your philosophy."

success, or even a failure? There is certainly no guarantee of success. Even if an assault unit managed to reach a hijacked jet in time, a lot could go wrong. Getting inside the aircraft is the easy part. But from that point, anything could happen.

The commandos might wound or kill some of the passengers with inaccurate fire. Passengers might stand up in fright and be cut down in the crossfire. If the terrorists were not killed or severely wounded immediately (the stun grenade's effect lasts only a few seconds), one of them might toss a grenade that would kill or wound dozens of hostages. Worse, the leader might go ahead and blow up the plane. So far, hijackers have shown a marked reluctance to blow themselves up. But, faced with certain death or capture by an assault squad, the terrorists might decide to take everyone with them.

In addition, because it is so lightly armed, thin in manpower, and lacking in reinforcements, an anti-terrorist assault team is very vulnerable to unexpected developments on the ground. Exhibit "A" is the Egyptian Army's anti-terrorist team, known as El Saiqi (Lightning), which suffered terrible casualties in Cyprus early last year. The team, drawn from Egypt's 20 elite commando brigades, is given top marks by Israeli anti-terrorist experts for training and esprit. The Lightning troops proved their effectiveness in 1976 when they recaptured an Egyptair 737 from Palestinian guerillas at the Nile Valley city of Luxor. But Lightning's catastrophic failure in Cyprus illustrates that even an experienced unit can run into disaster unless its intelligence is accurate, timely and encompasses all aspects of the situation.

A Western electronics specialist has given us the most thorough account of this operation yet revealed. The background to the raid was political high drama. The Palestine Liberation Organisation (PLO) wanted to warn the Egyptian President, Anwar Sadat, against making a separate peace with Israel. That warning was delivered in the form of automatic weapons fire that cut down one of Sadat's closest friends, Youssef El-Sibai, in the lobby of the Nicosia Hilton. El-Sibai, managing director of Egypt's leading newspaper, *Al Ahram,* had been attending a conference of Middle East editors. As a means of escape, the killers commandeered a Cyprus-Air DC-8, hustled editors aboard as hostages, and took off toward the Persian Gulf. But no country would allow them to land. Remember, this was only five months after Mogadishu, and even the more militant Arab countries were cautious about befriending hijackers. So the plane returned to Cyprus. According to sources actually involved in the operation, Sadat, outraged over the death of his friend, decided secretly to send his anti-terrorist unit to Cyprus to capture the terrorists and bring them back for some quick Egyptian justice. But Sadat failed to tell the Cypriot government of his plans. Instead, he sent only this cryptic communication: "Help is on its way." The Cypriots interpreted the message to mean that a high Egyptian official would come to participate in negotiations with the terrorists. Meanwhile, to achieve the element of surprise, the Egyptian commando chiefs asked their Israeli counterparts to help trick Larnaka radar into believing their plane was not a military Hercules but a civilian Boeing. The Israelis, masters of electronic deception, masked the Hercules' identity by "encasing" it in a microwave envelope that prevented Cypriot radar from determining the type of craft approaching. Consequently, the Israeli crew was able to claim it was piloting an Egyptair 707 and get permission to land. It stopped only 500 metres from the besieged DC-8.

But Egypt was caught off guard, too. Sadat and all his anti-terrorist advisers lacked a crucial snippet of intelligence: a deal had already been struck between the PLO and the Cypriot government. It had been negotiated, according to the Mossad, by Dr Vasus Lisarides, a KGB contact with the Greek Cypriots who is also a bag man for terrorist funds. The terms: freedom for the hostages in return for the safe conduct of the two terrorists to Lebanon. As a guarantee, Dr Lisarides sent a plane to Beirut to fetch 14 armed PLO commandos who would be present at the exchange.

As the El Saiqi troopers began racing towards the DC-8 the PLO contingent, evidently sensing a betrayal, opened fire on them from behind. Then all hell broke loose. The Egyptians began shooting. So, too, did the Cypriot National Guard, firing with Browning .50 calibre heavy machine guns from three directions. The lightly armed El Saiqi commandos were chewed up by withering crossfire and the attack failed completely.

Israel's 269 Regiment commandos are the chief trouble-shooters of the Israeli Defence Force. Their exploits include the helicopter snatch of a Soviet radar station from Egypt (Israeli and American experts wanted to study it); a revenge mission that blew up 14 Middle East Airline planes in Beirut; and major participation in the daring Mossad raid in Beirut that assassinated three Black September leaders, destroyed the PLO bomb shop, and damaged terrorist HQs. Troops of the 269 staged the first successful recapture of a hijacked jet at Tel Aviv's Lod Airport in 1972. Their most brilliant victory came at Entebbe when they killed seven terrorists, 120 Ugandan soldiers, and rescued 102 Jewish hostages. Since Entebbe was the turning point in the war against hijacking, the 269 deserves special credit for having fought – and won – this crucial battle.

Of all the strike forces, the 269 is the most discreet. Its 1000 or so members wear no unit designation and, in fact, are forbidden to admit they serve in the unit, or even that 269 exists.

West Germany's Group Nine was created as a direct result of the disaster at the 1972 Olympics, when Black September terrorists attacked the Israeli Olympic team, killing two men and taking nine hostages, also killed later as a result of an airport shoot-out that went wrong.

Unlike the other strike forces, which are military units, Group Nine is essentially a police outfit, and it lacks the esprit and tradition of the army. The green, slightly baggy Border Guard uniforms are more reminiscent of forest rangers than commandos, and the officers and men mingle with minimum formality. But what Group Nine may lack in military gung ho it more than makes up in equipment and expertise. Provided with a liberal annual budget of $1 million, it is outfitted with a wealth of weapons, vehicles and electronic gadgets.

Alone among the anti-terrorist squads, Group Nine places great emphasis on academic training. A typical day lasts 14 hours or more, with several spent studying law, criminology, psychology and political science, as well as keeping up to date on world-wide terrorist developments. Even so, regional and constitutional jurisdictions, as well as old rivalries, have kept Group Nine out of most of the real action. The unit has been forced to stand by helplessly while local and federal criminal police have attempted ineptly to cope with West Germany's urban terrorists. In fact, in the six years since its creation, Group Nine has been in action only once – at Mogadishu. Then only 27 of its 180 members were involved, and the entire assault and rescue operation took a grand total of six minutes. The crucial shoot-out lasted less than a minute. Understandably, the lack of action has frustrated the troops. When a grateful woman passenger complimented a member of Group Nine on the smoothness of the rescue, he shrugged off the praise. "It should be," he growled. "We trained long enough!"

O, Deborah
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOMINIQUE LONGHEON
the girl from the typing pool who bared all on tv has sung her way past the story of o

WHEN Deborah Gray stripped for the *Number 96* cameras, actors on the set eased her nerves by telling the 23-year-old honey blonde they had hardly noticed. A back-handed compliment? An outright lie? "No," says Deborah. "It was the reaction I expected and hoped for. I walk around naked at home, I go topless on the beach, and working in the nude seemed perfectly natural to me."

Still, Deborah's unclad appearances during the final episodes of the long-running soap opera didn't go unnoticed on small screens around the country. Like Abigail's a few years earlier, her career took off from the minute she shed her gear. She was an instant sex symbol, a mantle with which the former model and secretary to two prime ministers was not particularly

happy. "Being regarded as a sex symbol doesn't really help when you're serious about an acting career," she says. "But if you have talents, you just have to exploit them."

Since the celebrated disrobing late in 1977, Deborah has turned those talents to singing. Her first record, a smokey single loosely based on the soft porn movie *The Story of O*, failed to capture the imagination of the Australian record-buying public. "It was too continental," she says. But her second single, *Mellow Lovin'*, got airplay, and a debut album is on the drawing board. Having decided that Australia isn't ready for a young Eartha Kitt, Deborah has gone disco. *"Love Song of O* just wasn't commercial enough," she says.

At 16, Deborah was plucked from the Parliament House typing pool in Canberra to work on John Gorton's private staff only weeks before he was ousted. "It was an incredibly exciting period," she recalls. "You didn't know from one day to the next whether you still had a job." Deborah was retained by Billy McMahon, but soon became bored. "Gorton had so many vibrant people around him that work was always fun," she says. "With McMahon, everyone seemed to watch the clock all day and bolt at five to five."

Deborah started taking modelling jobs in her spare time and, still at Parliament House, she was named Canberra's model of the year. Then a Sydney agency offered her a position, so she threw away her typewriter and took to the catwalk.

At home in Dover Heights, Sydney, Deborah has built up quite a sizeable menagerie – four dogs, five cats and a blue-tongued lizard. "And," she adds, "a boyfriend who's a doctor."

The lackey country

good ol' australia, the promised land, has always lived up to its reputation — a country of promises, promises

article By Ian Moffitt

Every day the jets drop into Australia from the World Beyond — from the vivid, involving present into a big, pragmatic vacuum. Somewhere up there the stopper clops over the killing jar, shutting off Europe's seemly wheeling and dealing, Asia's exotic urgencies, their clocks and bells snuffed out in the ceaseless surf and silence which presses on our ear-drums. Solution of the globe's great problems no longer engages us; we're lucky if we even remember the issues. Someone told us, long ago, that we were brave and free, but we should not inquire too closely into that — like The Silk-worms, of Douglas Stewart's poem, we know that the Hands are on guard outside like claps of thunder. Better to be sure than sorry — don't draw attention to yourself. Don't knock yourself out. Don't be a mug. You're a long time dead. — Excerpt from *The U-Jack Society: An Experience of Being Australian.*

At 0800 hours the barrage lifted, and I moved forward, chiacking my mates as they fell. Almost at once I registered a thud above my heart. "Nice drop of claret, that," I mused as the blood seeped slowly through my tunic. "Full-bodied, but with a

little – what shall I say? – impish assertion. It's a pity they're not making any more."

The Kraut machine-guns were firing in precise lines, permitting me to stroll ahead with complete unconcern a metre from the perimeters of lead. I suppose my mind wandered a little too far. I was entertaining a shivering dwarf from the Munsters with a splendid rendition of *Old Kent Road* when I flung out one hand and lost two fingers. What a silly goose, I hear you saying, and yes, I suppose I was; I'll give that in.

Anyway, it nettled me; I gave way to a certain amount of – well, it does me no credit to admit it – impatience. I was in one trench, out another, with the cold steel; Kraut Girl Guides fleeing everywhere. A silly fey lot, the Germans. And their trenches! Messy wasn't the word – lipsticks, compacts strewn everywhere. "It's a dirty bird ..." I shouted, tossing a chocolate grenade as they fled to the rear.

But perhaps you don't want to hear about my war experiences; perhaps you want something else from me, which I am not ready to give. I wrote a children's book the other day; it may interest you. (Is your brain beginning to contract with dismay? Are you sliding under your desk? Do you keep pygmies under there, chained on straw?). The title of the book is *Chook Jamieson: The Hen With Arms* and it will sell millions of copies, in translation, around the globe. Small Sumatran children will read it while dozing on buffaloes; the CIA will hollow it out to insert poison phials. Chook finds a pair of aluminium arms, slips them over his head, and leaves the fowl-house to open an oil-change-and-grease lubritorium. His best friend is a cat, a butler who wears an ill-fitting uniform with one gold epaulette on the right shoulder, and one buckled shoe – the left. He helps Chook become the world champion single sculler. No? Well, it took only 15 minutes and I enjoyed it, and I don't think I'm going to enjoy this.

How about I sing *Les Darcy*, which is the world's worst folk song, and therefore, for me, one of the best? How about a drink? How about forgetting the whole thing? I can't switch myself on and off like an electric jug – bubbling, to order, with indignation. I feel like the old boxer, shuffling out for one last tilt at the title he no longer wants to win.

I wrote *The U-Jack* and I'm pleased I did; this *Son of U-Jack* is harder going. All my social concerns remain, but I've stopped blowing polemical trumpets from rooftops. I've retreated to fantasy and fiction; left the brass section for, I hope, the strings. My concerns, I imagine, will surface in another form.

I can't hide my disappointment with this bloody country, of course. I wish I could. I don't have the right to infect young people with my measure of despair; they can't build on negatives. But I got tired of bleeding in print for a people who are, so often, so cowed – so third-rate. I went back to North America a while ago and the enthusiasm on that continent seemed to tingle up through my shoes, as if the very earth had a physical property which sparked it. It's almost unfair – and I know that sounds like a bleat – to be reasonably sensitive in Australia; almost as if you need a lead shield to protect you from the invisible rays of nihilism which leach your enthusiasm.

You could say: "I've just re-read *The U-Jack Society* and things are now as bad as they were when you wrote it before Labor came in." I agree. No-doubt-wiser observers than I tell me that the level of excellence has increased imperceptibly – that the lift of enlightenment in each decade is only marginal – but it seems to me, in many ways, that we have become worse. I feel that I was naive in being so passionate; I feel, like many thousands of Australians, that I was merely a pawn in a cynical power game. I placed too much faith in politics – and politicians, it is now clear, are becoming increasingly redundant. The real answers lie in communities, not Canberra. Real life runs along one channel and politics (and the media) along another parallel to it. I'm sick of the whole charade. And let's face it: most of us are still a conservative, cowardly bunch of shits who get the government we fully deserve.

Many Australians would kick you to death if you tried to loosen their chains. They revere violence for its own sake; they itch to put in the boot to defend the Establishment which scorns them. Why should I spend the rest of my life campaigning exclusively for them, just because I was born in this country?

Despair, despair; bitterness, bitterness; why didn't I stay with Chook? There's also a spicy short story I want to write about a little Jewish businessman in a mythical Asian kingdom, and I've written a punk rock song with banal lyrics pitched exactly on the 13-year-old wavelength. I have to mow the lawn and the Goons will be on ABC radio later. I could play my old Pink Floyd, *Dark Side of the Moon,* or walk in the bush amid the gaping mattresses. And here I am picking up the old trumpet for a few more blasts to rouse our glorious revolutionaries from their little suburban tombs.

It's funny how Australians like me are always the baddies. We dwell in the perpetual shade of official disapproval (though we believe that *they* are the traitors to the nation); always suspect, always the long-haired Commie poofters if we care too much, too openly; always alienated; always comfortable on the losing side. A desire for excellence is a crime against the State.

We go through life wondering if there is (or was) a Special Branch file on our scandalous misdemeanors while the nation's youth butchers itself on the roads, and the Aboriginal babies die in the humpies, and jewel-eyed

southern European children learn, in every playground, that they are "wogs." Charming.

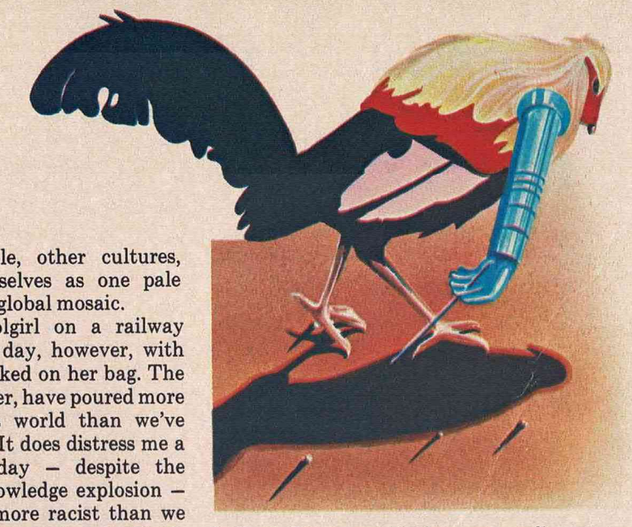
I wrote *The U-Jack Society* for a variety of reasons, and I believed it at the time to be a minor act of courage (I imagined the cliff falling on my head after I had plucked the daisy). I'd reached that point where I could see that it wasn't desperately hard to get through life unscathed – it was fatally easy – and it was ignoble to slip through unjudged, afraid to speak out.

I put my fingers in my ears and awaited the explosions which did not come – we smother people in this country; we don't execute them openly – and having done it I was overcome with Chesterton's hideous humility; I didn't enjoy the enervating public-speaking-author role. I hurriedly read letters which people sent me and pushed them away out of sight in a folder, sealing up again the gap I had made in my privacy. Some were critical, and I was glad – I learned of the ambiguities which persist in my attitudes – and some wanted me to lead a crusade.

I've just taken out that old folder, and the criticisms interest me more than the praise. One man suggested that perhaps I loved the land and hated the people, and I suppose there's some truth in it; the bastards always get you in the end, as Henry Lawson learned. Fire your rockets, blast your trumpet: you're still the enemy, the upstart preaching change. After a while you say fuck 'em, and die a little, and wander off to do something more personal without the need for mass approval. You lobotomise your anguish over injustice so that you can keep functioning. This is the Brave New World.

Getting gloomier now, aren't I? I should comfort myself with the thought that about half the nation feels roughly the same way; that the arts are flourishing; that armies are not blowing up our homes and slaughtering our (white) children; that other nations also wallow in the soft, sensual '70s, the idealistic lightning of the '60s flickering faintly over the ridge behind us. Why wander the dark streets wailing when everyone's nice and comfy inside with their color tellys and Pools and form guides? Why suffer for such a selfish middle-class when they're playing so happily with their possessions? Let them enjoy their pleasant little prelude; who knows what retribution may follow?

So what if we aren't a very edifying spectacle; if the national soul seems to have blended with some rubbery synthetic; if we're puffy, brutalised reactionaries, not spartan independents? We might still learn, in time, to value other people, other cultures, more; to see ourselves as one pale bathroom tile in a global mosaic.



I saw a schoolgirl on a railway station the other day, however, with "Kill All Wogs" inked on her bag. The wogs, I informed her, have poured more richness into this world than we've even begun to do. It does distress me a bit that kids today – despite the much-vaunted knowledge explosion – seem to be even more racist than we were. It also distresses me, incidentally, that many Australians don't really seem to *like* kids; the adults cop out and spend their leisure money on themselves. And as a friend said once: "The only youth program the Libs ever funded with any enthusiasm was Vietnam."

I think I was a better person when I wrote that book; disappointment has corroded my anger, my hope, and there isn't a glimmer of idealism on the wasteland to catch the eye; a mass sense of moral commitment to stir the mind. Students who were once radical to a degree (get it?) now pore over their books, worrying about jobs as unemployment rises: new issues, like Vietnam, will rouse them again some day, but right now it's a repeat of the obedient '50s; the cycle changes from one decade to the next.

They realise, post-Kerr, post-Whitlam, that the ruling Establishment is much mightier, much more firmly entrenched, than they imagined. The task, in fact, is too big to tackle; the faint prospect of eventual success so dim, so distant, that it fades like the socialist dream behind the immediate impulses for careers, houses, families.

Menzies died, but the chloroform lingers. One newspaper even described the crowd at his funeral as a "multitude." (Multitude, I imagine, is a sort of biblical word; workers form mobs.)

I don't know why I mentioned Menzies there, by the way: that fruity old fraud who kept us so long in the Victorian twilight. I suppose I was thinking of the Vietnam excrescence, which he so admired, and of all the people so horribly maimed and slaughtered there with his blessing. He talked nice though, didn't he? He could put down hecklers, and you could take him anywhere. He was always a clean man.

I'm wandering, aren't I? Partly because I am not as fiercely nationalistic as I was; partly because peeling open the national character bores me a bit now, when such vivid and terrible events explode overseas every day. (How about a new TV drama series starring a fruit-fly inspector in Albury-Wodonga?) And partly because I went flat after Labor got in, the heady dream a disintegrating reality, and I'm still flat.

Everyone's a bit flat except the chameleon-trendies who do very nicely by sucking up to whichever side's on top. Small "l" Labials, I call them: they pay lip-service to whoever has the power and money. They're instant-Lib, instant-Labor; take your pick. They'll wear Fascist black very fetchingly one day if it suits their ends, meanwhile amassing great fortunes, for example, in advertising.

I thought some of them were radicals when they jumped on the Labor bandwagon; I didn't realise they were just getting closer to the source of the finance. And if Australians worship anything, it's dough: that's something which the cardboard cut-outs share with the yobs. I stood behind a fettler's wife at a polling booth, post-Kerr, and she was voting Liberal in Chifley's old electorate. That shook me a little. But then so do a fair proportion of those blond, long-haired surfies off the beach at Manly, Sydney.

They might be into heroin – into a lifestyle which is anathema to any hard-working, free enterprise Lib – but they do not vote for change. They stop questioning when they get off the waves; they carve their individual statements only in water. Say to them "Everybody's disillusioned with politics, but at least Labor seeks more social justice", and the foolish statement flicks away over their heads, as inconsequential to them as the foam. You can't eat, drink or screw social justice, and that's all any successful Australian politician need know. Ah well, what am I going to say? Repeat that I

was a bit stupid about it all; that I really did think we were on the swing up to excellence at last? (I forgot that we never stomach excellence in this country for too long). I was similarly deluded when I worked on *The Australian:* we all marched gaily up the mountain, synthesising conscience and expertise for a rare period we thought might last forever, and then the old *Monty Python* foot crunched down without warning. *(The Australian* is an attractive corpse, now, which its editorial embalmers paint every night.)

This country, let's face it, is a social wasteland which we have never seeded with enough style, class, panache, eccentricity, intellectual daring. The inhabitants read mainly afternoon newspapers which do not change from one decade to the next, and a mysterious cosmic force prevents their fingers from ever twisting the TV dial to the ABC.

They shrink from the free communication of ideas – except when barracking amid "mates" at a sporting event – and, lacking a war, they murder each other on the roads. They worship their cars, too, of course, as everyone knows. I had a terrible shouting match once with a raging Alf when – with devilish insight – I called his new car "a lump of tin". It was more effective, I'm sure, than if I had insulted his wife.

I realise now that we are not ascending surely to a sunny plateau of nobility and grace. The best one can hope for is a quick flash or two from that imagined Camelot – a bit of light along the way – before the journey ends in the murky foothills far beneath it. It was crazy to have thought otherwise when the greed of the average Australian voter is so deeply ingrained. Greed and fear will continue to work very well for conservative governments – whether fear of losing a few dollars from the pay-packet (as now), or the recurring fear of those baby-bayoneting Communists who throng the land and have so many members of Parliament cramming our Federal and State Houses.

Frankly, I fear the Fascists more than them; you can be a terrific Fascist without reading a book. That distant scenario for our future seems far more likely than the Red one. Meanwhile, we'll just jog along, whittling down individual liberties and reforms, firmly convinced that we're the freest race on earth.

As a democracy, this is a very bad joke: it is a massive slur on the public intelligence, but who cares? We're content for issues to remain political playthings: the pols flourish them at elections and then put them under their seats. Socialism, Inflation, Communism: they're all interchangeable, and they all do the trick at the right time. Then we get back to worrying over the house extension, the sewerage, the gearbox, the soccer and netball competitions.

The lag mentality still drugs the vast centre-ground of Australian life: people are afraid of freedom. "Oo-er," they cry, tugging the phantom redcoat's jacket as someone goes over the wall. "Drag him back or we'll all get into trouble. We have nothing to do with it, sir. We're obedient. We'll stay in line. We're so grateful. We've got full bellies. We're happy convict-consumers."

Meanwhile, however, our society is splitting into two blocs, the consumer class and the welfare class, with the slowly-growing possibility of eventual violence between them as the gap widens, and if the system breaks down, there might then be an eruption of random anarchy and monolithic response, with trainee Fascists (they're the goodies) pouring from the woodwork to protect their Things.

Imagine the people in your street if they were forced to choose in such a violent conflagration – imagine them pushed hard up against a wall of decision. I'll bet the potential blackshirts among them far out-number the dreaded Reds.

It's time we tossed up our myths like two-up pennies (how many times have you ever played swy?) and looked at the reality stamped underneath them. Take the bush: we parrot *The Man from Snowy River,* but poor little buggers in every country town are dying in car smashes every few weeks; sobbing kids are spending their youth at funerals because cars and grog are the only excitement in their lives.

I'm flicking to and fro like a dragonfly here, but do you know what gets me? I cannot, for the life of me, understand why so many of our leaders never really want to solve problems, to unearth truths – another naive statement, of course, but I'm good at those. I suppose the two-party system is largely to blame; the backbencher's conscience withers pretty quickly in the green field of the House of Reps, assuming he has one when he enters the chamber. And meanwhile the political lies and half truths bombard us each day from each side.

All I'm reasonably sure of at the moment is that my train will be late every day, and that a large dog which lives up the street will continue to defecate in my backyard. Large dogs and small expectations: that's suburbia. Eventually we will develop Alsatians which stand upright to wash the family vehicle. I've been concentrating on the yobs here, of course, and forgetting the new awareness of the environment, the increases in adult education, the commendable growing initiatives of communities as they move to solve their own problems, the admirable gentleness and concern of many of the nation's youth.

We all know about dole bludgers: I also know of kids in the country who actually cry from hunger, awaiting the dole, while your Frasers pontificate about the needs of the economy, puff large cigars at Manhattan's Waldorf Astoria (how dated can you get?), and catch Concordes to London to try to reach the trout fishing earlier.

There *is* a revolution occurring in the '70s in Australia: the gentle revolution of concerned people who are committing themselves to community improvement – aerating society, like the worms, from the grassroots. They are happy and poorly paid, as a rule (or not paid at all); men and women who don't give a damn about money and status, but do care very much about community centres, and waifs who sleep in cars, and write lonely poetry.

These people, not the politicians, are committed to change, but that is their life as community catalysts, and not mine as a writer who also may wish to observe the flight of a multi-colored macaw through the South American jungle.

All the important areas, as I see them, are always at the bottom of the Budget lists, and they won't rise again for years. So I'm not running out into the streets to campaign for anyone right now; if I get the free time I'll be sitting behind this typewriter, trying to burrow inwards. And when I'm not doing that I'll be having a laugh or two.

Time is getting short. I reached such a point of despair over this country once that I almost had a mental short-circuit. I want to engage myself now in a different way, not merely serve someone else's ends. Too many of our political and business masters have the Kleenex complex: they want to use up people and throw them away.

I'm sorry that this is not more reasoned, but I'm drifting to other music. I have this great idea for a ballet, set inside a human skull, in which the dancers symbolise a man's emotions as he struggles to retain his insanity. You will have guessed the orchestra conductor: Mr C. (Chook) Jamieson – ex-Gallipoli, the Somme, Tobruk, the Uranium Battle, the Road Massacre, the Rearguard Stand for the Rainforests . . . Recreation: joking in the dark, and pissing a little bitterly now and then on the Lackey Country he has tried, for so long, to love.

TEN HISTORICAL SEX HANGUPS

article By MORTON HUNT

our forefathers thought up so many ways to avoid enjoying sex, it's a wonder we're here

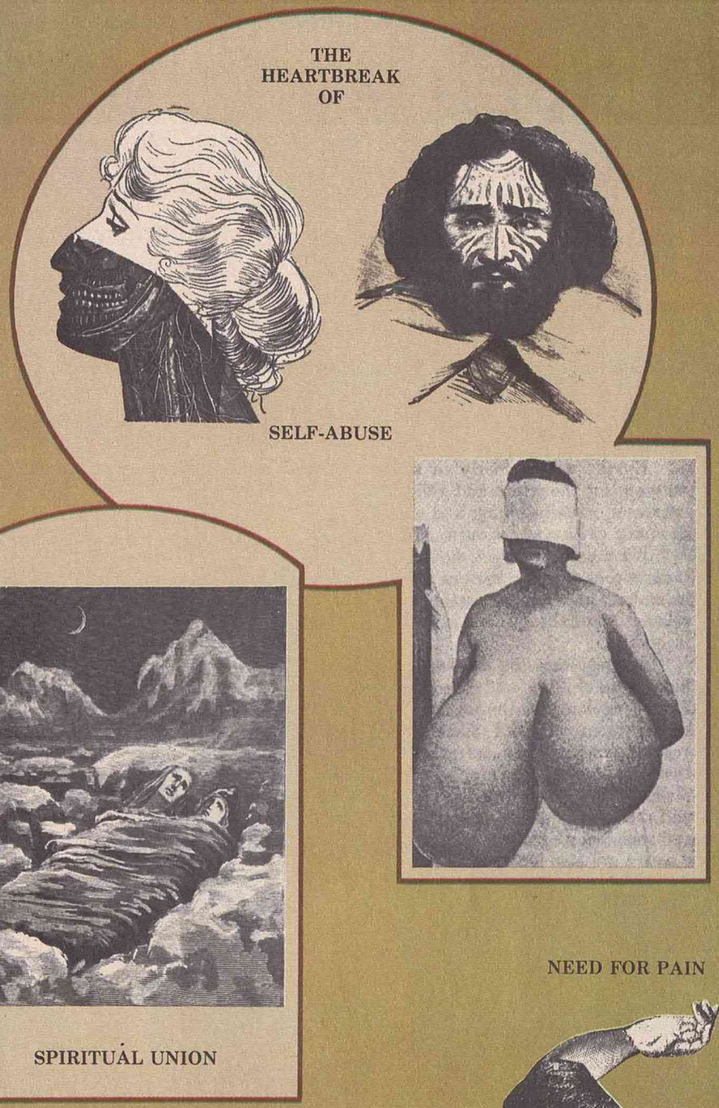
Illustrations by Derek Pell

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST LUST

IN THIS Age of Sexual Liberation, whatever you can't do or don't want to do is sure to be labelled a sexual hangup by someone – maybe even you. For instance:

- You say you can't do it in the morning until you've brushed your teeth. *My, you* are *hung up.*
- You enjoy sex more with someone you love. *How bourgeois!*
- You can't perform in the centre of a roomful of spectators. *That's a bit snobbish of you.*
- You think analingus is revolting? You've never made it with someone of your own sex? You aren't at all interested in trying S&M? *I'm afraid you have a problem.*

No, you haven't. You and others with sexual limitations like these are highly



liberated compared with a lot of the people from the past. In fact, the history of human sexuality in our civilisation is a wonderland of hangups, ranging from the absurd to the horrific. Here are 10 of the most noteworthy.

The fear of enjoying it. In the early centuries of Christianity, although the Church Fathers were dead set against sex, they had to admit it was sinless within marriage – but not if it was very enjoyable. In the 3rd century, for instance, Clement of Alexandria authoritatively stated that married love-making was blameless only if delight was confined and pleasure minimised.

Somewhat later, Saint Jerome laid down the law – a man who "too ardently loves his own wife," he said, "is as sinful as an adulterer." Jerome went further: sexual pleasure was so impure, even in marriage, as to make prayer impossible for some time after each episode. Priests passed all this along to their congregations, and even ordered the married to abstain from intercourse for three full days before taking communion lest they come to the sacrament befouled in spirit.

How did all this make husbands and wives feel about their love-making? Tertullian, a theologian of Carthage, wrote to his wife telling her not to grieve if he died first, since they would meet again in heaven, and reassuring her that "there will be at that day no resumption of voluptuous disgrace between us".

Feelings of disgust about sex. A somewhat similar hangup was a vivid sense of loathing, on the part of men, for the sex organs of women or for their entire persons. If women reciprocated this loathing we don't know about it.

It was not exclusively a Christian hangup. Even before Christ, certain

educated Romans considered disgust for the female body to be the rational way of freeing one's self from one's passions. Lucretius, the Epicurean philosopher, held that ungoverned sexual passion produced foolish behavior and wasted one's substance; therefore, if the rational man felt intense desire for a woman, he viewed his passion as a disease and fought it. How? By concentrating on her defects: he observed that her breasts sagged and that she was not perfectly clean. He told himself that she sweated, moved her bowels and had body odors. And he was cured.

Yet Lucretius was a mere amateur at disgust compared with some of the early Christians. In 370AD, when Saint John Chrysostom learned that his friend Theodore was in love and planned to marry, he wrote Theodore these helpful words:

"The groundwork of her bodily beauty is nothing but phlegm and blood and yellow bile and black bile, and the fluid of masticated food. When you see a rag with mucous or spittle on it, you cannot bear to touch it even with your fingertips; are you then in a flutter of excitement about the storehouse and repository of these things?" '

After receiving this communication, Theodore cancelled the wedding and took a vow of celibacy.

Such ideas were widely circulated and repeated throughout the Western world. They reached their finest expression in Saint Augustine's epigram about the female generative system, "We are born between faeces and urine", and in the philosopher Boethius's succinct summary of the female nature: "Woman is a temple built upon a sewer." Disgust, though it failed to eradicate sexual activity, contaminated and poisoned it for many centuries.

Prudery and purity. In the 19th century, middle-class people no longer thought of married sex as sinful, but rather as lowly, animal-like and the expression of base impulses. Only in men, however; women were too pure and good to have such impulses or to talk about sex, or even to imply by word or gesture that they knew sexual organs existed. A "decent" woman, when she saw the doctor, would point out on a doll where she had a pain, so as not to point to her own body in an immodest fashion.

Sex was never spoken of between husband and wife, and preferably not even seen: they coupled in inky darkness, usually with nightclothes on but pushed up halfway. Some married women never saw their husbands naked or were seen, naked, by them. Even those two celebrated Victorian lovers, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, are said never to have seen each other totally nude.

Prostitutes might enjoy sex, but in the 1880s Dr William Hammond, an expert on sexual matters, stated flatly that nine-tenths of the time decent women felt not the slightest pleasure in intercourse. An eminent gynaecologist added that sexual pleasure in young women was "pathological".

No wonder so many women were frigid (some estimates say 75 percent): they believed what they were told. But so did the men in their lives. In the typical Victorian sex act, therefore, the husband wordlessly relieved himself upon his wife as quickly as possible, while she submitted because it was her conjugal duty to do so. If, by chance, she felt any pleasure, she did her best to show nothing so as not to disgrace herself in her husband's eyes.

Non-completion of the sex act. Some present-day women, and a few men, cannot reach orgasm during love-making, though they want to, at least consciously. But what would you say of people who *could* come but who voluntarily denied themselves?

I'm not referring to an occasional oddball, but to members of mass movements that incorporated this sexual hangup. Such as, for instance, the inhabitants of the Oneida community, the mate-swapping religious commune that lasted for 30 years in 19th century upper New York State. At Oneida, it was the rule except when pregnancy was desired. The man stayed inside the woman as long as he could, up to an hour at times, without ejaculating then or later, though the woman was permitted to have orgasm.

This was called "male continence" and highly thought of; those oafs who could not contain were scorned, and women avoided them. The founder of Oneida, John Humphrey Noyes, had sought a way to distinguish between social sex and procreative sex. He hit upon male continence, and found it "a great deliverance". Deliver us, O Lord, from such deliverance.

But at least the women of Oneida completed the act. A more bizarre sexual practice, known as *amor purus* (pure love), was favored by the lords and ladies of certain medieval courts. A lord and lady, each married to someone else, would carry on a protracted romance in which he sought her favors by knightly service and gallantry, while she played haughty and hard to get. It might take years before she let him kiss her, months more before he embraced her. Finally she would grant him *amor purus* – prolonged sex play, unclothed and in bed – but without actual intercourse. This was considered nobler and finer than consummated sex; its exponents condemned

PRUDERY
AND PURITY

intercourse as false love, while exalting the true love of kissing, fondling – and lying together nude.

Continent marriage, spiritual marriage. In the latter part of the 3rd century certain devout Christians yearned to be chaste, but had to marry for social reasons. Ammon, a wealthy youth of Alexandria, faced this dilemma and hit upon a solution: he read to his fiancee Saint Paul's exhortation to chastity (1 *Corinthians* vii: 1-7), and at their wedding they astounded the guests by taking vows of celibacy.

Throughout their marriage they lived an ascetic life, as brother and sister, in two rude huts in the Egyptian desert. The fame of this "continent marriage" spread rapidly and, according to church historians, countless couples over the next several centuries emulated them. Some outdid Ammon and his wife by living in the same house and even sleeping in the same bed. Admirable, but risky. Indeed, Saint Jerome wrote sternly to one Rusticus who had sunk back into wedded indulgence.

Not to be outdone by laymen, many clergymen during this same period practised "spiritual marriage", which involved taking unmarried virgins into their homes as "spiritual wives", living with them, and sleeping together in chastity. Indeed, they felt all the more spiritual for undergoing constant temptation. But some leaders of the Church doubted that they constantly resisted it. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, angrily pointed out that the claim of chastity could be a fraud since, even if a midwife found the spiritual wife to be a virgin, "she may have sinned in some other part of her body".

Love at a remove. The ultimate

step in the purification of love was taken by Dante. He first saw Beatrice when he was only nine, but he precociously fell in love and began his lifelong worship of her. It was a pure and inspiring love, but a thoroughly disembodied one. He never spoke to her, made no effort ever to meet her and caught sight of her only at rare intervals. Nor did he desire more, for she was goddess-like and unattainable in his eyes. She never knew of his love for her, or of the sublime poetry he wrote under her spell. What he said about his feelings was taken as a model of true love by poets, philosophers and romantics for generations to come. Many tried to follow his lead; some succeeded.

In case you were wondering about his sex life, Dante had a wife and, over the years, several mistresses. In his writing, he said almost nothing about them. He may have been grateful for their services, but it never occurred to him to love them.

The struggle against lust. Over the centuries, innumerable men and women in religious orders have taken vows of celibacy and undergone intense suffering in their efforts to master their sexual desires. You may regard this as a hangup, depending on your own religious beliefs, but certainly several of the pioneers of celibacy behaved as if they were deranged.

Consider Origen, for instance. When this biblical scholar was a young man in Alexandria, he put an end to his own sufferings by taking literally the words of Christ: "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake." Secretly, and without help, Origen castrated himself. But the secret got out, word spread, and over the succeeding decades thousands of his admirers mutilated themselves similarly to conquer their lusts.

The Church, however, eventually forbade this practice. After all, what merit is there in celibacy if one makes it effortless? What nobility is there in self-control when self-indulgence is impossible? Much more admirable were those celibates who burned with lust but mortified their flesh in order to counteract the evil impulse. Simeon Stylites did so by spending 30 years on top of a 20-metre pillar. A nameless monk, when practical jokers sent a prostitute to his cell one night, held a finger in the flame of the lamp to distract himself. By morning all his fingers were gone, but he was still pure.

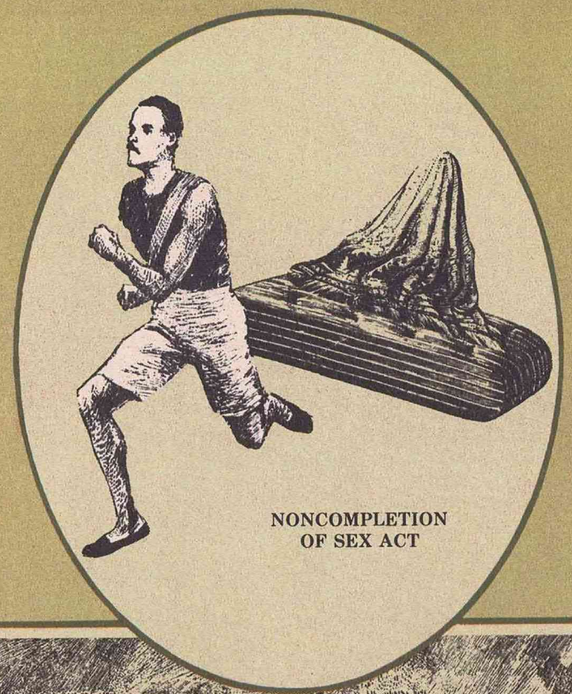
Saint Jerome, living an ascetic life in the desert, saw visions of dancing maidens and felt the fires of lust burning in him. So he fasted for seven days until he was half-dead and the fires had died down. Millions of others, down the centuries, have slept on stone floors, worn hair shirts, and knelt in prayer for hours to quench the flames of desire, without, like Origen, getting rid of the fuel.

The fight against masturbation. As if it were not enough for the pure in heart to be burdened with their desires for intercourse, they have also fought desperately to deny themselves self-administered sexual pleasure. Ammon, of whom we spoke before, took a vow never to remove his clothing, since the sight of his own parts might tempt him. Many followed his example.

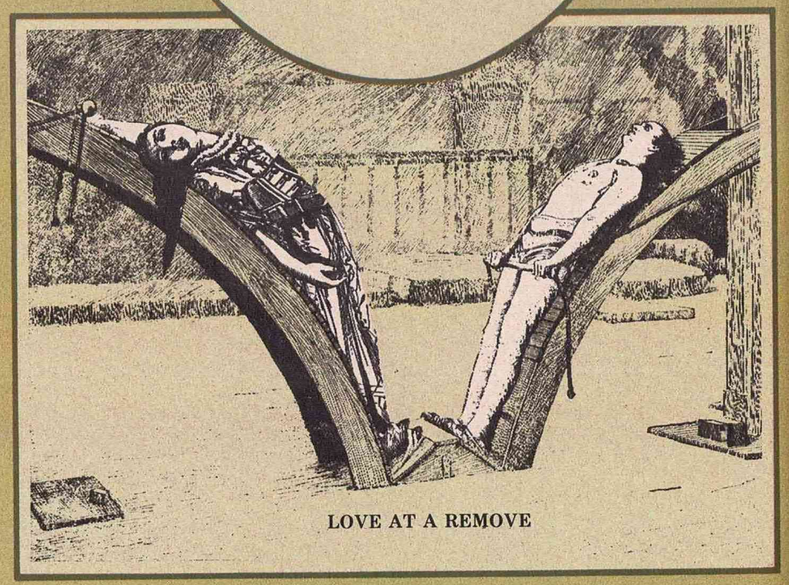
Those who needed outside help were given it by their confessors: by the 7th century masturbation cost 40 days of penance, and Aquinas later reckoned it a worse sin than fornication. Since this did little more than make millions feel terrible – without eliminating the practice – physicians in the 18th and 19th centuries took another tack: they claimed more than 100 diseases, ranging from poor eyesight and epilepsy to heart murmurs and mental disorder, were caused by masturbation.

This was effective, at least in spoiling the pleasure of masturbators. And who can say that the physicians were wrong? Undoubtedly, some of those who were authoritatively told that they would develop physical and mental ailments if they masturbated did, indeed, develop such ailments out of fear and guilt.

Intercourse with spirits. In various eras, men and women who denied themselves even the mediocre solace of masturbation often dreamed, willy-nilly, of sexual delights. But since, consciously, they desired not to get any joy from such pleasures, they transformed their yearnings in sleep into visitations by supernatural creatures – incubi and succubi, the Devil himself, and Christ.



NONCOMPLETION OF SEX ACT



LOVE AT A REMOVE

Christ? Yes, even He. The cult of virginity, in which every nun or pious virgin is "the bride of Christ", dates back to the 5th century. In earlier days, it had distinctly erotic overtones. Saint Jerome, persuading one virgin to remain celibate, used curiously sexual imagery:

"Let the seclusion of your own chamber ever guard you; ever let the Bridegroom sport with you within. If you pray, you are speaking to your Spouse; if you read, He is speaking to you. When sleep falls on you, He will come behind the wall and will put His hand through the hole in the door and will touch your belly. And you will awake and rise up and cry: 'I am sick with love.'"

No one knows how many virgins sublimated their desires in this fashion, but some of those who achieved fame, and who left their memoirs, tell of such dreams or visions. Sometimes they thinly concealed the truth from themselves behind transparent symbolism. Saint Teresa of Avila, the 16th century Carmelite mystic, described her many "transports" and even "raptures", in some of which she saw a beautiful angel holding a long golden spear with a fiery tip.

He would thrust this several times into her heart and a feeling of burning, divine love would descend into her bowels and fill her being.

Others weren't as lucky. For many centuries, from the Middle Ages on, uncounted thousands of women (and some men) had the impression that at night they were sexually possessed by demons or the Devil, which qualified them to become witches. They gave the most vivid details (when tortured by inquisitors) of their sexual union with the Evil One: his penis was variously said to be made of ivory, shod with iron, or covered with fish-scales and, in any case, ice-cold.

Some claimed that intercourse with him was excruciating, but others that it was marvellous. One Scottish witch said: "He is abler for us than any man can be."

Of special importance to them, or perhaps to him, was his anus. At black masses, those who reverently kissed this orifice received special powers. All of which might seem amusing except that those who confessed were burned at the stake.

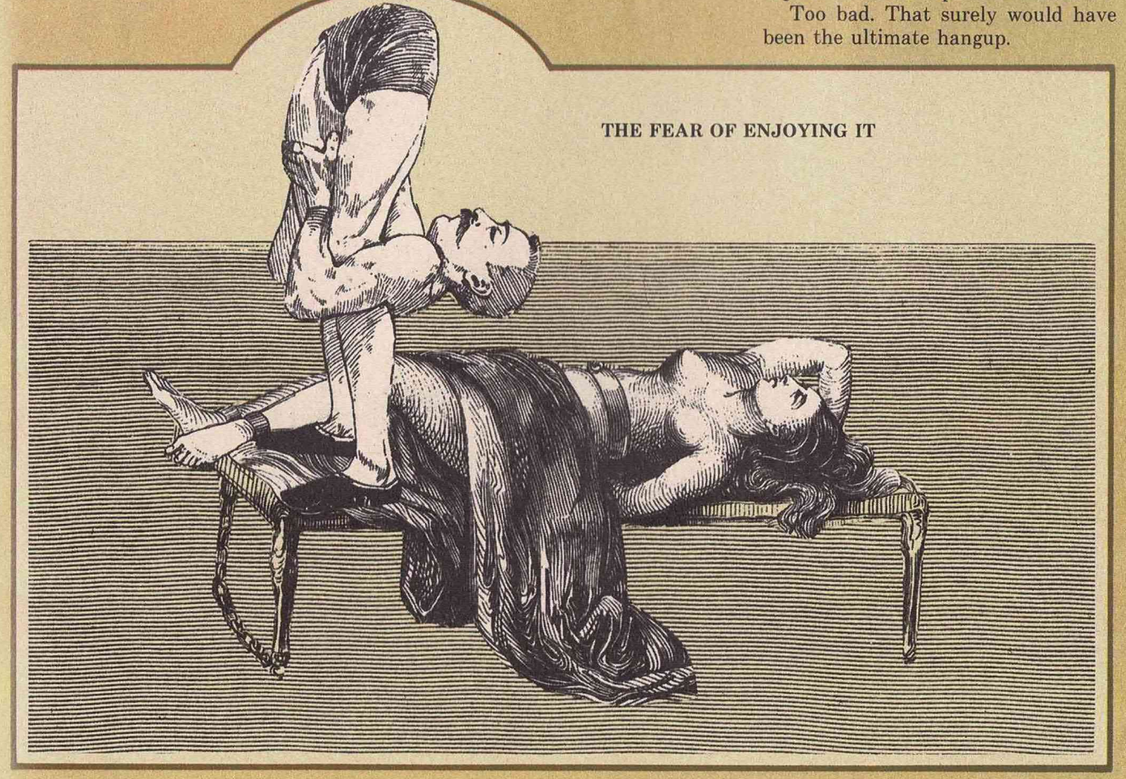
In 1554, one inquisitor reported that at least 30,000 witches had been destroyed in a century and a half, and by the time the witchcraft frenzy died out the number must have been far greater than that.

The need for pain in sexual pleasure. Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the novelist who liked his wife to beat him with a whip that had nails in it, was not so rare a bird. Although many experts have described women as often being masochistic in the sex act and wanting to be forced or hurt a little, it is men who have more often needed severe whippings to achieve erection and orgasm.

This condition was especially common in the sexually-constipated 19th century, most notably in England. Indeed, flagellation by a prostitute, at the man's request, was widely called *le vice anglais*. Many of London's Victorian brothels specialised in this service, and their clientele included men of distinction.

Some writers have linked *le vice anglais* to the English custom of birching pubescent schoolboys on their bare bottoms. Perhaps, but this doesn't explain the phenomenon, mentioned by Havelock Ellis, of those men who went to Victorian brothels where they could be hanged from a padded cord. Hanged, but not killed. Ellis adds in a footnote that although hanged criminals sometimes have emissions, "there is no sexual pleasure in death by hanging, and persons who have been rescued at the last moment have experienced no voluptuous sensation".

Too bad. That surely would have been the ultimate hangup.



THE FEAR OF ENJOYING IT

Photography by Ken Middleton

20 QUESTIONS: **KIM WRAN**

in which a budding young actress shows she's not just a premier's daughter

These days Kim Wran is rarely referred to as "Neville Wran's daughter". When she is, she bristles. At 23, the NSW Premier's daughter has established an identity of her own through television appearances in The Young Doctors, *modelling assignments and encounters of the kiss-and-cuddle kind with Prince Charles and Henry Winkler. Kim bubbled over so much to* PLAYBOY *staff writer Phil Jarratt that we extended this interview to 30 questions. "Kim is a powerhouse. There's no other way to describe her," says Jarratt. "She can be calm and serene for, oh, 30 seconds at a time, but then she's off and running – a million things to do and only a lifetime in which to do them."*

PLAYBOY: Do you still harbor a burning ambition to be a barrel girl on a television show?

WRAN: No. About three years ago – before I'd done any TV work – I was asked what I'd like to do. I wanted to be on TV, but I'd had no training at all, so I thought of the simplest television job I could – picking envelopes out of a barrel. I mean, it was straight off the top of my head, but it made headlines. My mother nearly passed out.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents have other plans for you?

WRAN: My parents have never pushed me into anything. They'll let me know if they think something really stinks. If Dad told me there was something he'd really prefer that I didn't do, then I wouldn't do it. Dad would never push when all the other kids came home with straight As and I'd come home with failures. He'd just say: "Well, do your best, and if your best is lousy, tough luck."

PLAYBOY: Are you happy with the way your acting career is progressing?

WRAN: Yes. I'd like it to progress more. I mean, I don't expect to step out of *The Young Doctors* into a dozen movie roles, but I would like to continue to improve. It's only my laziness that holds me back.

PLAYBOY: How did you really feel about being sacked as the weather girl on Channel Nine in Sydney?

WRAN: It wasn't really the sack. What happened was ... we were displaced. Moved on. Judy Lynne was the channel's Monday-to-Friday weather girl and I was on at the weekend. Then they hired Alan Wilkie. They called in Judy and me and said that someone had to go and which of us was going to slash her wrists if she couldn't be a weather girl? I said I didn't really mind – so that was how it happened. I said to them: "Well, what else is there for me to do?" They said there was nothing. I mean, I'd really worked to get into television and I wasn't gonna let go that easily, so I said: "What about *The Young Doctors?* They've always got plenty of parts." They asked me if I could act, and I said: "About as well as I can do the weather." So I got the job.

PLAYBOY: Is Margaret Whitlam still the woman you most admire?

WRAN: Did I say that? No, I don't admire any woman. Not tongue-hanging-out admiration, anyway. I do admire the woman who gets up at five in the morning to feed her kid, but I can't think of specific people.

PLAYBOY: Do you still share an intimate postal relationship with the Fonz?

WRAN: No. I might drop him a line at Christmas and he might write back, but that's all it is. When I had my, aah, whatever, with him, it only lasted three weeks. If I was in love with him, the way it was made out, I would have gone to the States with him and he wouldn't have married someone else. He was very pleasant for three weeks, but anyone can be pleasant for that long. I was pleasant for three weeks, too. He might have been putting on a great act. We did everything nicely. The only thing I noticed about him was that he had a bit of an identity crisis. If someone said to him, "Hey, Fonzie", he'd jack up about it. I thought that was a bit strange.

PLAYBOY: What sort of men really appeal to you?

WRAN: Men who are men. No make-up or handbags or earrings. The guy doesn't have to be the mate of the month, but I don't like men who wear trousers so tight that what they've got wouldn't work for six years anyway. Guys who don't seem to have any buttons on their shirts put me off, too. All that sort of crap. I like going out with crazy, flamboyant men, but I wouldn't look for a serious relationship with a yahoo who's gonna swing from the chandelier wherever we go.

PLAYBOY: You have said you're not interested in getting your gear off in public. Why is that?

WRAN: I don't think it's necessary. It's not a great moral issue; it's just a matter of what I feel comfortable about doing. God, I've seen a lot of bodies – and a lot of people have seen my body. It's not that. A great actress like Barbra Streisand doesn't do nude scenes. They hire some chick at $30 a day to do them for her. That's the way I want to work it. What it boils down to is: you've gotta put a value on yourself. I've got my price like everyone else, but no one's hit it yet.

PLAYBOY: What's your price?

WRAN: It's funny, really. I was talking to Dad about it the other day and he asked me the same thing. My price is so much money that they could take my body and shoot it from every conceivable angle and I would be so stinking rich that I wouldn't care.

PLAYBOY: What sort of a kid were you?

WRAN: Very quiet. Sort of a mummy's girl and a daddy's girl, too. I never got dirty and I never liked to be away from my parents. I hated school, like most kids do.

PLAYBOY: Do you get on well with your parents?

WRAN: Yeah, always. We used to get on famously. Neither of my parents has a temper like mine. They're not the sort of people who are gonna throw things. In fact, Dad got a bit of a shock when his little girl picked up the television set and hurled it at him. I used to throw terrible tantrums, but I can't remember any lasting hassles.

PLAYBOY: Has your father's fame ever hindered your career?

WRAN: More than a lot of people realise. I guess it's a childish attitude on my part. When good things happened to me because of my father I always just accepted them, but I can't accept it if someone jacks up on me because of him. I've just got to learn to take the good with the bad.

PLAYBOY: There have been occasions when you've had to act as hostess for your father. How was that?

WRAN: I was wonderful. *(Laughs).* It was one of those things that had to be done and it was kind of hard, you know? All those 50- and 60-year-old men bending down on all fours to me. I didn't know them and I didn't give a damn. I'm saying: "You know this really isn't necessary." It was strange. I had to go out and buy suits and make myself look dreary. Fortunately, it didn't last long. What really got me was when people would ask me political questions. I figured that if I talked quickly and softly they'd think I knew something about it. I mean, people don't ask a doctor's daughter how to do a hysterectomy, but here they were, asking me about legislation. Christ, it took me four months to find Parliament House!

PLAYBOY: What are your failings?

WRAN: My God, I have so many. I'm emotionally immature and I'm lazier than I'd like to be. What else? Oh, if I break a nail I'll bite it. I've got to have

long nails for my work, but if I break one I'll chew it and love every bit of it.

PLAYBOY: On a scale of one to 10, how do you rate your looks?

WRAN: First thing in the morning, minus 10. I don't think you can rate looks. I had a fight about Sophia Loren the other day. I think she's beautiful, but my friend thinks she's a slack Italian dog. I guess I'd have to give myself a pass, say five.

PLAYBOY: What interests do you have outside work?

WRAN: Sleeping. I love sleeping. And the normal girl things. If I've got a couple of hours off I'll get my nails done or buy a new dress. And I like to have long lunches with my girlfriends or my mother, just sitting there for hours talking about nothing. I'm not very big on hobbies or sport. I'm not the sort to dive into a pair of jeans and ride a horse for five hours. I don't like the idea of getting saliva all over my sleeve and horse whiskers all over my clothes.

PLAYBOY: Are you a romantic, or do you consider yourself a realist?

WRAN: A romantic. It doesn't matter how bad things get, I always know everything will be okay in the morning.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in astrology, or anything like that?

WRAN: Astrology, yeah, and I'm keen on clairvoyants. It's another example of how I can accept the good but not the bad. If they predict bad things for me, I ignore them.

PLAYBOY: You've been rather critical of the Eastern Suburbs social set from time to time, and yet you seem to be a part of it. Does that sort of comment make you a popular party girl?

WRAN: Which social set, and when have I put shit on them? *(Laughs).* Oh, it's probably jealousy. I think it's a shame when people seem to live for that alone, like those dingoes who park their new Porsches in Double Bay and lean against them for hours on end. That breaks me up, but it's what those guys live for.

PLAYBOY: You met Prince Charles during his last visit to Australia. What were your impressions?

WRAN: Well, he didn't streak and he didn't punch anyone in the mouth, so I suppose I could say that he's a very nice person. How the hell would I know? I sat with him at the dinner table along with Dad and Jill and Sir Roden and Lady Cutler. The whole conversation bored me. They were asking the poor guy some incredible things, and it seemed that because he's Prince Charles he's so close to being God that he must know everything. I was talking to him later, and I said: "You really don't know, do you? Don't worry, just make it all up like I do." So we danced a lot, and we've both got the gift of the gab so we sat out on the step and raved. But it was no big deal. I mean, nearly all the women there were over 55. He probably spotted me and went: "My God, there's a lady who can walk on her own." I mean, what was he supposed to do? Go into raptures over Lady Cutler?

PLAYBOY: So you didn't spend much time alone with him?

WRAN: Are you kidding? A dozen people go to the toilet with him to make sure he doesn't fall down. A night with him would be some kind of orgy. You'd probably get a karate chop if you tried to touch him.

PLAYBOY: Are you a happy person?

WRAN: Yes, basically. I don't go round in fits of laughter all day, but I'm happy.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing that's ever happened to you?

WRAN: Well, I hope it hasn't happened yet. No, probably my parents. They've made the pattern for my life.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought about changing your name to get away from that inevitable link with your father?

WRAN: No. What a hide I'd have to change my name! He hasn't robbed a bank or raped a nun, you know. He's worked damn hard and made a success of his life. I'm proud of his success. In fact it's very hard for me to think of him ever being unsuccessful.

PLAYBOY: What do people expect of the Premier's daughter?

WRAN: I don't know. I wish somebody would tell me. I think people are going to criticise you no matter what you do. If you're a brunette they'd probably think you'd look better as a blonde. I'm talking here about the people who are going to have a go at you. I'm sure there are thousands of people who couldn't give a damn.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite food?

WRAN: Ice cream and chocolate sauce.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to keep in shape?

WRAN: Eat a lot of ice cream and chocolate sauce. I haven't been fat since I was at boarding school.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite childhood memory?

WRAN: Christmas. It was the one time when our family spent some time together. Usually they were spread around the place because of work and so forth.

PLAYBOY: If acting and modelling were out of the question what career would you pursue?

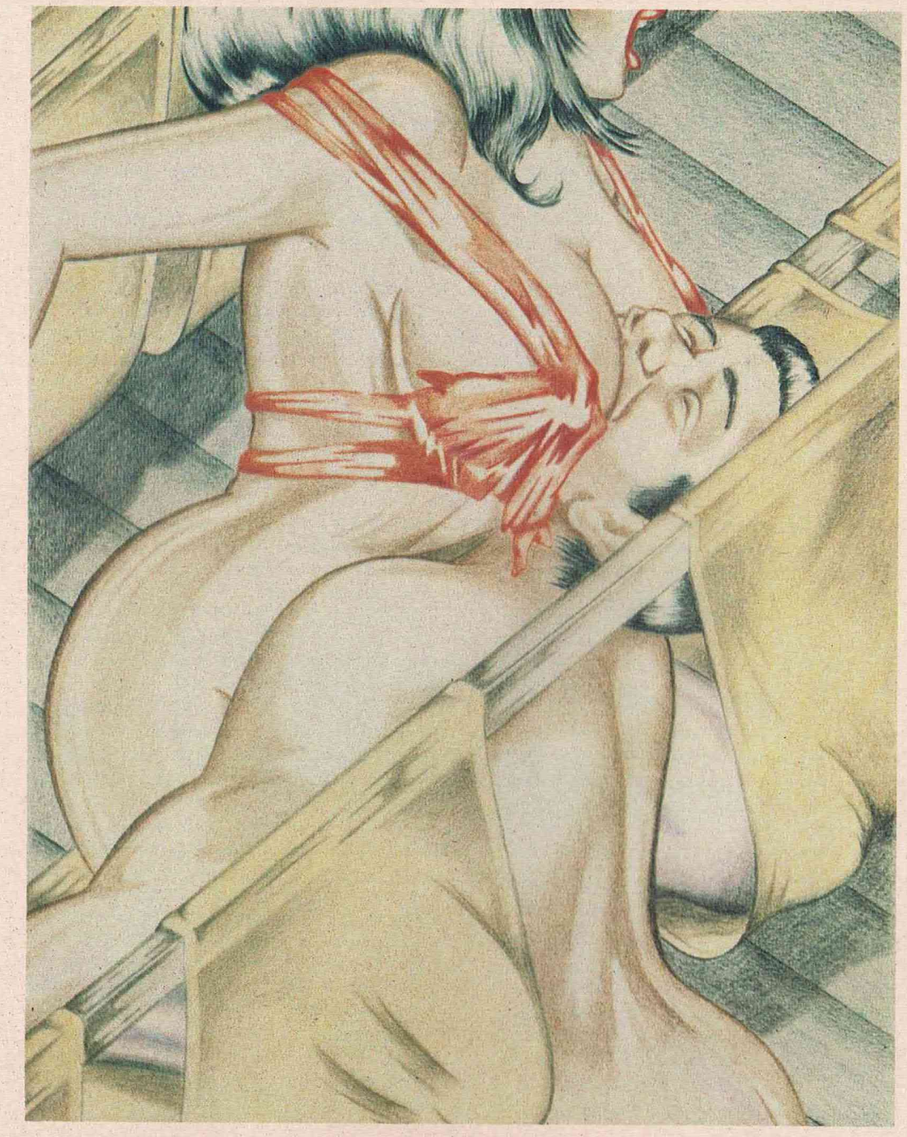
WRAN: Either dress designing or interior decorating.

PLAYBOY: What's the interview question you dread most?

WRAN: When am I gonna get married, and the one about rating my looks.

"If you hear my husband, duck out that door – he'll never see you!"

Baying in vain at the moon



the continuing saga of australia's leading would-be satyr

humor **By Ron Saw**

I SAW Daphne Moon again the other day. There was a sort of party aboard a decent-sized ketch on Sydney Harbor, and she came aboard with three or four others at Man o' War Steps. There was no time for formal introductions before we bore away, but by the time we were running through the Heads we'd smiled at each other. I could tell that she was slightly puzzled; but she was rather more preoccupied with the distinguished actor who was cheerfully kneading her behind, and she didn't ask me where we'd met before.

She hadn't changed much. The bloom of youth no longer warmed her cheeks, and she seemed to be having trouble with her teeth. But she was still small and trim and superbly proportioned. Nothing about her sagged. She still managed to move in a way that showed a swelling fullness

Illustration by Keith Davis

of breast through the front of her shirt, still managed to look as if there was something licentious about not wearing underclothes; and her temper still rose up like fire.

"Will you for God's sake keep your hands to *yourself!*" she shouted at the distinguished actor as his hand caught in and tugged at the neck of her shirt. And as quickly as she had burned she cooled, and her lips, at his ear, framed the words: "Not now."

She was always quick tempered, particularly about mating. She was when I knew her, anyway.

•

In the first year of my cadetship I was sent to the Kalgoorlie office of my newspaper; to the big, dusty, muddy mining town that was then Australia's Golden Mile. It was a far cry from the gold towns of history or legend. It was a far cry from its own boom times. Where there had been more than 50 pubs in the main street there were now fewer than a dozen. Where there had been rich, if tawdry, whorehouses there were now a few wretched, wire-fronted knocking shops in which not as much as a piano tinkled. Where there had been armed warfare between Australian and Yugoslav miners there was now hardly more than an occasional nervous slanging match. But to an 18-year-old, leaving home for the first time – who two months before had been a copy boy in Perth on £2 a week and was now a reporter on £11, including a living-away-from-home allowance, living in a hotel and ordering his own breakfast – to a callow youth it was magic.

It was to me what Chicago must have been to Ben Hecht. There were, in proportion, just as many political scoundrels, crooked coppers, flashy thieves, colorful drunkards, heroic sportsmen and outrageous liars. The only real and disturbing shortage was of attainable women.

The recreations of Kalgoorlie reached from beer to whisky and back, via sporting weekends at which one shot out the dim lights of dusty neighboring hamlets, or public dances patronised by respectable married people and knots of chattering 16-year-old shorthand typists wearing their breasts cantilevered just below their chins and expressions of disdain to warn off anybody who might actually try to get within arm's length. If there were any wild women at all they had been taken up, long before, by wild men.

The problem of women was discussed, endlessly, at the End Table of the Poet and Peasant restaurant. The regulars here were mostly law clerks or students at the Kalgoorlie School of Mines. I was admitted only because I was considered to be apprenticed to a kind of profession, and because my wages and expenses arrived weekly, regularly, from Perth.

Our leader was a quiet, scholarly student of metallurgy named MacCormack, who was 23, had been a bomber pilot, and owned an MG. It was more or less accepted that Mac, in his quiet, heroic way, had bestridden every available woman around the eastern goldfields, or could have bestridden every one; though the matter of actual bestriding was seldom discussed. In fact, discussions at the End Table were hardly more sophisticated, no less the stuff of fantasy, than they'd been at the sixth form dinner table at school.

In dallying with persons of the opposite sex, presuming dallying was permitted, there were two objectives. First, one Got a Bit of Tit, Outside, then Inside; then one Got a Hand on It. What happened after that was anybody's guess. If you seldom, if ever, achieved either of these objectives you could always think about them and who might make them possible; and in this, in these discussions, Mac was the oracle and the official handicapper.

It was agreed, for instance, that with Mavis, the slightly buck-toothed, lithe blonde in the clinging black satin who waited on the End Table, you'd Get a Bit of Tit, probably Inside. Rhonda Ditch, the half-mad barmaid at the Palace Hotel, had been known to let any number of fellows Get a Hand on It but was an uncompromising Catholic and would go no further. And Annabel Meosovich, the librarian at the School of Mines, had actually been "titted off" in the back of a car behind the golf club, but nobody seemed to know which of about a dozen men and boys had made It, whatever It was.

I had been in Kalgoorlie for about two months when I met Daphne Moon.

I had come down with a sort of rash of the armpits – the End Table believed it to be either the clap or an attack of the crabs – that wouldn't go away; and after a couple of weeks of discomfort I took the problem to the outpatients' department of the general hospital.

"What you've got," said an intern, "is an unusual but quite simple case of murmmm-harrumm. It's easily cured by rubbing in an antibiotic ointment every couple of days. Nurse Moon here will look after you."

I was glad to hear it. Nurse Moon would then have been about 23, with dark, flashing eyes and a head of dark, short curls, a compact, almost pneumatic body and the sort of springy step that made everything move gently – not jiggle or bounce: just move gently. Sensibly, in the appalling summer heat, but entirely against regulations probably framed by the late Queen Victoria, she was wearing no slip beneath her starched, front-buttoned uniform; so that there were occasional glimpses of golden inside-of-thigh and more frequent views – because she seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time leaning over people – of golden breast. I looked and felt the adrenalin prickle. Nurse Moon was wearing no brassiere!

"In here, please," said Nurse Moon. She took me into a sectioned-off examination room, sat me up on a surgical couch, took off my shirt and told me to hold my arms up. She dipped into a pot of some pale unguent.

"Er, which arm?" I asked.

"Both arms!" barked Nurse Moon. "You've got a rash in both armpits, haven't you? So – *Both arms! Both!*" She seemed to be in a terrible jangle.

I sat with both arms stretched above my head and Nurse Moon rubbed in the ointment. It was a disturbing experience. She put the butt of each hand on to each of my breasts, so that each index finger reached to an armpit, and then began massaging strongly. I suppose the ointment got to my rash. After perhaps 30 seconds she shifted in closer, standing astride my right leg, so that her mount pressed hard against my knee, and began massaging in earnest.

I looked at Nurse Moon. Her eyes seemed to have filmed over. She was breathing heavily through the nostrils. I lowered my hands, with some idea of grabbing her, and she snapped out of it. *"Keep 'em up!"* she snarled, and I shot 'em up again. Breathing rather more quietly, and apparently with the priceless gift of sight restored, Nurse Moon backed off my knee and told me to get dressed.

"It was almost," I told the End Table that night, "as if she was..."

"Knocking herself off," said Foreskin, the law clerk. His name was Farsken, but since the age of about three he'd never been called anything but Foreskin.

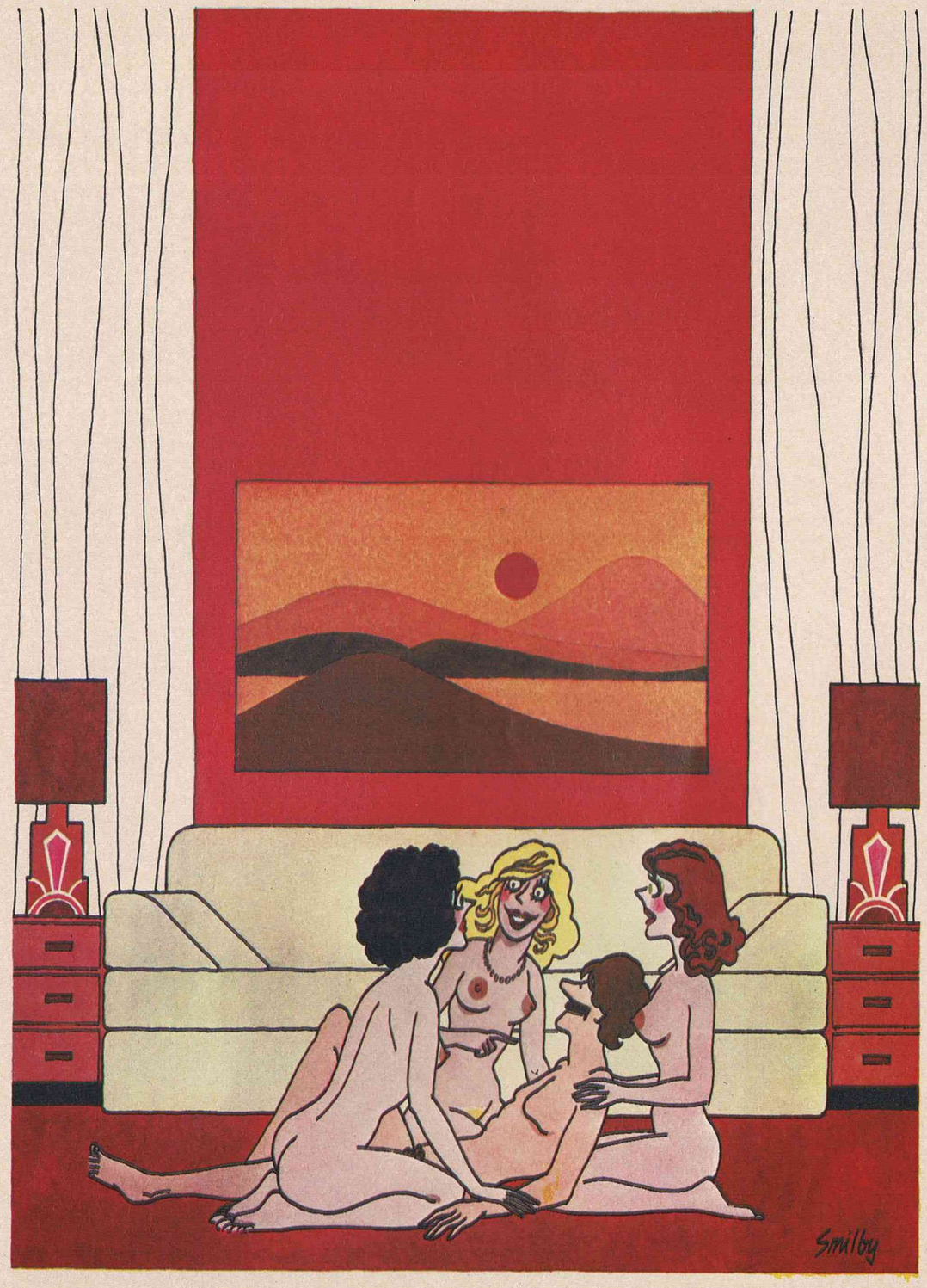
"Moon, eh?" said Mac. "That'd be Daphne Moon. Yep. Know her. Greek."

"Greek? Moon isn't a Greek name."

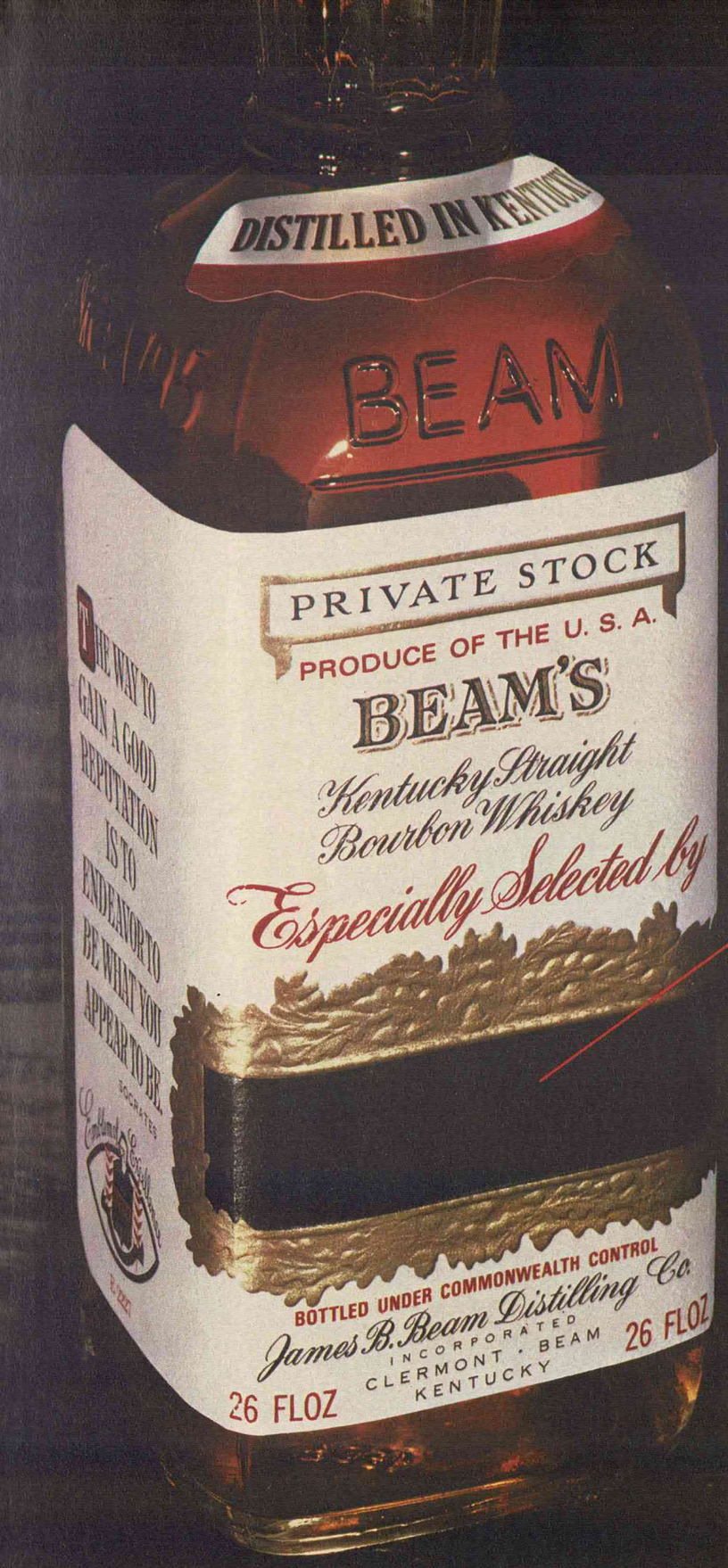
"They changed it. Been here since the year dot. In Perth. But they're Greeks all right."

There was a silence compounded of equal parts of lust and outrage. How dare she? was the unspoken question. How dare this imposter massage her Levantine mount on my callow but nonetheless respectably Anglo-Saxon kneecap?

"Filthy rich, mind you," said Mac. "Own about half the timber in the south-west. Rolling in dough. When Daphne came up here to do her



"One, two, three – say, this must be the fourplay I've heard so much about."



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nursing, her old man gave her a bloody great Pontiac. Brand new."

I thought again about Daphne Moon.

"How," asked Duckbill, the engineer-to-be, "how d'you reckon she'd go? Would you Get a Bit of Tit?"

"Oh, sure," said Mac.

"Would you say you'd Get a Hand on It?"

"I'd say so. As a matter of fact," said Mac thoughtfully – he might have been discussing the potential of Hill 50 – "from a few things I heard I wouldn't be surprised if you did a bit better than that."

"You're kidding!"

"You mean she's a raver?"

"Who's knocking her off?"

"You mean she'd really jump into the sack?"

"I'm not saying anything for sure," said Mac. "Just – well, just see how you go."

The three of them looked at me with varying degrees of envy, and I felt trapped. By unwritten rule Daphne Moon was mine. It had been my kneecap and my chest and armpits, and I felt a giddy lust for her. But I wasn't sure I wanted to be regimented, pushed along, almost stopwatched.

Still, the Daphne Moon campaign got under way.

Two days later I sat, again, on the surgical couch, bare-chested, with my arms up, as Daphne rubbed ointment into my armpits. Again she massaged my breasts, breathing jerkily, but this time she stayed away from my kneecap, or hadn't the time to get at it, which was just as well.

Her massaging somehow triggered some sharp reflex in my right leg, which flew up, with terrible force, where her loins would have been. My shoe caught a trolley loaded with bottles, trays and glasses, kicking most of them into the air. When the banging and crashing died away, Nurse Moon was still giving tongue.

"You bloody camel!" she shouted. "What's wrong with you? Bloody silly feet flying all over the place. I ought to . . ." She made a violent gesture.

"I'm sorry," I gasped. "I'll fix it." I began to climb off the couch, and she shouted at me again. "Keep those arms up. *Keep 'em up!"*

That night I called her at the hospital. "I thought," I said, having rehearsed it about 80 times, "that I could perhaps make up for this afternoon's fiasco by buying you a drink." I held my breath. "Beaut!" said Daphne, to my utter astonishment. "Love to. I'm off at eight."

From about 8.15 to 10pm we sat at a table in the lounge bar of the Palace Hotel. I drank beer and Daphne drank gin and tonic – a most propitious sign, I felt: the good old leg-opener. I don't know what we talked about. I suppose my armpits came into it, and my career in journalism, but I don't imagine either subject could have kept us going for long. It couldn't have mattered much. I was driven half mad by the fact that Daphne, attempting no subtlety, rubbed her leg strongly against mine, occasionally squeezing me, sometimes clasping my hand to her warm, trembling thigh. So that at closing time it needed no effort at all to say: "We can get another drink at the Railway. I'm living there."

"Beaut," said Daphne.

At the Railway Hotel we sat side by side on a high, rather chilly black sofa, well enough concealed from the bar to enable me not only to kiss Daphne but also to Get a Bit of Tit, Outside. Daphne writhed and trembled.

"My room!" I said hoarsely. The blood was thumping in my ears. "Come up to my room."

"We can't," she said. "They'll all know."

"Of course we can. What do they care? What do we care if they care?"

"Well. . ."

To make it a certainty I went for a Bit of Tit, Inside, and in doing so tore the top button off her shirt. I can never forget that it landed on the table, bounced like a tiddlywink and landed in her gin and tonic. That blew it.

"Ox!" she stormed. "Great, clumsy *ox!"* I didn't like it, but it was more dignified than camel. "Look what you've done – you and your filthy little groping, grabbing paws." It was as bad a turn as I ever saw her take.

I tried a few feeble expostulations, but it was clear that love had flown.

Daphne rebuffed me twice more after drinks at my hotel, once after a ball at the Town Hall, once after a party given in the flat of a bunch of fellow nurses, and once, furiously and with sharp left jabs to the eye, when I tried to creep into her section of the nurses' quarters.

"I don't know," I said wretchedly, "how you can take that attitude about doing it in what you call public. Hell, the first time I met you you practically raped my kneecap."

"I know," said Daphne. "I got worked up. I'm sexy and I get worked up and, if you want to know, I'm worked up like steam right now. But it's up to you and not me to do something about it."

The End Table took the problem seriously. "If you've Had a Hand on It," said Duckbill, "I don't understand

"Honey, the Pill's arrived . . . get your gear off!"

what's stopping you. She must be a raver, so throw her down. She's got to be crazy for it." The logic was so patent that I had no answer. I could only scowl in mortification. Until Mac, who had been silently sucking his pipe – we had all bought pipes like his, and Foreskin had gone even as far as putting the deposit on a used MG – un-piped his jaw and spoke somewhat thoughtfully.

"Some women," he said, "have funny ways. Look, come on over here for a minute." He led me to another table, looked back over his shoulder quickly, then grinned and said: "If I were you I'd take her to the movies."

"The movies? Sure. But that's hardly private, is it?"

"As I said, some women have funny ways. All I'm saying is, take her to the movies. The, er, the back row of the deck-chairs. And don't say I didn't tell you."

When I raised the subject Daphne responded with the distant look and half shrug, with the almost guarded and resentful attitude that said: "He's discovered something. He's trying to get through my defences."

That Saturday night I took her to a double feature and, in company with about 400 others who had nowhere else to get at it, we entwined, groped and panted in the half darkness and even managed to see parts of the pictures. I made the usual more determined assaults, and Daphne held me off, but her attitude seemed to be oddly different, at the same time defensive and inviting.

"It's too crowded on Saturday nights," she said later. "Look, I'm off on Monday night. Let's come again then."

"But nobody comes on Monday nights, Daphne. They always have lousy programs. The place is just about empty. Oh."

In those days the best seats at the movies, anywhere out of town, open-air or inside, were the deck-chairs: a series of canvas slings in rows, supported by stout hardwood rails. For all I know they still have them. They were wonderfully comfortable for just about anything, including watching the movies.

And on the Monday night, after a priming session of Gilbey's gin at the Duke of Cornwall hotel, I led Daphne to the back row of deck-chairs in a virtually empty theatre. I remember looking round before the lights went down. There were two other couples in the deck-chairs, the nearest about 50 feet away.

I don't know what the first move was, or who made it. We got busy about 15 seconds into the newsreel. I suppose it would be unfair to give the impression that we behaved like savages. There was a certain amount of restraint. Daphne formally fought off my first move to Get a Bit of Tit, gave in, presented, I was charmed to discover, an unbrassiered breast when I reached Inside; then, with a sort of scissor-kick not unlike that employed by high-jumpers, threw herself on top of me, facing me, astride. She was panting heavily.

We heaved around. Then, in the process of Getting a Hand on It, I made the most exciting discovery: Daphne, in preparation for the evening, had left off her knickers.

I think I may have had in mind to burble "You little trimmer", or something equally lickerish; but about then I found myself slipping sideways, falling to my left, on the smooth canvas. Daphne's struggles did nothing to stop me.

"Wait a minute," I hissed. "I'm slipping here..."

"It's all right," said Daphne, thickly.

"But I can't sit up."

"So lie down. Lie-down-lie-down."

"Oh."

I lay, or fell, down; one foot up on the canvas, the other still on the floor. I couldn't see anything at all. Daphne was licking my eyes. I could feel nothing but her darting tongue and the pressure of her plunging loins. I thought, if I didn't actually say: "Oh, hang on. Look, let's just take it..."

But now a new and quite terrible situation became apparent. I was falling slowly between two deck-chairs, between two canvas slings, and every movement was making me fall further.

"Daphne," I whispered, "just hold it. I mean just hang on a sec. I'm falling..."

Daphne gave no indication of having heard a word. They could have blown a cavalry bugle in her ear with the same result. Instead, she shifted her weight so that she got one knee against the front rail of the deck-chairs. Her idea – and a pretty good one it would have been had I been in any other position – was to get a bit of purchase, to force herself even more powerfully upon me; well, more chivalrously, to bring us into even closer, more passionate congress.

The trouble was that the more she pushed the further my behind inched through the gap in the canvas.

"Daphne," I muttered, "if you could just stop for a moment and let me move my bottom..."

"Move it!" panted Daphne. "Move it, move it, move it." She was making a noise, deep in her throat, like a hungry dog. I fought her off with one hand and, with the other, tried to adjust the canvas beneath us. Daphne mistook the movement. I was, she must have decided, trying to get my trousers off, or at least to disarrange my dress; and she tried to help, lifting herself...

The trouble was – and it all seemed to be moving in the most terrible slow motion – the trouble was that as she used her knees to lift herself she dragged the canvas still wider and, at last and almost with relief, I fell through.

I don't know how far I fell. Perhaps it was no more than 18 inches, but I was jammed in there, like a hairpin, my behind on the floor, my knees around my ears. Daphne had, in some way, shot forward so that she was almost sitting on my face and, for the briefest moment, must have thought that things were moving into high gear. I thought, there in the confusion and darkness, that I might faint. It seemed the easiest thing to do. I couldn't move.

In a terrible voice, Daphne said: "What in the name of God are you doing down there? What are you *doing?*"

"Let me up."

"What are you doing?"

We kept shouting quietly at each other: "What are you doing? – Let me up – What are you doing? – Let me up." Until, assuming that somebody would probably send for the manager, I kicked around, rolled, lost the light again, and came up on my knees, snorting, in the row behind. I reached over to her.

"Here I am, Daphne," I said. I don't think I handled it properly.

"What I've got to tell you," said Daphne, without bothering to defer to John Wayne, "is that you are a complete and utter piss-wit. And you can go to buggery."

I found her at interval, outside at the candy counter, buying herself an ice-cream. "Ar, there you are," I said as cheerfully as possible. "Are we staying for the second feature? It's Errol Flynn."

With a sort of shout Daphne Moon threw down her ice-cream, turned on the ball of her foot, bunched up a fist and, with terrible aim and inordinate violence, punched me in the eye.

•

Somewhere off Bondi Daphne and the distinguished actor, feeling each other powerfully, seemed to vanish from the cockpit. I assumed that they'd gone below to one of the cabins, and as I was on the wheel I felt slightly relieved. Then, from behind me, on the after deck, came a familiar voice:

"For Christ's sake make up your mind. *Do you want to vomit or don't you?"*

Daphne Moon was doing it again.

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Mexico. Land of the legendary Black Russian, Brown

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead.

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

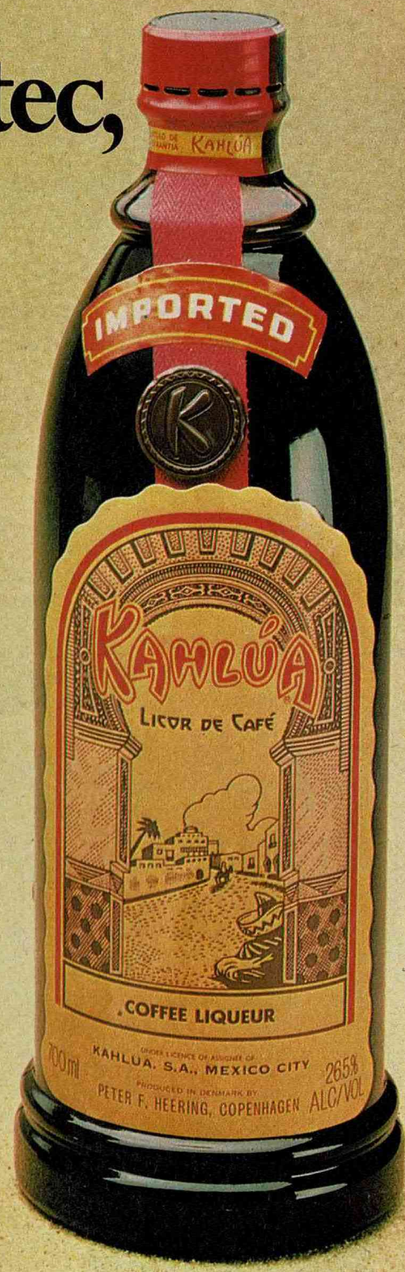
A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another supernatural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of the East.

Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Cow and Bandit.



The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Bandidos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggests that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

GREY 10666

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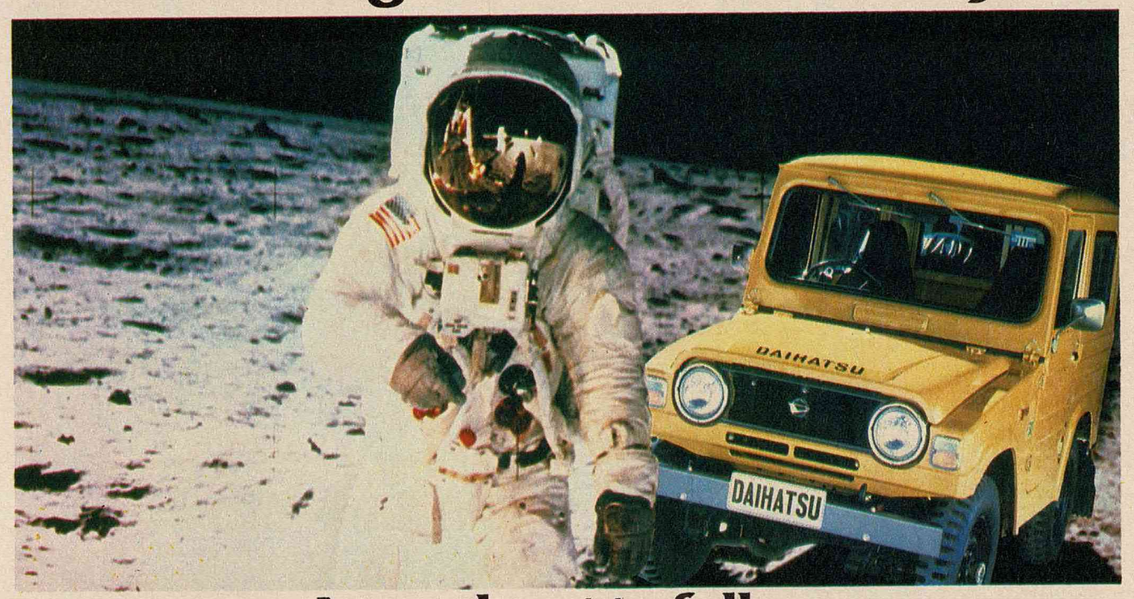

A tough act to follow.

New Daihatsu F20 'Daddy Long Legs'.

If you thought last year's Daihatsu 4WD models were good, check out the new '78 "Daddy" range.

Like the new F20 "Daddy Long Legs." With a lighter, powerful 1587 cc engine, great new front styling, power assisted brakes and much more. The F20 is even better than when it won Off Road's "Four Wheel Drive of the Year" award.

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New Daihatsu F50 'Daddy Diesel'.

F50 DIESEL 2500

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New Daihatsu F20 'Daddy Super Deluxe'.

The Daihatsu F20 "Super Daddy" has the on and off road performance of Daddy Long Legs. Plus standard features like a push button radio. Stereo cassette. Reclining high back bucket seats. And getting down to the nitty-gritty: great looking wide wheels and wide, dirt-biting tyres.

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TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFE IN HIGH GEAR

GETTING LODED CAN BE GOOD FOR YOU

THIRTY-FIVE hundred years ago the world's first accredited pharmacologists in Egypt were singing the therapeutic praises of copper. A little copper, it was etched in their papyrus pharmacopoeia, was good for the health's sake, especially in the treatment of localised inflammation. Let it also be recorded that the advisers to the pharaohs and their lords and ladies recommended the use of crocodile turds and jennies' milk for a variety of ailments.

Modern medicine has dismissed the remedies based on the basic offerings of crocodiles and asses as bullshit, but Australian medico-scientists are beginning to take the ancient Egyptians' theories on the healing properties of copper very seriously. And not surprisingly, prime attention is being paid to those copper bracelets our grand-daddies and five-times British Open winner, Peter Thomson, have been wearing for years. Like the Egyptians of old and old-school European doctors, they believe the bracelets help ease the pain in their aching, rheumy and arthritic joints. But believing isn't proving, and it has been left to a Newcastle University chemist, Professor W. R. Walker, to make the first scientific, definitive study of the connection between the mineral and its analgesic effect on arthritis.

Professor Walker set out to settle for once and all the "folk myth" that copper bracelets have great therapeutic value, and his findings suggest they do. He has, in fact, gone quite a way toward proving scientifically that the amulets are more than charms.

BRACELETS DISSOLVED

Taking a controlled group of more than 300 arthritis and rheumatics sufferers and dividing them randomly into three groups (some of whom wore copper bracelets throughout the investigation, some for part of the time and some who wore aluminium placebos), Professor Walker came up with some startling results. He found a significant number of his patients reported that wearing the copper bracelets had some therapeutic value. He also found that the bracelets had an average weight loss of about 13mg a month, and he concluded that the copper dissolved from the bands had been absorbed through the skin into the body.

To the lay mind, those results might seem conclusive. To the cautious minds of fellow scientists, Professor Walker's findings are, at this stage, simply "very interesting". One of the more positive reactions comes from Dr M. W. Whitehouse, who, as an experimental pathologist, is now winding down research into the nutritional and therapeutic qualities of copper in rats at the Australian National University laboratories. "At the very least," he says, "Professor Walker's investigations suggest that the wearing of copper bracelets does some good for arthritis sufferers. If they only stimulate the sufferers to think positively, then the good the bracelets achieve is almost immeasurable."

HEALTH IS IN THE BALANCE

But the link between the mineral and arthritis is not the scientists' only interest in copper. Medical researchers have long realised the nutritional importance of a balanced level of copper in the human body. They have known that an over-lode can be toxic and, in specific areas like Wilson's disease, in which the surplus copper invades the kidneys and brain, fatal.

They have also known that too little copper in the system can contribute to a shortage of the body's front-line defenders, the white blood cells, and to the equally serious syndrome of Menke's disease, which attacks children whose copper deficiency stems from their inability to absorb the mineral into the bloodstream.

Until cloning becomes a reality, medicos are also aware that no man's body is the same as his brother's. While one man will thrive on relatively high levels of copper, another can become quite ill simply by taking his morning cup of tea from water delivered into the pot from copper plumbing. It is all part of the grand jig-saw of medical science, which, in the case of copper and homo sapiens, is proving the more difficult to unlock because more Australian time and money is being poured into animal than into human nutritional and therapeutic research.

More attention has been paid to the copper nutrient value in the soil, which supports the pasture on which Australian sheep graze, than to the copper-deficient or -excessive diets of 14 million people who, despite what the grazing lobbyists say, are no longer totally dependent on what grows on the sheep's back.

To the 70 percent of us who, scientists say, will suffer from those crippling twins, rheumatism and arthritis, at some time or another in our lives, those priorities must be questionable. Much more time and money in the name of research will be needed to convince doctors of the real healing powers of copper bracelets, but it is now an even money bet that, in some things, the ancient Egyptians knew as much about sustaining life as they did about preserving the dead.

– RUSSELL DEILEY

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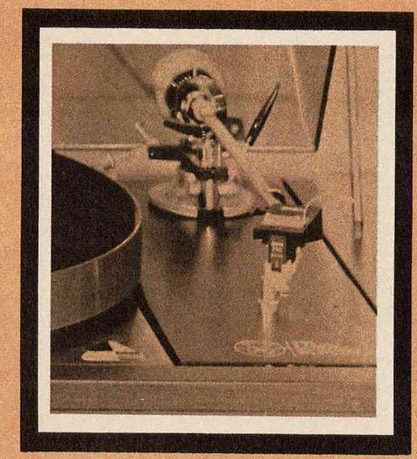

TURNING THE TABLES ON VIBRATIONS

WHEN stereo records were introduced commercially by the Decca Record Company in the early '60s, magnetic tapes were already challenging the future of the disc. At that time, tapes were usually superior to discs, but it is now clear that the main problem wasn't the records, but the equipment used to play them. Stereo records stretched the technology of that time to its limit, and very few turntables and pickups were adequate. For technical reasons, it has always been easier to put music on to the record surface than to get it off, and for years the tape challenge was serious, until record playing systems gradually improved and the disc reasserted its supremacy.

The greatest bar to new systems of music reproduction is cost – not only to consumers, but to an industry with huge sums of money invested in the present methods. Until some new system can give equivalent or better results at equivalent or lower cost, records will stay. This situation is reflected in the Elcaset, a high-quality tape system whose superiority over compact cassettes has been proven. Yet the Elcaset seems unlikely to make a great impression because it doesn't give enough improvement of performance to justify its cost, which is considerable. Elcasets are one thing; digital recording and playback machines are quite another. These new systems are poised to take over the home music market, but their cost is still far too high.

SCOTS COME UP WITH A BIG DEAL

The new boost to discs came from Scotland, where arguments and claims over patents and principles gave birth to a turntable of unprepossessing appearance – the Linn-Sondek LP12. Outwardly there is little to show how good the Linn-Sondek can be: an uninspiring wooden base, a simple belt-drive system with only one speed, and an annoyingly springy suspension for the platter and arm mounting board. So what's the big deal about this turntable?

First, the principle. The idea of any record player is to get a pair of signals from the groove, one from each wall. To do this, a pickup, consisting of a stylus and generating system, must be in perfect contact with the groove, yet fixed in position relative to record surface motion. Any motion between the pickup system and the record surface, apart from the stylus in the groove, will degrade the result.

One way to get this system to operate perfectly is to make a platter which rotates at the right speed but doesn't vibrate the record surface. But because of the almost impossible engineering demands made on such a system (the smallest groove modulations on a record can be calculated in millionths of a centimetre), the cost skyrockets. The most expensive direct-drive turntables set up such vibrations as a matter of course in correcting their rotational speeds, and this means signals below certain levels are simply lost.

The Linn-Sondek is designed on the assumption that vibration at the record surface can't be eliminated.

But it can be communicated to the pickup system by making sure that nothing can move relative to anything else. The record sits securely on a carefully-designed mat which stops relative motion, and the mat rests firmly on the platter. The main platter bearing is a finely-machined shaft with a conical tip resting heavily on a solid steel plate. A special sleeve about the shaft stops any movement, and the system incorporates an oil bath giving rotational freedom and minimum play.

EVERYTHING'S BOLTED DOWN

The very tight platter bearing is bonded to a substantial pressed steel cross-member suspended from the turntable base to isolate external vibration. The cross-member also carries the arm mounting board, which can be fixed very tightly in position.

If a pickup arm (with a rigid bearing and substantial construction and fitted securely with a suitable strong-bodied pickup cartridge) is bolted tightly to the system, no relative motion between the pickup system and the platter can take place. The entire system can vibrate without affecting the relationship between the two interfacing components, although it's essential that everything be bolted very tightly.

The Linn-Sondek was the first turntable to be designed correctly around this principle, and now there are others. The Rega Planar 3 is an economy system which uses two speeds, selected by moving the drive belt manually from one section of the motor pulley to another. The Rega system does not feature the feedback-isolation suspension of the Linn, but it still offers high performance. The STD turntable – similarly priced to the Linn – has a choice of three speeds selected by touch-plate.

Once carefully and correctly installed, these turntables can give sound quality limited mainly by the record and the pickup system. Recording faults and deficiencies such as hiss, and other types of noise, like clicks and pops, seem to be reduced to the point of disappearing, bringing the music in to even greater prominence and exposing details which would generally be inaudible.

– TIM RICHARDS

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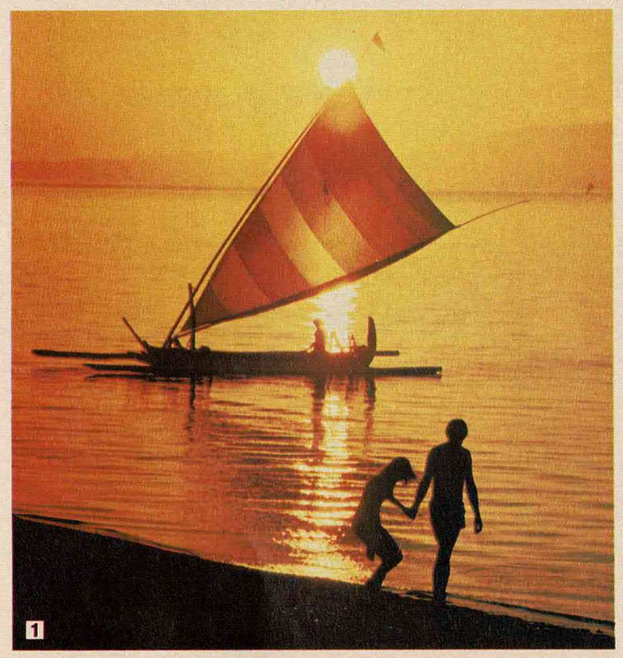
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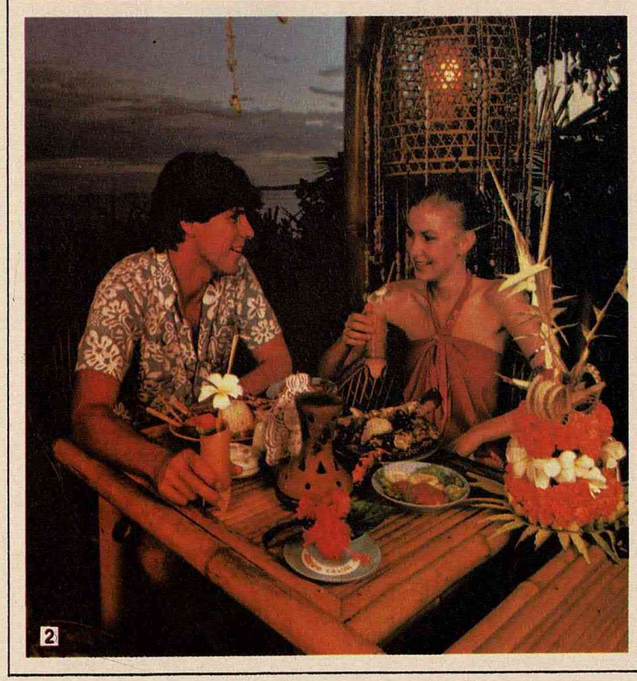
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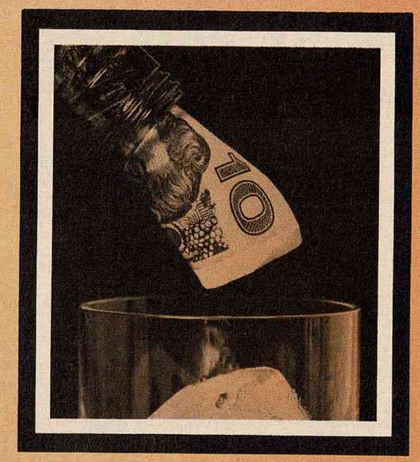

THE TAXMAN'S SCOTCH SLUG MAKES US REEL

SCOTCH whisky cures cold, snakebite and livers. Its name stems from the Gaelic uisge-beatha – sometimes written usqua or, in its shortened form, usky – which, paradoxically in view of its pickling effect on vital organs, means water of life. Legend has it that whisky was discovered when a hairy Highlander scoffed some over-ripe oatmeal and after a rollicking reel fell into a dead swoon.

The Irish version of the legend is that they introduced whisky and Christianity to Scotland. Whatever the truth, whisky was installed firmly as the national Scottish drink by the time James IV ruled the roost at the turn of the 16th century.

Today, in Australia and the rest of the world, scotch is still the drink of occasion. We wet babies' heads with it, we celebrate nuptials in scotch and we toast departed friends with it. To some it is a solace. It puts fire in the bellies of others. As Robbie Burns once wrote:

Wi' tippeny ale we fear nae evil
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil

Australians pay a pretty price to face the devil these days. Thanks to Treasurer John Howard's hike in the excise last year, those Australians who can afford the slug are drinking some of the most heavily-taxed scotch in the world.

IT REALLY IS QUITE STAGGERING

Five years ago the duty on cheaper brands was $16.50 a case. Now the Government's cut for every dozen bottles is a staggering $66.50. The increase in excise on better-quality scotch has not been quite as dramatic, but in quantitative terms the Government is getting heaps. Duty on the best malts and deluxe blends is $82.11 a dozen. It's $74 on regular brands bottled in Scotland and $69.44 on well-known labels bottled in Australia. Add sales tax of 15 percent, an eight percent licence fee, bottling and handling charges and the retailer's mark-up and you begin to realise why you are paying about $10 or $11 for a house brand of scotch, around $12.99 for a bottle of Bells, $20.75 for a Glenlivet single malt, $24.25 for a 15-year-old Macallan malt and a tidy $27.15 for Chivas Regal.

If that selective little price list doesn't sharpen your taste for a Hunter Valley red, try this blockbuster for size: all that spirit which falls drop by drop from stills in those romantically-named distilleries like Glenlassaugh and Bruichladdich is landed in Australia for between $6 and $9 a case. That, if you have a stomach for simple arithmetic, translates to between 50c and 75c a bottle. What price tranquillity! And the prospects are that the Government will keep slugging away because of the public's repeatedly demonstrated and meek acceptance of rocketing liquor prices. Oh, sure, we mumble in our scotch about every nip snip, we swear on the collected works of Burns that we'll go without, but within a week the glasses are spilling over again.

In the meantime the cannie wee Scots keep increasing their whisky output. Scotland's two great exports are people and booze. People leave for their own good, scotch leaves for the good of the folk back home and the British balance of payments problem. Last year the distillers reaped $23.2 million from Australian importers and, despite Mr Howard's fiscal intervention, the indications are that the Scots will be sharing an even bigger cheque this year. The lairds, as it were, will still be lording it over us.

WHY WOOD ISN'T ALWAYS GOOD

The retail cost to the consumer, of course, is much higher. But unless you fall victim to the occasional bath-tub merchant who boosts his scotch with wood alcohol, when you buy a bottle labelled 100 percent scotch whisky you get what you pay for. The basic rule is that the more you pay, the better the scotch.

For a definitive line on the three clearly-recognisable varieties of scotch the world is indebted to the erudite Professor R. J. S. McDowall, whose chronicle *The Whiskies of Scotland* is regarded as the Bible of the Scots. Professor McDowall lists the three varieties as malt whisky, grain whisky and blended whisky.

Malt whisky is made entirely from a watery extract of malted barley, fermented by yeast and distilled in what are almost standard, onion-shaped pot stills from which the flavored alcohol is driven off by heat. Malt whisky takes from 10 to 15 years to mature, but, alas, may be sold after three years.

Grain whisky is made mostly from maize, almost entirely imported, the starch of the mashed maize being broken down to maltose by adding a small quantity of malted barley. It is fermented by yeast, but is distilled in a Coffey, or patent, still, in which the alcohol is driven off by steam. This is a purer whisky than malt in the sense that it is almost pure alcohol, but therefore it has less flavor than malt whisky and matures sooner.

Blended whisky is a mixture of malt and grain whiskies, in the best blends in almost equal parts, thus securing the purity of the grain with the flavor of the malt. This is the whisky most generally available.

Here endeth the lesson. Brother John Howard will take round the plate.

— IAIN LOCK

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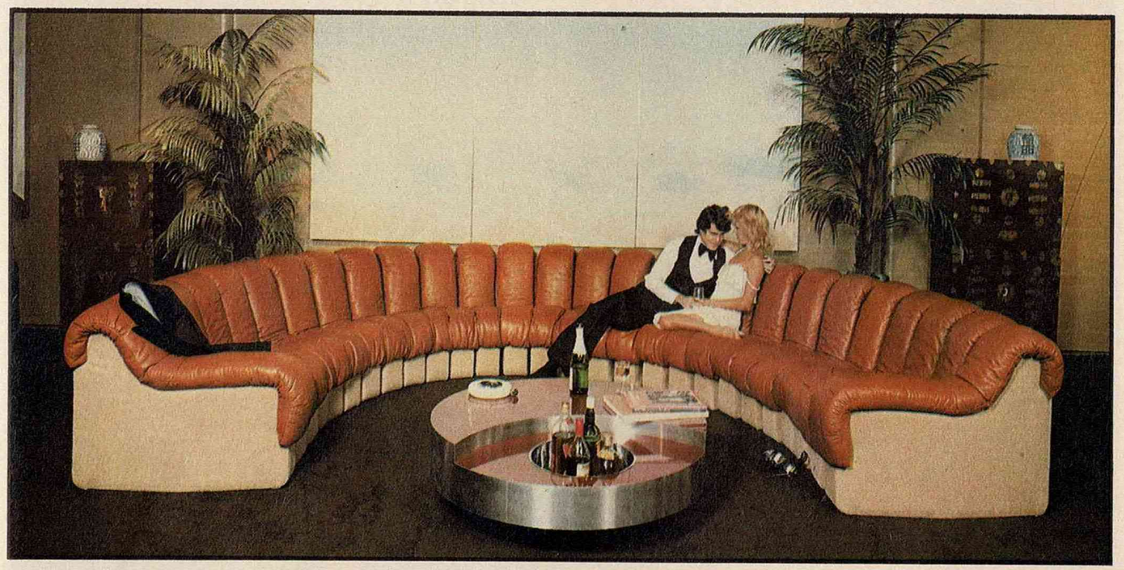
ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

SOFA SO GOOD

That marvellous invention,.the zipper, is now doing for furniture what it did for clothing – making life a whole lot easier. Zip-together furniture units mean you can choose your décor to suit your lifestyle, your pocket, and best utilise the available floor space. And here are a few choices.

Identical components that can be zipped together to make a large sofa or unzipped for individual seating make the De Sede DS-600 Organic (below) one of the most flexible furniture styles available. We've been told that Michael Caine and Yul Brynner have De Sede in their homes. You can make like the stars for about $650 a unit, and the people to see are Design Warehouse, Surry Hills, Sydney, and Mobler International, Mentone, Melbourne.



A quick zip turns this Flerzip sofa into a comfortable bed, with the quilted cover doubling as a blanket. One of the separate back-rest cushions becomes a pillow, and the transformation is complete. Available in several colors from leading department stores in all States for about $400.

WAR STARS

a look back at what that giant step for mankind landed us in

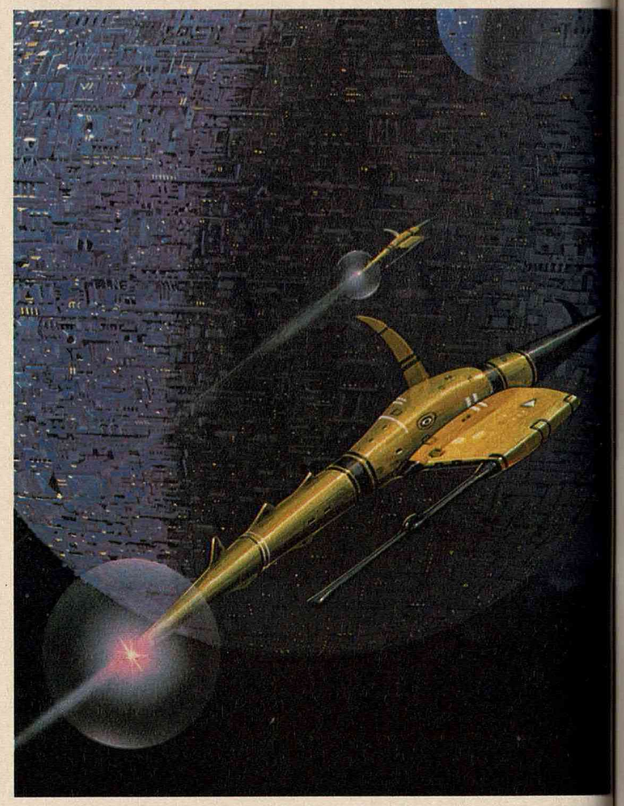
ONE OF the heroes of the bloody battle of Mars, Terran Defence Authority Commander Stewart Cowley, has just released the first comprehensive guide to spacecraft of the last century, the Terran Trade Authority handbook *Spacecraft 2000 to 2100AD.*

It goes much further than simply defining the craft in technical terms. It places them in their historical context, marking the first tentative steps and the giant technological leaps made at the terrible price of interstellar war. There is also a brief resumé of the dramatic changes which took place in human society.

Honors for the event which marked the start of interstellar travel must go to the development of the deVass warp generator, perfected by Henri deVass in 2027. This device not only reduced light years of travel to weeks, being directly responsible for putting us in touch with the inhabitants of the Alpha Centauri system 4.3 light years away, but also it helped make us accessible to those who almost destroyed us – the people of Proxima Centauri, the Alphan sister system.

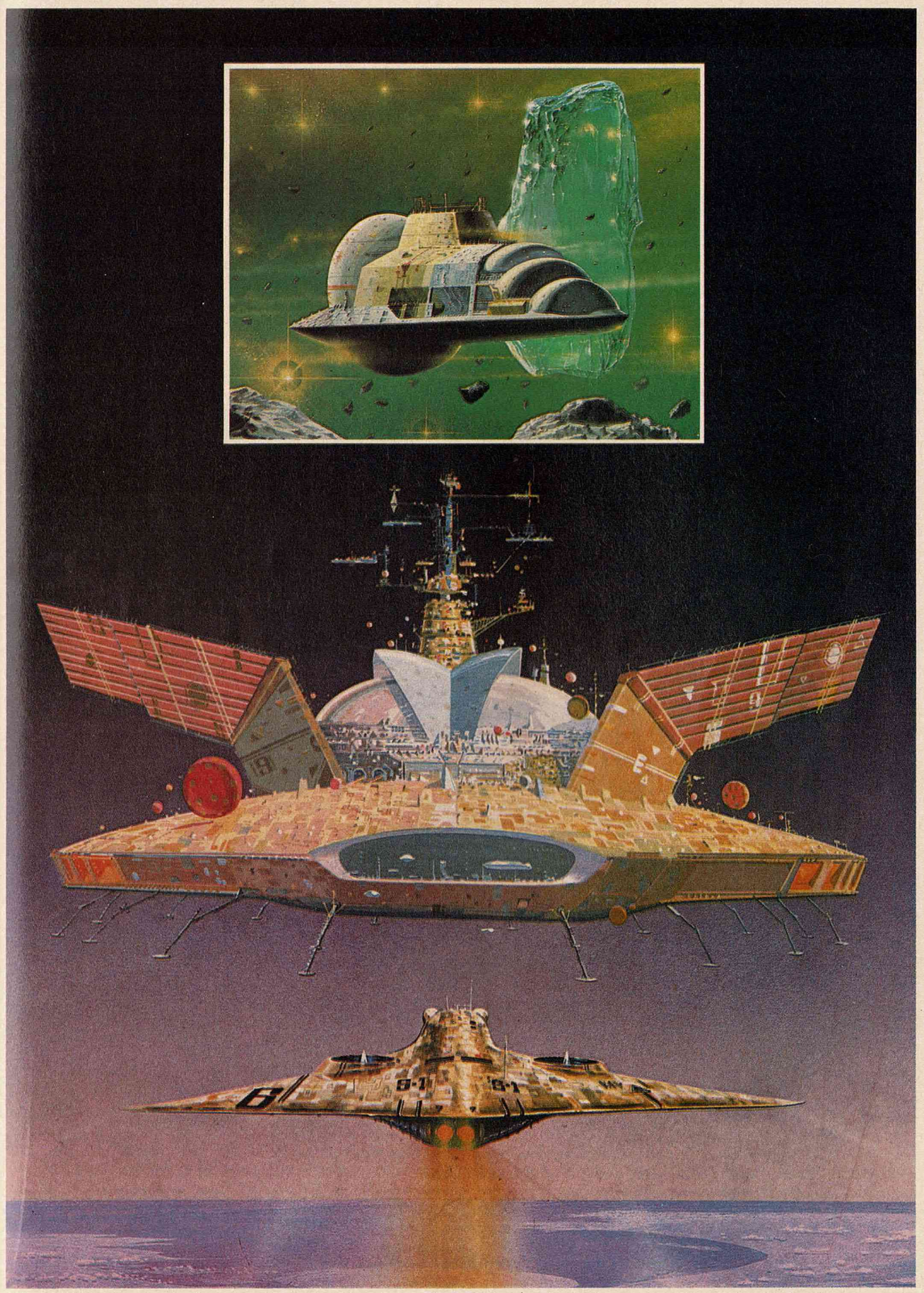
The Alphans had reported their long history of conflict with the extremely aggressive Proximans, so it was not until 2047, after a long peace, that a Pathfinder IX survey ship was sent to open links with Proxima Centauri. It was destroyed out of hand. The 20-year Proxima War had begun.

The new Terran Defence Authority had just enough time to organise a three-tiered defence for our system before a Proximan blitzkrieg assault brought the war home to us. The desperate Battle for Mars, although it stretched all our resources to the limit, turned out to be the last major thrust the enemy could mount. In the past 30 years we have reaped the benefits that cost so much. Many people feel the beautiful Alphan spaceliner, Starblade, introduced in 2096, epitomises man's leap into space. Commander Cowley is building a replica of the very successful SSF21D Cutlass, which he operated for most of the war, out of macaroni.



Top: The pride of the Proximan battle fleet, the K9 Goblin missile carrier, was a long-range planetary strike ship with a performance equal to many contemporary interceptors. It carried a computer-controlled Medusa missile with a "dirty" thermonuclear warhead which rendered parts of Mars unapproachable for hundreds of years. Right: One of the nastiest surprises of the war for the Allies was the appearance of the Proximan mid-range interceptor, the K13 Shark. Their extreme speed and amazing manoeuvrability, bought at the cost of greatly reduced armor, often gave them the initiative. They are shown here with one of the eight complex Proximan command centres. Far right: Under the Military/Terran listing is the AAF311 Warhawk, probably the most valuable weapon once the war was taken to the Proximan homeworlds. Shown here with the Warhawk is one of the practical low-orbit bases known as "Birdsnests". Inset: Adapted from fuel supply ships developed during the war, the Astrolabs converted readily to highly-efficient mobile research stations carrying up to 192 personnel. One of nearly 30 such ships, this unit is stationed near Saturn.

From Spacecraft 2000 to 2100AD, *by Stewart Cowley. Published by Hamlyn.*



FUTURE STARS

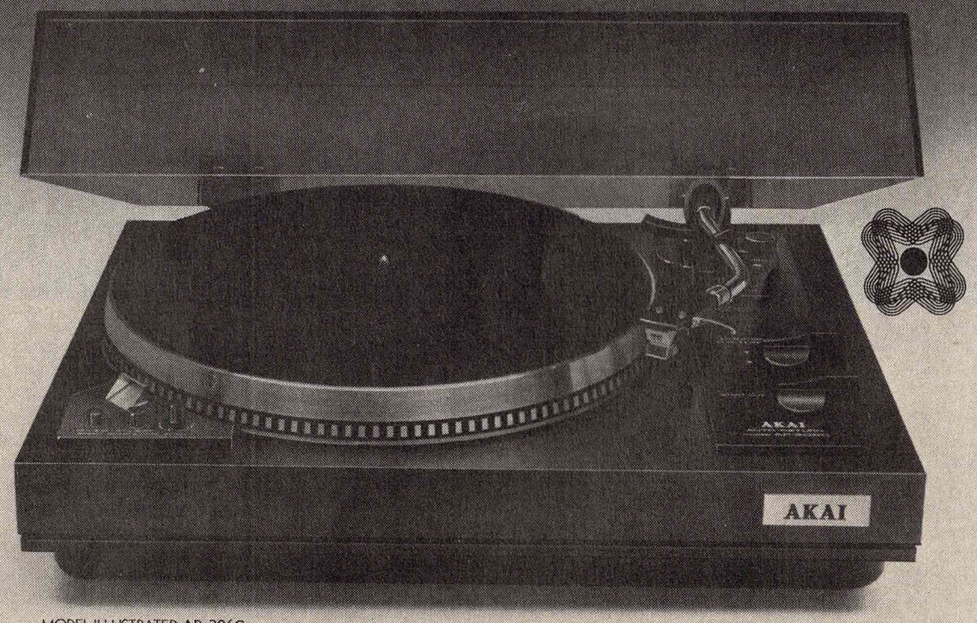
we've had women's lib — now it's the male's turn to be free and easy

IN THE final year of the '70s we are seeing a new awareness of style in the Australian male's wardrobe. Men's attire has jumped forward. The next decade will be an innovative period, with creative and liberated designs, so here's a PLAYBOY look at elegance for the '80s; a trend toward more relaxed dressing with an emphasis on fine, natural fabrics coupled with a looser silhouette. In other words, nothing in your wardrobe will be worth getting uptight about. And our fearless prediction? Tomorrow's styles should be terrific.

Rugged outdoor wear: a poplin fishing vest worn over a knit shirt and multihued wool pants. Fabrics will be those with a country flavor yet adaptable to city living: canvas, corduroy and flannel, for example. In the '80s the male fashion outline will take its shape from body lines rather than rigid design.

For instance, a raglan-sleeved pure linen jacket worn over a cotton voile shirt and jodhpurs. There will be no hard and fast rules of dress, with wider color, fabric and texture options. Whether you wear a tie will be up to you. In fact, basically, everything will be your choice. So be prepared to experiment.

GOODBYE RUMBLE, WOW & FLUTTER.



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MUSIC

carlos santana finds himself, while rod stewart discovers disco

THE inner sleeve depicts him still in a state of bliss, but on *Inner Secrets* (CBS) Devadip Carlos Santana has come down to earth – musically at least. Last year's *Moonflower* showed signs of a return to mainstream rock, and on this album Santana confirms his funky reawakening. As an innovative guitarist Santana has had few equals, but for too long his choice of material has been so intensely personal as to be almost inaccessible. *Inner Secrets,* in spite of its title, is wide-open with at least four tracks blatantly aimed at airplay.

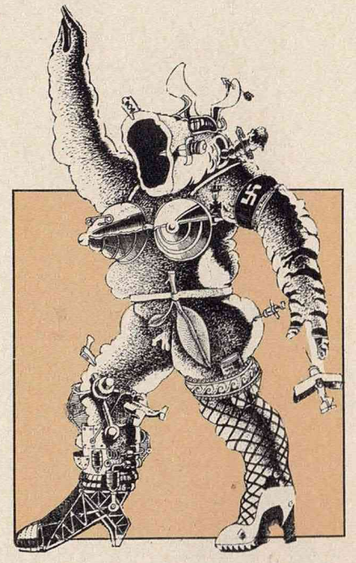
As well as a selection of his own compositions and a couple of songs from his new production team of Lambert and Potter, Santana has included three reworks of old hits. No doubt mindful of the unexpected attention his cover of the Zombies' She's Not There attracted last year, on this album he has tackled Traffic's '60s hit Dealer, Buddy Holly's Well All Right and the Classics IV's Stormy. Dealer, coupled with the guitarist's own Latin jazz instrumental Spanish Rose, works best. Santana slips effortlessly from the tightly structured riffs of British pop into the extended, sliding lead of the music he has always played best.

Stormy is another minor triumph, in which he remains true enough to the original to please those with long memories and yet never compromises his own style of playing. In One Chain (Don't Make No Prison) the congas and percussion of his early masterpieces are reintroduced. The song, penned by Lambert and Potter, shows that his new producers are sympathetic to the proven style of the master, and at the same time aware of his tendency to over-indulge in showcases for his virtuoso playing.

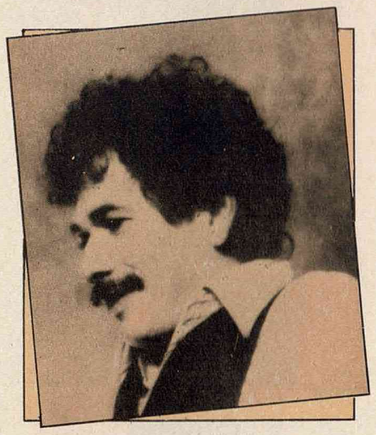
●

Little known outside the cult worlds of surfing and Sydney fringe rock, porcine desperado Captain Goodvibes seems destined for mass rejection with his first recorded effort, *Mutants Of Modern Disco* (Regular Records). The cartoon pig's debut maxi-single comes on chunder-colored vinyl and features such classics of poor taste as the rollicking Born Dead and the soulful Burning Off My Baby. Mutants' twin themes of necrophilia and cannibalism assure it of minimal airplay, but word of mouth will probably sell out this first limited pressing.

Goodvibes creator Tony Edwards, who designed the cover, performs the gravelly vocals and did much of the writing, seems to have derived most of his lyrics from the walls of public toilets. But, with the assistance of tuneless backing from Sydney band Mental As Anything, he manages to come through with a powerful statement about the futility of life, the meaninglessness of talent and the gullibility of record buyers.



Captain Goodvibes – destined for a well-deserved mass rejection.



Carlos Santana – has come down to earth and is aiming for airplay.

●

A disco album from the increasingly frivolous Rod Stewart was inevitable. It just seems a pity that he couldn't have got it out of his hair before disco became passe. *Blondes Have More Fun ... Or Do They?* (WEA) is rather like Frank Sinatra's classic *Some Nice Things I've Missed* – an open admission that the artist can no longer keep up with what's happening. *Blondes Have More Fun* opens with Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?, Stewart's highly forgettable single, and gets progressively worse through Side One. Only the title track, which opens Side Two, ever looks like getting raunchy. The rest of the album, with the exception of Holland/Dozier/Holland's Standin' In The Shadows Of Love, drones on like a night on the dance floor.

We've become used to Stewart's standard album format of one side ballads, one side rock, in recent years, but with this outing it seems that the ballads have won out and, worse, they've become meaningless. Stuck for words, the irrepressible Stewart even resurrects Maggie May in Ain't Love a Bitch. The old girl should have been allowed to rest in peace. In calling on the talents of Tamla Motown's highly successful songwriting team, Holland/Dozier/Holland, Stewart has tried to pull off a repeat performance of the surprise cut in his last album. Then, by way of introducing new drummer Carmine Appice, he swung into a powerful remake of You Keep Me Hangin' On (a big hit for Appice's Vanilla Fudge). But where Hangin' On was a tour de force, Standin' In The Shadows is simply tired. And that might be said of this whole album.

●

If you think that we're reviewing Steve Martin's *A Wild and Crazy Guy* (WEA) simply because the comedian appears on the cover wearing a pair of bunny ears, well *excuse us.* Oh no, the real reason we're reviewing it is that Steve Martin, in addition to being wild and crazy, is the funniest guy we've heard in ages. Martin is so good that he finally breaks the one-play, throw-it-away fate of comedy albums. He forgets his lines, hurls insults at the audience, rambles aimlessly and occasionally strums an out-of-tune banjo, but he brings it all back home with the solemn announcement: "Now for some professional comedy." You can't tell people about Martin because the joke is that there are no jokes. Well, very few, anyway.

The fact that he sings I'm In The Mood For Love interspersed with animal noises doesn't sound exactly side-splitting until you hear it. And no one else we know could get away with a four-minute monologue on the

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intricacies of the French language, either. No, you just have to hear it. Martin's first album, *Let's Get Small,* was a million seller in the US, and this one (perhaps not quite as funny) looks like following suit. American fans have seen him on his own TV special, and no doubt the visuals helped sell his records. Potential fans here have only his single, King Tut, to go on. So, if we can't describe his material the least we can do is tell you what he looks like. He has short grey hair and he wears a white suit. Isn't that funny? No? Well, you really have to see him.

•

Still apparently searching for the heart of Saturday night in some of the seediest bars and roadhouses of the American west coast, gravel-voiced Tom Waits documents a few more evenings he'd prefer to forget on *Blue Valentine* (Asylum). An excellent set of down-and-out drinking man's blues is highlighted by the inclusion of Somewhere, from *West Side Story.* Most recently slaughtered by one PJ Proby, the song is just right for Waits, who makes Joe Cocker sound like a boy soprano. Waits also produces some tasty guitar licks on $29, and some superb blues piano on Christmas Card From A Hooker In Minneapolis. But, as always with Waits, it is his seedy lyrics that stand out. Not yet 30, Waits looks at least 60 and, if we are to believe his images of life in the concrete jungle, he's lucky to be still with us. Definitely late night music, *Blue Valentine* is the perfect companion for that last drink you really shouldn't be having.

— PHIL JARRATT

•

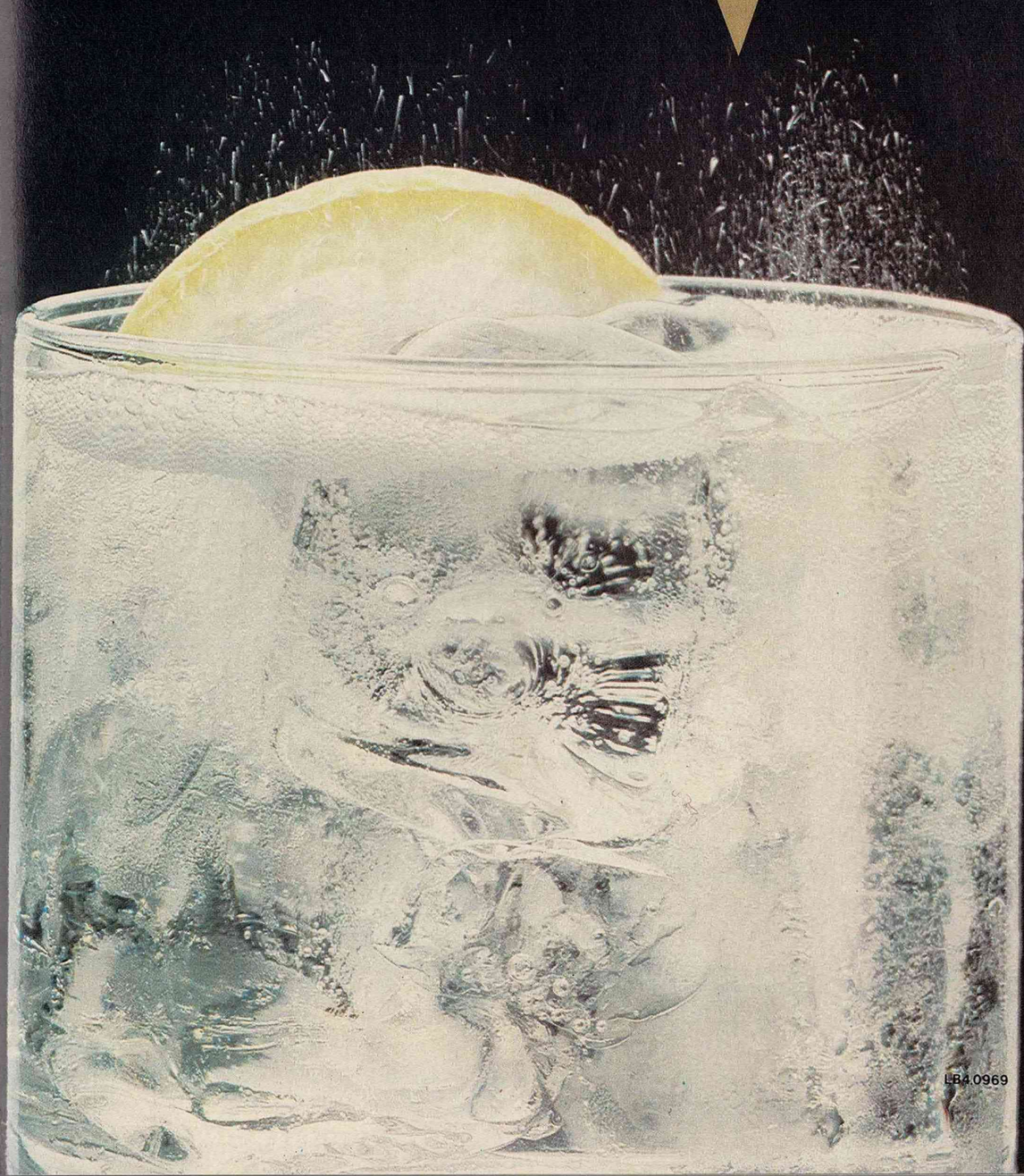
There are no deep, dark, hidden secrets in Kate and Anna McGarrigle's music. There is beauty and boldness and romantic imagery. *Pronto Monto* (Warner Bros), their third album, is a collection of honest songs – a mixture of emotionalism and deliberateness. It reflects their strong family ties, their musical development from the folk days of late '50s when they sang in Weavers-type groups, and their joy and understanding of life. Anna, who wrote Heart Like A Wheel (a hit for Linda Ronstadt), also wrote Bundle Of Sorrow, Bundle of Joy, the stand-out track on *Pronto Monto.* She communicates the essence of the song with melody as well as lyrics, and joyfully makes the statement: "I love my kid, my baby, my boy. Bundle of sorrow, bundle of joy." Other tracks include Kate's Stella By Artois and Anna's Fixture In The Park.

•

Nicolette Larson seems to have the ability to gather some of the best people around her. The list of players on *Nicolette* (Warner Bros), her debut

The very cool Gin and Tonic.
Very dry. Very Gilbey's.

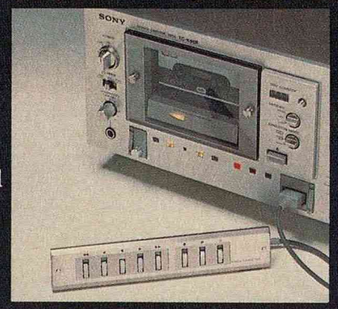
GILBEY'S
SPECIAL DRY
GIN



LB4.0969

With the new TC-K96R and TC-K60, Sony introduces new refinements in cassette deck performance and practicality. Both these front-loaders approach the ultimate in sound quality, backed up by a solid Sony tradition of perfectionism. And each offers new features that still further expand your range of audio enjoyment.

The super sophisticated logic control and 2-motor mechanism of the TC-K96R make possible such advanced functions as auto reverse, and immediate feather-touch switching between any operational mode. You can even detach the console and use it as a remote control module.



The Liquid Crystal Digital Meter on the TC-K60 permits fool-proof control of recording level from any source, as well as providing a Peak Hold mechanism to facilitate fine adjustment.

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album, reads like a who's who. Little Feat's pianist, Bill Payne, was musical director, with Ted Templeman behind the board. Session support came from Paul Barrere of Little Feat, Mike McDonald and Patrick Simmons of the Doobie Brothers, Linda Ronstadt (on Come Early Mornin' and Give A Little), James Burton, Herb Pederson, Jim Horn, Albert Lee, Bobby Laking, Valerie Carter and Edward Van Halen.

Add to this Nicolette's vibrant, full-bodied voice and how could you miss? Tracks include Neil Young's Lotta Love, Sam Cooke's You Send Me, and the beautiful Last in Love from J. D. Souther and Glenn Frey. Nicolette got her start as a back-up singer with Hoyt Axton and Commander Cody, and around that time became friends with Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris. In 1976 she recorded a duet with Emmylou, and the track, Hello Stranger, is on a new release from Warner Bros: *Profile — The Best of Emmylou Harris.*

•

The lucky people in Melbourne and Sydney who saw Lou Rawls during his Christmas season at the Hilton Hotels can recapture the magic with *Lou Rawls Live* (CBS), a well-recorded, well-packaged double album set. It was recorded at the Mark Hellinger Theatre on Broadway, and the highlight of Rawls' performance is a tribute to the three men who meant most to him: Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong and Nat King Cole. But on every track he uses smooth arrangements to show to best advantage the resonant voice, timing and phrasing that have won him three Grammies. — CAROL ASHDOWN

•

Recent Ella Fitzgerald releases should provide nostalgic reminders of her 1978 Australian tour. Although the accompanying group on *Ella Fitzgerald, Montreux 77* (Pablo) differed from her backing musicians down under, the tunes and audience response were comparable. There were a shade too many up-tempo numbers at the expense of ballads, which Ella always treats so sumptuously — but then I have never been a great fan of her extended scat singing excesses. Pianist Tommy Flanagan, superlative bass player Keeter Betts and drummer Bobby Durham get it all together on Jobim's One Note Samba, which Ella seemingly imbues with a quality of freshness attesting to her greatness after all those years in the repertoire. I prefer Ella on Duke's I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart, and a new one by Paul Williams, Only A Fool.

•

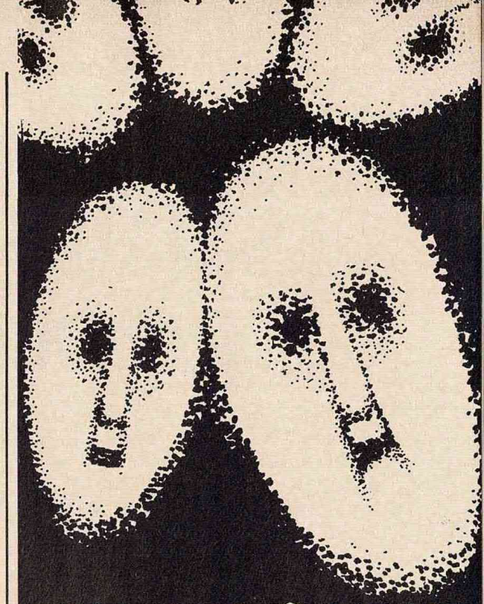
Dream Dancing, another for Pablo, has Ella with a big band backing under Nelson Riddle, with 13 tracks recorded in 1972 and two others put down a year ago. And what a line-up! JJ Johnson, Bill Watrous (trombones), Al Aarons, Shorty Sherock (trumpets), Paul Smith (piano) and Louis Bellson (drums) are among the 21 top studio men involved, although there may be even more as no listing is given of any vibes or tenor player on the sleeve. The whole affair is a tribute to Cole Porter, composer of all the music. Most of Porter's better known tunes are included — I've Got You Under My Skin, I Concentrate On You, Love For Sale, Just One Of Those Things, C'est Magnifique, with unobtrusive, skilful orchestrations of the calibre one expects from the great Riddle.

•

Elektra has just issued the results of some 1978 sessions by trumpeter Donald Byrd under the title of *Thank You For Funking Up My Life,* a name unlikely to have passed the censor 10 years ago. It is that standard mix of disco beat, hip vocal chorus of heavenly angels and top-rate musical talent which is, in my opinion, largely going to waste. A far cry from a top contender of the '60s who, with Freddie Hubbard, seemed likely to step into the shoes of Miles Davis if given half a chance. It is good music for a party — but disappointing when one remembers how much he had to offer.

•

A group with one of the best track records for quality of new releases is Weather Report. Despite various personnel changes, the two constants are keyboard wizard Joe Zawinul and reed man Wayne Shorter. Their Australian tour last year was on a par with the equally stimulating visit by the Chick Corea ensemble, and must rate as one of the most successful and exciting musical events of recent times in this part of the world. On their latest release *Mr Gone* (CBS), a surprising variety of musicians and singers was used, although Shorter and bass player extraordinaire Jaco Pastorius are performing on all eight tracks, and their current drummer, Peter Erskine, on three. Other percussionists used were Tony Williams and Steve Gadd. The music is, perhaps, slightly more subdued than usual but always fascinating and imaginative — a hallmark of this unique group which, from its very inception, has produced some of the freshest sounds on the modern music scene. The one thing that their music is *not* is boring! A highlight is the fascinatingly titled The Pursuit of the Woman With The Feathered Hat. Other equally noteworthy performances on the album are Punk Jazz and The Elders, one with Jaco Pastorius and Wayne Shorter on tenor saxophone alone. — KYM BONYTHON



"Thou Shalt Not Covet"

THE SECOND DEADLY SIN

by Lawrence Sanders

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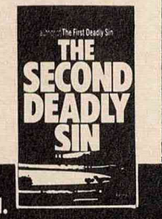

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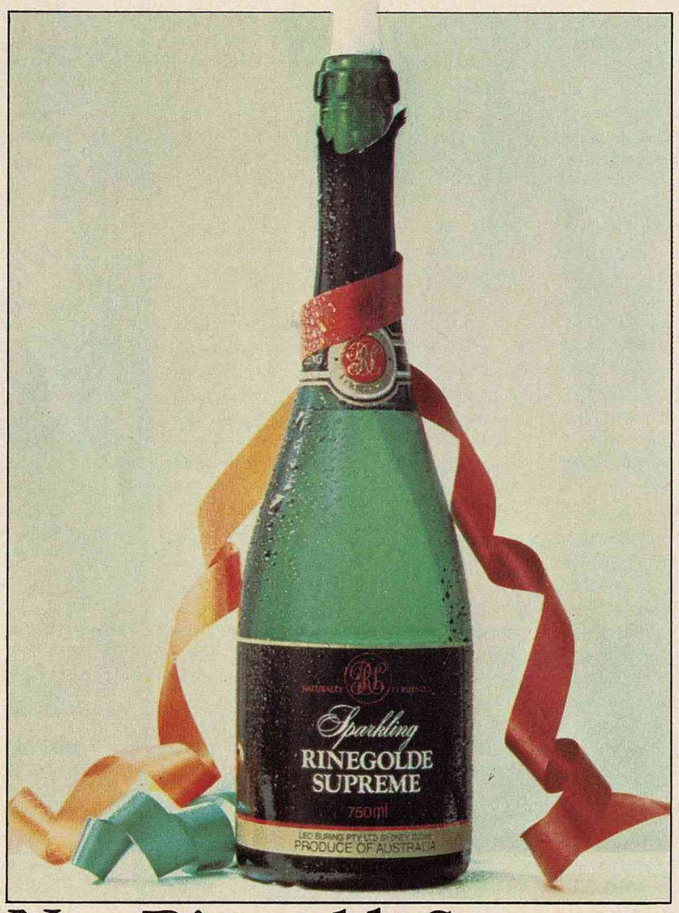

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The light sparkling sensation to make the good times flow.

BOOKS

how to lose your libido, and your wife, and still feel good about it

KINGSLEY AMIS is a few years younger than Jake Richardson, the hero of his 13th novel, ***Jake's Thing*** (Hutchinson), so maybe this is the author's way of psychologically preparing himself for loss of libido.

Or maybe Amis thinks it won't happen to him and that's why he can be so smart-arsed about it. Either way, he uses his theme of middle-aged sexual indifference to bore it up the Hite generation therapists superbly.

Jake's Thing is not so much a novel, more a very long joke, the butt of which is the flourishing school of thought in which a feel-up is known as "genital sensate focussing". The earnest young men who dispense advice to the sexually disabled are sent up mercilessly from Jake's first reluctant visit to his last "guilt and shame induced" hysterical outburst.

In the end he loses not only his libido but also his fat wife, and feels much better for it. Free at last to get on with the serious business of watching TV until the close of transmission.

•

Such chefs-d'oeuvre as Donald Friend's ***Bumbooziana*** are the products of enormous artistic and, in this case, literary efforts, yet rarely do we see the project in development.

Fortunately, the working drawings of the Bali-based Australian painter were retained as the tale of the intrepid explorers was brought to life. They have been published now under the title ***Tides of Sensuality*** (Gryphon). Even in the roughest of the studies we can see the aptness of the title, the sexual, humorous and macabre sensuality that was brought to the flood with ***Bumbooziana***.

It is no criticism to say that the whole has been cleverly marketed. The first 100 copies of ***Tides of Sensuality,*** each containing an original by Friend, sold post-publication for $250, and the remaining 250 copies for $150. If the soon-to-appear limited edition of ***Bumbooziana*** – featured in this issue – had not been well and truly sold out at $900 a time, ***Tides of Sensuality*** would have done the job.

There is no question that the powerful and provocative drawings in this book would have made it an important publishing event on its own. As an adjunct to ***Bumbooziana,*** and a consolation prize to those who missed that epic, it is even more desirable.

•

Those who, for whatever reason, subscribe to the belief that Australian

universities are populated largely by time-wasting, colorless, non-contributive nonentities will be reassured by ***Idlers in the Land*** (Hutchinson).

Written by expatriate Keith Thomas, it is a matter of some conjecture as to whether his campus characters of the '60s truthfully were as dreary as he paints them, or whether it is he who lacks the literary art.

In this toss-up, one tends to give Thomas the benefit of the doubt for, when the scene moves to a different world in outback Queensland, the more earthy descriptions and dialogues of the people there become far more believable and interesting.

The book is centred around two anthropologists, Reg Hughes and Janos Belcredi, and their life – first at an Australian university and later in Queensland. If you can wade through the first – described on the dust jacket as adventures mainly comic (yes, but which strip?) – then the latter part justifies the effort. In it there is some real humor.

Educated at State schools and Sydney University, then becoming a solicitor before taking up the role of an author, Keith Thomas now lives with his wife and family in Greece.

One is not surprised, on reading his own descriptions of certain sections of Australian life, that he decided to live elsewhere.

•

Among all the material released to mark the centenary of Norman Lindsay's birth on February 22, 1879, it is unlikely that any will surpass ***Norman Lindsay's Bears*** (Macmillan) in conveying the delightful wit and humor of the man. The koala who was to become Billy Bluegum is traced from his advent in 1904 through to his last appearance in 1956 in an excellent selection of plates chosen by Keith Wingrove.

The book also displays Lindsay's fine ability at supplying humorous verse to accompany his drawings, as well as his sharp eye for social and political satire. The uniquely Australian Billy Bluegum serves as a superb vehicle for fleshing out our understanding of the prevailing social attitudes in the earlier part of this century, particularly the accelerated development of a fierce national pride in World War One. The same unashamed nationalism is carried through to the last drawing at the time of the Olympic Games in Melbourne, captioned "A Time for Celebration!"

This well-produced and coherent edition also includes Norman Lindsay's last drawing – appropriately enough, of Billy Bluegum – made two days before the great Australian artist died on November 21, 1969.

•

Every weekend there is an exodus from Australia's cities as thousands of families head for that latest symbol of modern individualism, the hobby farm. And dreadful to report, yeronna, the attrition rate is rising; some people are taking out the word "hobby" and staying on their 45 hectares to raise their angoras and organic chick peas, leaving the city to wallow in its peak hours and pollution.

Sadly, many find the back-to-the-land idyll ruined by the harsh truths of life on the land. It's bloody hard yakka out there, cobber, and you're really pushing bean shoots uphill if you try it without knowing what it's all going to cost in terms of money and sweat.

So what do you do? You learn, from adult education courses, from your neighbors, and from books – particularly the Nelson Homestead series.

The books – ***Establishing Your Own Vineyard, Raising Your Own Sheep, Keeping Your Own Bees*** and ***Making Your Own Cheese*** – recognise the importance of giving the newcomer an easily-identified goal to strengthen waning motivations after a hard day in the field.

The authors all have the type of experience needed to communicate with beginners without sounding puerile to the old hands of six months or

so, but this is no 10 easy lessons routine. It's a good start – but the rest is up to you . . .

•

What an infallible combination: money and nostalgia. Who could resist the scandal and intrigue associated with Artur Virgilio Alves Reis, the villain who helped destroy the Portuguese escudo in the 1920s? One million pounds' worth of phoney currency can hardly be absorbed without a major haemorrhage in a nation's economy.

The author, Thomas Gifford, is sowing fertile ground, since all the main characters in his novel existed – although it requires his particularly adjectival style to bring them to life. Otherwise we might not comprehend, in this age of instantly accessible information and facile mores, the environment that could give birth to Alves Reis.

This is *The Man from Lisbon* (Hamish Hamilton), the son of an undertaker who learns the importance of such varied factors as an eight-day lapse in the transport of cheques between Lisbon and New York, and the purchase of outrageously expensive matching Vuitton suitcases to carry millions in illicit currency.

If there's a fault, it is that Alves Reis comes through as rather too ingenuous. His indignation at being nailed for his crimes at various stages of his life just might have been valid in a Portugal of colonial empire times, when an overweening ego seems to have been a fact of life, but you get the feeling that you are being invited by the author to believe in a national stereotype.

Yet, at crucial times, Alves Reis does come through. By several strokes of good fortune and timing he earns the title of Hero of Angola. There is just enough reality to lend authority to his forged credentials as an engineer and believability to his intercourse with financial moguls.

Perhaps the most authentic aspect of his character is the unconscious sexism exhibited when he revels in a sensuous affair with the archetypal Nordic blonde and reacts with horror as his wife is treated to a salacious entertainment at the home of the Swedish match king, Ivar Kreuger. This horror is reinforced by the confusion of Alves Reis as his wife matures from a totally dependent vassal under the tutelage of his mischievous mistress. The passages in which the pompous prick is pricked rival Gifford's exciting accounts of high financial intrigue.

The brilliantly discursive style exercised throughout the book is brought to a fine conclusion, set as it is against the funeral of Salazar the dictator. Gifford didn't miss a single trick with this one.

•

That giant talent Philip Roth revealed in *Portnoy's Complaint,* and which has been sleeping fitfully since, has awoken again in his latest Australian release, *The Professor of Desire* (Jonathan Cape). Back as the haunted hero is David Kepesh, and eminently more believable he is than when he first appeared as a giant boob in *The Breast.* Back, too, are Roth's splendid imagery and his gentle, almost apologetic humor.

If there is an obvious flaw in *The Professor,* it is in the rather bland, undergraduate opening in which Kepesh appears as the Jewish child worshipping the smart-arsed cousin, Herbie Bratasky. Once he dispenses, thankfully, with cousin Herbie, Roth whisks Kepesh out of the ghetto of the family's resort hotel into college – and on to the path of sexual adventure and misadventure.

Splendid marks at Syracuse take him to London on a Fulbright Scholarship, but he spends more time as the central cog in a ménage-à-trois with two Swedish girls than he does on his books. One of his Swedish bedmates attempts suicide out of shame, and when the other nearly goads him into being her pimp, the seeds of Kepesh's sexual paranoia are sown.

The seeds take root and blossom in his relationship with the beautiful Helen, who becomes his wife and his anguish.

Predictably, the marriage ends in disaster with Kepesh prostrate and impotent on the psychiatrist's couch. It is not Freud, but a starry-eyed fellow teacher, Claire, who gradually restores his manhood and, almost, his faith in human relationships.

It's a warm, believable story told with typical Roth compassion. He leaves the reader with some unforgettable scenes woven round the interrelations of his characters, but perhaps his most memorable offering is the hero's fantasised meeting with Kafka's whore – a wizened octogenarian whose contribution to literary history and the anti-communist cause is to offer peeks of the Czech novelist's love nest at $10 a flash.

•

We all know someone who, since seeing *Psycho,* has been a little wary of taking showers alone. (Hell, we even know someone who installed a police lock on her shower stall.) But that's the essence of a good horror story – showing the nightmare that hides just behind the ordinary. Stephen King is a master of the form. In *Carrie,* he took the basic motif of high school romance, peergroup pressure and teenage revenge and turned it into "and then she killed the entire senior class". Have high school dances been the same since?

In *The Stand* (Doubleday), King takes what amounts to the common cold and turns it into the apocalypse. A scientist employed at a top-secret government installation accidentally releases a deadly strain of flu virus. Within a few weeks, 99.4 percent of the world population is dead.

The first few hundred pages of *The Stand* trace the rapid spread of the virus – from truck driver to truck-stop waitress to bus driver to school children, and so forth. The narrative is chilling. King shows just how vulnerable we are to a government's deadly toys.

Now every time we hear someone sniffle, we wonder: Oh, my God, has it started . . . ? The second half of the book is an almost old-fashioned shoot-out between the two communities of survivors. Not bad at all. Buy this book. And while you're up, pass over the bottle of vitamin C.

•

The purpose of Donald Barthelme's short story collection *Great Days* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is to scare the shit out of us. Barthelme writes strange stories. Do not read him if you are about to go to the dentist.

Of the 16 stories here, seven are dialogues, conversations between casually identified people. "Say you're frightened. Admit it," begins a story called Morning. What follows is a list, really, of fearful things. Not melodrama, not train wrecks and plane hijackings, but the small, vital fears of daily life: "I'm frightened. By flutes and flower girls and sirens . . . by coffee, dead hanging plants, people who think too fast, vestments and bells." An analysis of fear, with the understanding that there is no logic to it, which makes the subject all the more frightening.

If you have the courage to read him, Barthelme is also a funny man. In one of his stories, The Zombies, he constructs a travelogue set in a primitive country. There are all the trimmings: a bishop, a village, a zombie named Gris Grue, natives and drums. But Barthelme has fun with it. One zombie creeps around sticking a rectal thermometer into the cattle in the corral. Another describes the zombie diet, which includes breakfast cereal, fried perch and eggs Benedict. Perhaps most frightening is the line that ends the story: "If a bad zombie gets you, he will make you walk past a beautiful

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breast without even noticing." It's not hard to see why Barhelme makes us shudder, is it?

•

Two novels: one from a talented newcomer and one from an old pro, both looking to clarify a part of recent American history – and both failures. One, however, is an interesting failure; the other, merely a failure.

The bad news first. Richard Condon, who has written in a long career a number of intelligent thrillers, including *The Manchurian Candidate,* has produced an angry, implausible, ugly book called *Death of a Politician* (Richard Marek).

The murdered politician, Walter Slurrie, is remarkably like Richard Nixon. There are a half-dozen other recognisable figures, including President Eisenhower (a golfing general and President named Kampferhaufe and called Dad by all the insiders) and Howard Hughes.

All of Condon's characters are more venal, stupid or evil than the real things, which would be all right in general if the exaggeration served any artistic purpose at all. Which is not the case here. In one instance, Condon drags in a New York prostitute, a specialist in sadism, who had regularly beaten Slurrie. Her information is less than essential to the plot.

Perhaps that's why Condon has used the device of telling his story through police reports and interrogations: that way, dozens of leads can be included, irrespective of whether they serve any novelistic purpose.

In the end, Slurrie is murdered for reasons that have nothing to do with the Mafia, Howard Hughes or the CIA; they come from obscurity. But by that time, you don't care. You merely wish that all the characters had died much earlier, and that Condon had not finished this awful book.

Now for the good news, though it's only half good. Thomas Sanchez, who wrote a very impressive first novel, *Rabbit Boss,* has written a second: *Zoot-Suit Murders* (Dutton). It isn't as good as his first effort. But it isn't a total loss either.

There really were Zoot-Suit murders – riots, in fact – in Los Angeles during World War Two. The Sanchez book is uneven, to say the kindest possible thing about it. His sense of politics is naive, almost childish. He also lets some very good material get away from him. But Sanchez can create a scene and capture a moment: For example, there's a description of rampaging servicemen beating up *chicano* gang members and bystanders with a pitiless fury, which Sanchez handles like a real master.

TRAVEL

cheap but nasty – the cautionary tale of an aussie traveller on standby

WHAT hath Freddie Laker wrought? I'll tell you what he's wrought. Fear and trembling in the hearts of every other airline in the world, that's what. Which is OK by me, because I'm in New York and my wife and I want to get to London and the way to do it is to capitalise on this fear and trembling and snatch up a pair of standby seats which TWA and British Airways and Pan Am and even Air India (choice of curry or ordinary food for dinner) are doing. They cost just under half the normal fare, $150 instead of $320, which is still a lot more than Laker charges, but Laker flies to Gatwick and we have to be at Heathrow for a connecting flight.

Right.

Thursday.

A travel agent in New York sells me a pair of tickets. This is a nice old Jewish lady who fled from Hitler across Russia to Israel (Palestine in those days), found life there too hard so did Brazil for 16 years, but there was no life there either, so here she is in New York, wearing a brisk, business-like manner to suit the style of the city, but underneath a different person, reminding me of my mother. A survivor. While I fill in my traveller's cheques, she explains the airlines' standby system.

We want to fly out Sunday night. "So you will do like this," says the travel agent. "You will go five hours before the flight and they will give you a boarding pass and you will check in the luggage." "Five hours?" I say. "Actually," she says, "they begin to give out the passes at four o'clock in the morning, but you don't need to do that. What for? It's not the summer. It's not the holidays. All right, in summer it's queues, people sleeping there, three days standing up waiting for a seat, but who's flying now? No one. Look, go five hours before – you won't have any trouble."

The tickets she hands me are stamped TWA, but are otherwise blank. No flight number, no flight time. In other words, what? Not worth a cracker until I get that boarding pass.

"Oh, one other thing," she says to me. "If you don't get TWA – which of course you will – the same tickets you can use for any airline. Interchangeable. Have a nice trip."

Have a nice trip? Five hours at Kennedy Airport when my plan is a farewell brunch at the Plaza with dear and close friends and cheese Danishes and champagne and who knows what other goodies they do there in exchange for mere money?

Don't fret.

Forget the five hours before, I'll take a cab out to the airport at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, attend to this foolish boarding pass business, take a cab back into town, do the brunch, maybe even extend it into a solid afternoon tea, and then arrive calm and dignified back at Kennedy an hour before the flight, everything in order, everything nice, like a proper human being.

Sunday morning.

Seven o'clock.

It takes me a minute to get dressed (my wife is sound asleep), a minute to get out on the street, a minute to get into a cab. Beautiful. With my eyes still so foggy I don't focus on the heartbreak of Harlem the cab whips me through and soon we're on the Triborough Bridge and speeding to Kennedy.

Eighteen dollars later I'm there. Seven-thirty on the dot. Where the first thing I discover is that I've left our passports back where we're staying. No passports, no tickets.

And the second thing I discover is a TWA lady with a face hewn from Mont Blanc telling me that TWA hasn't got any standby seats left and she doesn't think Pan Am has, either, and BA probably has none as well.

"What about Air India?" I ask.

"Oh, I wouldn't know about them," she says, looking over my shoulder.

Eighteen dollars later (my wife still asleep), clutching our passports tighter than the most hysterical child hangs on to its security blanket, I am back in the street, waving down a cab. This time, going through Harlem, I not only see the misery – smashed windows, gutted buildings, old black men standing blankly on corners in the wind staring at nothing – I see myself in there too, trapped for ever in this terrible city.

Relax, relax.

Air India!

No one travels Air India.

Please, God, I pray, get me on to Air India and I'll even eat the curry.

Air India has a neatly printed sign stuck on its door – NO STANDBY TICKETS AVAILABLE.

It is nine o'clock in the morning at Kennedy Airport. The sky is grey, the wind suddenly cruel. The Pan Am terminal is a 20-minute run I do in 10, arriving there sweaty and skidding on the glossy floors, up stairs, endless corridors, people everywhere, announcements blaring, unbelievable confusion – where do I go?

A Pan Am man of obscene tallness with an official-looking badge on the lapel of his supercilious suit sneers me in the direction of a tiny tucked-away lobby.

STANDBY SEATS, it says over a counter.

I rush up, tumbling out my tickets, my passports, the story of my life.

"Not now," says the man behind the counter. "I gotta take a break. I'll be back at 10."

"But are there any seats?" I ask.

"Wait here," he says. "One hour."

For an endless hour I don't budge an inch. All around me flights are being announced to Tokyo and Caracas and Rome and people are rushing and every time a fresh flight is announced I

think, why not? I'll go to Tokyo. I'll go to Caracas. I'll go *anywhere.*

Just after 10 my man shuffles back. Stands behind his counter. Ignores me. Speaks into a white telephone. Hangs up. Ignores me some more. The telephone again. Then he does one of those routines on the flashy computer things they all have, punching out some secret sequence of buttons, squinting at what comes up on the screen. Then more of the telephone. More ignoring of me.

It's nearly 10.30.

A rabbi in a fur hat has appeared out of nowhere and is standing behind me, looking rabbinical. I am about to confide the tragedy of my life to his Biblical ear when out of his gabardine coat he takes a packet of Marlboro and lights one with a flashy Dunhill lighter.

I am getting vastly perplexed here.

But ah, at last, at last, the man behind the counter is talking to me. Standby seats for the evening flight to London? "I don't know yet," he says. "It's 25 seats, but they're selling in Mexico and then in Houston. I don't know what's left when it gets in here."

"Twenty-five seats?" I say. "Is that all?"

"Don't go away," he says. "Two o'clock I might know more."

What hath Freddie Laker wrought? I'll tell you what he's wrought. He's wrought the same mentality from these major world airlines where they're flying empty seats up and down around the world losing a billion a day, but just to fool you they're making it all look nice with *token* standby seats.

Twenty-five on a jumbo.

How marvellous.

I am dead.

I plead with the rabbi to mind my place at the counter.

I phone my wife.

I wake her up.

"Apply for American citizenship," I tell her. "We're here for good."

I go back to the counter.

I stand.

I brood.

And then suddenly it occurs to me, fastidious observer of the Indian mind that I am, keen-eyed scrutineer of that vast continent, the technological leaps and bounds being rushed through . . .

Goodbye Pan Am, goodbye Marlboro rabbi, goodbye everyone!

I sprint back to Air India, a Concorde of human flesh.

There's no sign on the door.

Ho ho, those Indians.

That was *yesterday's sign.*

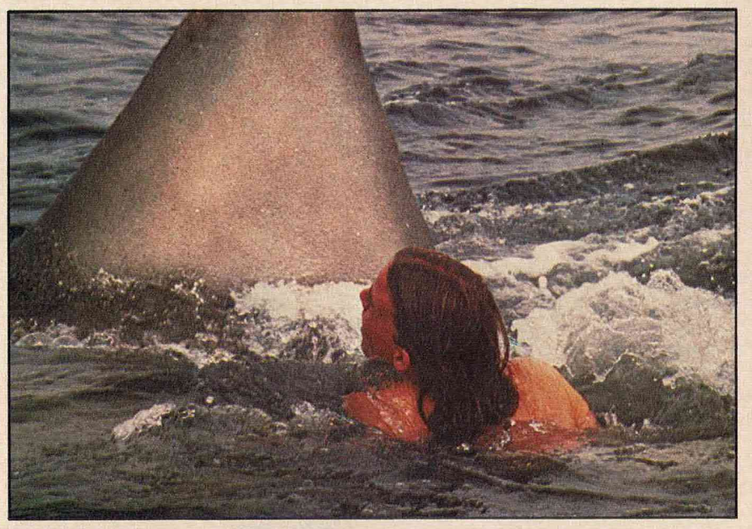
At 8.30 that night we are aloft, brunch nicely under the belt and the world a golden thing, and we're feeling so nice that you know what we do?

We don't order the curry.

— MORRIS LURIE

MOVIES

sea saga sequel has lost a lot of its bite



The seaside resort of Amity (and the audience) gets a second, much less virulent, strain of shark fever in *Jaws 2.*

THE trouble with *Jaws 2* is that *Jaws* not only said it better, but said it all. You can make sequels about people and places and situations, but it's difficult to make a sequel about the simple fact that sharks eat people. (Actually, they eat people very rarely, but who wants to spoil a good movie?)

This time even the plot is much the same: we're back in seaside Amity, with anxious Police Chief Brody (Roy Scheider) at odds with tourist-conscious civic authorities and unbelieving townsfolk, all unwilling to accept that another man-eater is on the prowl.

The original film was shrewd enough to leave the actual shark unglimpsed until near the end. No such subtlety this time: *Jaws 2* treats us to a spectacular mauling during the opening credits, and thereafter the body-count never slackens. Whereas the rampaging shark in Spielberg's picture observed the decent convention of eating people only when hungry, this new monster seems intent on wreaking vengeance on the entire human population: bodies are consumed in quick succession.

Director Jeannot Szwarc's unenviable problem was to think up new and more exotic ways of scaring us with an already familiar monster. Now and again he succeeds: I felt a genuine feeling of dismay when the shark devoured a helicopter.

Plenty of shark's-eye-view shots underwater, the camera meandering through assorted seaweed and debris; but I found it comical the way the grey fin surfaced and submerged, U-boat style, whenever an attack was imminent. Do sharks really carry on in that manner?

Most of the cast, incidentally, are teenagers, and we're expected to take their emotional hangups and beach frolics fairly seriously. Personally, I felt a little more sympathy for the much-hated monster.

•

There was a time when a "woman's picture" meant a picture made for women, after cynical calculations by the moguls of what made nice ladies cry or naughty girls repent. Nowadays a woman's picture is a picture *directed* by a woman, and more power to the ladies' elbows, as we say. Or do we? It's still hard to discern a particular female style, though one is aware of certain preoccupying themes and attitudes: fulfilment, liberation, vulnerability, achieved passion.

Here at home Gil Armstrong has done wonders with little money, and her near-perfect short, *One Hundred a Day,* about a Sydney factory girl's abortion in the '30s, still returns to haunt me. So often the best low-budget films are born of a struggle against odds — lukewarm backers, hamfisted studios, lousy budgets — until eventually we see the triumph of a single, germinating, compelling idea.

It happened in Australia last year with John Duigan's *Mouth to Mouth.* Now it's happened again in America. Watching Claudia Weill's *Girl Friends,* one of those inspired cheapies that give

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everyone in the film industry cause for hope, I was struck by the many acknowledgements in the credits to American arts funding agencies. A lot of people pinched and scraped and begged to put this shrewd, joyous little work together, and were the result only half as good I would praise it immoderately. For the price of just one *Superman* or *Close Encounters* we could have 50 films like *Girl Friends,* provided we had 50 directors good enough to make them.

It's a film about loneliness, about rejection, about coping. Susan (Melanie Mayron), fresh from college, toothy, plumpish, with specs, inhabits a cheap Manhattan apartment with Anne (Anita Skinner). Anne wants to write poetry; Susan makes a chancy living photographing weddings and bar-mitzvahs.

As always in good films there's an early moment when you *know* it will be good: I admired the opening, with Susan silently photographing her sleeping flatmate in a room washed with soft morning light, but the real confirmation came when Anne announced she was getting married. Susan, feigning happiness, begins life alone: impulsive phone calls to half-forgotten friends, lonely moping in front of TV, endless trudging through magazine offices and studios with photo samples (some chilling glimpses here of the smart, loveless world of New York galleries and their creepier denizens).

One day in a snowstorm she picks up hitchhiking Ceil (Amy Wright), a cool, odd, lesbian dancer who takes over as room-mate. Susan has a one-night stand with Eric (a sympathetic portrait by Christopher Guest), and a desperate, failed fling with a kind-hearted and miserable rabbi (Eli Wallach), bossed by his sharp, insinuating wife.

Susan sells some pictures and eventually lands an exhibition of her own. Ceil makes a pass at her and is kicked out of the flat. Eric turns up again; there's a tender affair. Anne, by now tensely married and given to awful dinner parties and holiday slide evenings, eventually has a baby; later an abortion. The women's relationship is subtly altered. People survive and manage, separate and come together, and somehow struggle forward.

Claudia Weill handles these minor triumphs and disasters with a cool and steady hand. Always in the background, but rarely turned to, are Susan's parents; dominating the film are streets, taxis, telephones, the clutter of life; chilly offices, brittle receptionists, affable and soulless editors, apartments with their sad bric-a-brac of trendy decoration.

I make no apology for recounting so much of the story, for the incidents themselves are of little account; this is not a "plot" film but a collection of random events, and the interest, the very meaning of the film, lies in people's reactions to events and each other. We learn a good deal about the raw materials of solitude and despair from the way Eli Wallach clutches Susan's back during their first awkward embrace; there's some business about the mumps making men sterile, first raised by a dirty-minded taxi-driver, and neatly recalled and contrasted in a later scene with Eric, when it becomes the mainspring of some elaborate joking and love-play.

The story was developed by Weill with the aid of Vicki Polon (who is credited with the screenplay), and I suspect that the original idea was to balance the two women, Anne and Susan, more or less evenly. In the event it is Susan who comes through as the central character: Melanie Mayron's performance is so much the stronger, more wilful and commanding, full of that awkward charm that an actress like Liza Minnelli could bring off in the old days.

Beatty doesn't really have to act. He walks through the plot, buffeted this way and that by a strong cast.

The film's greatest quality is its mixture of truth, compassion and dry-eyed realism. It grew from a documentary into the director's first feature, and is very much the work of an independent film-maker who has learned things the hard way.

Here is a woman who knows how to start and when to stop: a lesser director would have had Susan and Eric running through Central Park with a pop song on the soundtrack. A greater director would have wanted more money to do it all, but I doubt if he'd have made a better film.

•

The publicity for *Heaven Can Wait* makes no mention of the fact that the film is a remake (admittedly a fairly loose one) of *Here Comes Mr Jordan,* a notable comedy from the early '40s which still bears consideration; it's not a bad remake, either. The blurb calls it a "romantic fantasy". I'd call it a comedy and urge you to see it. Warren Beatty is a professional footballer summoned to heaven before his time and returning to earth to inhabit a new body, with plenty of spectral and emotional complications.

Beatty has a good deal of masculine charm (so they tell me), and a wise man has remarked that charm is the one human quality that disappears the moment its possessor is aware that he has it. Mr Beatty, I assure you, is aware that he has it, but vestiges of charm still cling to the man, even after films as pretentious as *Shampoo.*

The splendid thing about *Heaven Can Wait* is that Beatty doesn't really have to act. He walks through the plot, buffeted this way and that by a strong cast who work much harder for laughs than he.

To be brief: Joe Pendleton (Beatty), arriving in heaven 50 years early after a premature motor accident, returns to earth to take over the body of a business tycoon who is in the process of being murdered by his wife (Dyan Cannon) and his "special personal executive assistant" (Charles Grodin). There's a lot of nonsense in a country mansion, and for the last quarter of the film we are introduced to the mysteries of American football, about which I am none the wiser.

James Mason, in impeccable business suits, hovers invisibly and benignly as the kindly archangel, Mr Jordan. Julie Christie comes on strongly as an environmental campaigner who persuades the newly-embodied Pendleton to soften his hard-line business instincts.

– EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Movies concocted as sweet or sour or street-wise love letters to the hurly-burly human comedy of life in New York are becoming a drug on the market. The drug is addictive only to writers and directors, who seem to get woozy on whatever it is that emanates from the great Manhattan melting pot. *Paradise Alley* stars Sylvester Stallone, who also wrote and directed it as if he were determined to remake *Rocky* without blowing his chances for a planned sequel. The underdog hero of *Alley* is a dumb, good-hearted wrestler (played early Brando style by Lee Canalito), one of three Italian brothers (Stallone and Armand Assante are the smarter siblings) who see no way to get out of the slums but to fight, fight, fight and fight.

As a writer, Stallone supplies some ammunition for sceptics who thought he was just damned lucky the first time. He may, however, get lucky again – with audiences primed to stomp and cheer through a choreographed fight scene in slow motion, followed by a climax that's a *Rocky* retread right up to the final frame.

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THE BULLETIN
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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

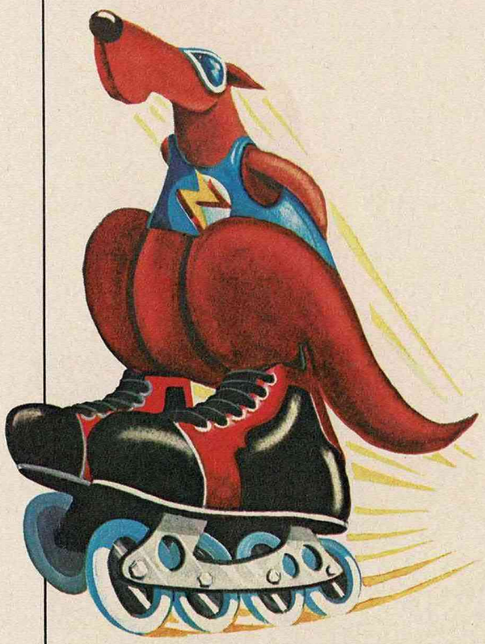
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

NOW YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH

You can never find a match? Your problems are over with giant matches that you can grab first time, every time. Made of pinewood and 45cm long, the plastic top comes off to reveal a refillable lighter. Available at Let's Play Games shops in all States except Western Australia for only $15 a match.

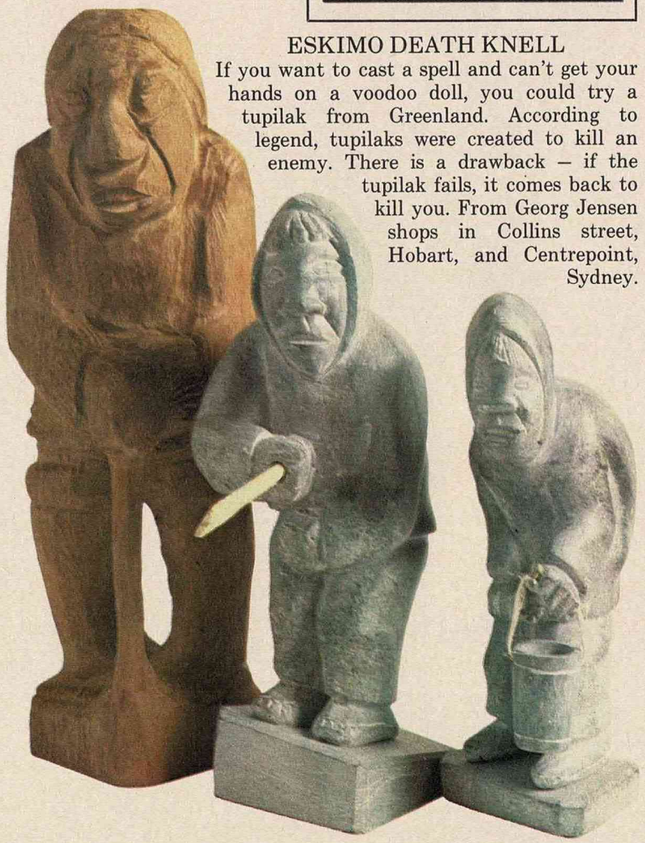
MORE OF REG

Reg Livermore has the capacity to shock and entertain his audiences, and now he's back with a new show – *The Glittering Austerity Burlesque Sacred Cow.* The show is scheduled for Melbourne later this year after opening in Sydney.



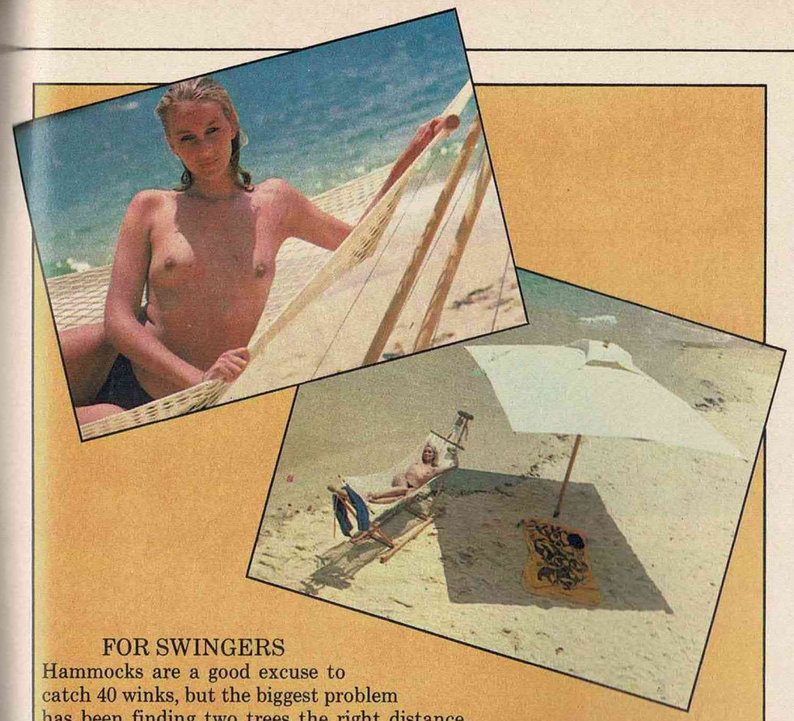
HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

You don't have to skate on thin ice if you own a pair of Anker Rolling Boots, a combination of ice and roller skates. The leather boots – with four wheels each – are marketed by Skima Imports, Pyrmont 2009, NSW. We'll take ours with training wheels.



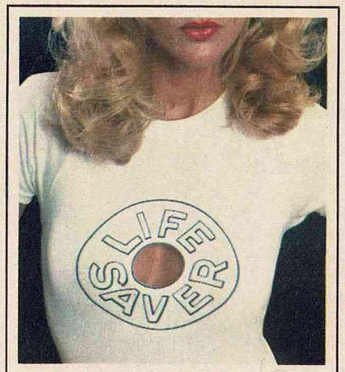
ESKIMO DEATH KNELL

If you want to cast a spell and can't get your hands on a voodoo doll, you could try a tupilak from Greenland. According to legend, tupilaks were created to kill an enemy. There is a drawback – if the tupilak fails, it comes back to kill you. From Georg Jensen shops in Collins street, Hobart, and Centrepoint, Sydney.



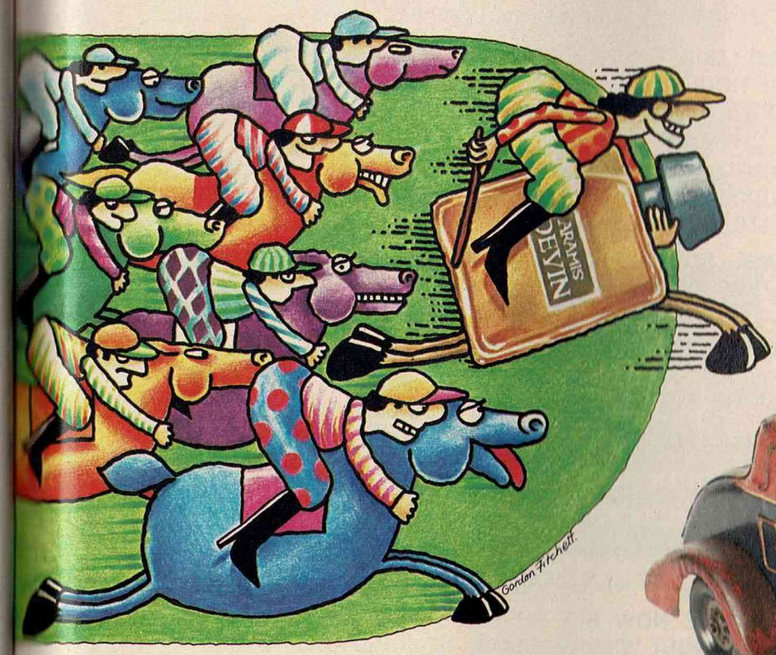
FOR SWINGERS

Hammocks are a good excuse to catch 40 winks, but the biggest problem has been finding two trees the right distance apart. Rosenthal, from Germany, has made it easier for you to take a nap by designing a self-supporting hammock on four wheels. It will set you back $470, and is available at Design 250, Melbourne; Artes Studios, Sydney; Spectrum Living, Adelaide; Monro Interiors, Perth.



FOR SUCKERS

Life Savers Ltd is encouraging you to break the world record for keeping a Life Saver in your mouth as a full circle. It stands at 87 minutes. If you want to set a new record, shopping centres around Australia will be holding contests in the near future.



SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Aramis is taking the odds in launching the new Devin range of men's toiletries by sponsoring horse races in Sydney and Melbourne. At Randwick Racecourse on March 7, the Devin Cup for two-year-olds will carry a first prize of $8000 and, on March 31 at Sandown, the Devin Country Cup, open to all country horses, will net the winner a cool $20,000. Ah, the sweet smell of success?

IN HOT PURSUIT

Antique shops can be the solution to the gift problem for the person who has everything. Maggie and Bill Blinco's Showcase Antiques in Castlereagh street, Sydney, has a model of a '30s gangster pursuit car for $125 and an Indian smoking cap, circa 1860, $65.

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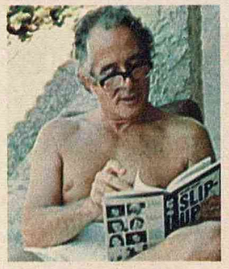
SUIT YOURSELF STOCKISTS
Givenchy, Frieze, Karandonis: from selected menswear stores. Josette France tie and Cache accessories: Qld, J.B. Conlan, Brisbane. NSW, Clive Richards, Sydney. Vic, Moda Di Domani, South Yarra. SA, Valentino, North Adelaide. WA, Boans, Perth. All prices are approximate.

NEXT MONTH

TURBO CARS



BIGGS

COWAN

PLAYMATES

JACK THOMPSON TALKS ABOUT HIS EXOTIC CHILDHOOD AND HIS EROTIC LIFESTYLE — AS WELL AS HIS FILMS, PAST AND FUTURE — IN A FRANK **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

MORRIS LURIE CASTS A SOMEWHAT JAUNDICED EYE OVER THE ANTIQUE BUSINESS AND COMES UP WITH A RATTLING GOOD STORY THAT GOES WITH A BANG

DEAD MEN'S SILVER — STAFF WRITER **RUSSELL DEILEY** HITS THE TREASURE TRAIL OFF THE WEST AUSTRALIAN COAST AND UNCOVERS AN UNDERWATER WORLD OF LITIGATION, THREATS, VIOLENCE AND EVEN DEATH

MICHAEL SOUTHERN EXPLAINS HOW YOU CAN MAKE INFLATION WORK FOR YOU BY INVESTING YOUR MONEY WISELY BEFORE THE TAXMAN COMETH

SOMETIME TRAIN ROBBER AND NOW BRAZILIAN TOURIST ATTRACTION **RONALD BIGGS** TURNS POET AND PROVES HE CAN RHYME AS WELL AS REASON

TOP RALLY DRIVER **ANDREW COWAN** GETS INTO THE DRIVING SEAT AND THROWS A FEW SKIDS, TERRIFYING STAFF MAN **PHIL JARRATT** IN THE PROCESS

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING DESIGNERS PREVIEW THEIR 1979 WINTER RANGES AND PHILOSOPHISE ON FUTURE TRENDS IN THE WORLD OF MEN'S FASHION

SPORTS ARE NOW BIG BUSINESS AND **JAMES COLLINS** FINDS OUT JUST WHO IS MAKING HOW MUCH

WE TAKE A LOOK AT TURBOCHARGING, FROM SMALL CAPACITY TO SUPERBEAST, AND REASON THAT THIS IS THE MOTORING OF TOMORROW

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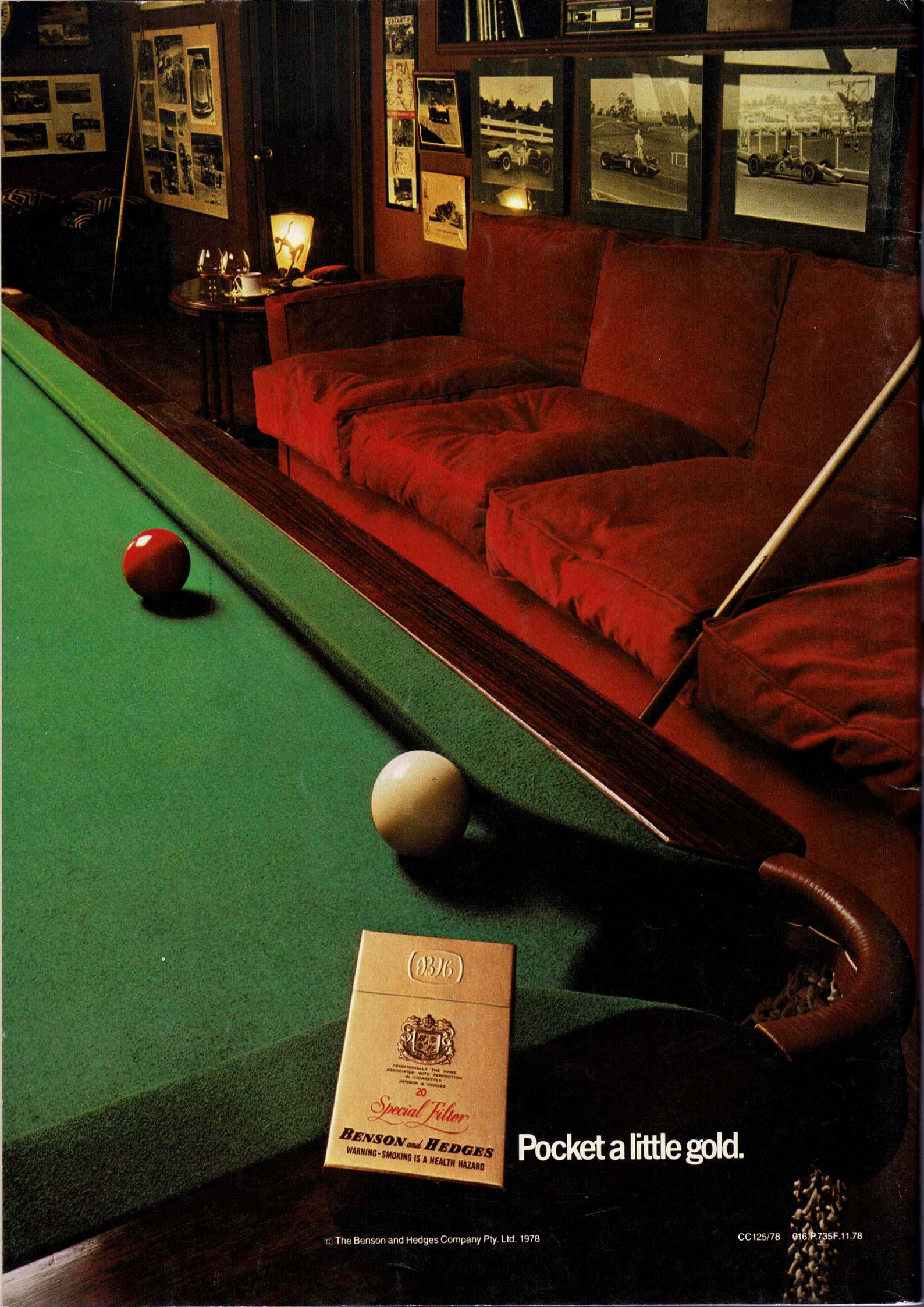

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